THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Garet Garrett — Beatrice Grimshaw — Richard Connell — George Pattullo
Frank Condon — Hugh MacNair Kahler — Eleanor Mercein — E. C. Buley

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ACTUAL VISITS TO P & G HOMES
No. 8

How one "*Paris frock*" from Chicago made three girls happy!

{*A Mother's Story*}

IT was no less prized—that rose voile frock we saw in a Michigan town not very long ago—because it had really been brought from Chicago instead of Paris. Happy fourteen-year-old Margaret, its first owner, named it the "Paris frock" the instant she lifted it from its tissue paper, and the "Paris frock" it remains to this day.

"It *is* a delightful little dress, isn't it?" said Mrs. Taylor,* who was telling us the story. "Margaret wore it for a year. Then it came to Ellen who loved it, too. Next, Joan inherited it—and it is now *her* favorite dress. It is still fresh and pretty, although it has been washed—oh, maybe fifty times."

And when we asked Mrs. Taylor what this precious dress had been washed with, she told us, "P and G The White Naphtha Soap."

"With five girls in the family," she went on to tell us, "we use P and G almost by the case."

"Why P and G, especially?" we asked.

"Well," she said, "when I used to wash most of the girls' things myself, I was grateful because it saved all the hard rubbing which I had had to do with other soaps. It's really marvelous the way P and G takes out dirt, even in hard water. And now my laundress is as enthusiastic about it as I. She's a conscientious soul and takes pride in her work. She likes P and G, not only because it is quick, but because it is safe for colors. She says, too, she gets whiter clothes with it."

"Does she boil her clothes?" we asked.

"Not often—oh, sometimes, perhaps, but boiling isn't really necessary. And her clothes are a joy—fresh and clean and with that nice out-doors smell. P and G is really a wonderful soap."

Millions of women have found like Mrs. Taylor, that P and G *is* a better soap. It works beautifully in any kind of water—hot or cold, hard or soft. White clothes gleam without boiling every week—colored clothes are *safely* fresh and bright with less rubbing. Do you wonder that P and G is the largest-selling soap in the world? Don't you think it should be helping you, too—with your washing—your dishes—your household cleaning?

PROCTER & GAMBLE

*Not her *real* name, of course.

A cold weather hint

Many women have found they can prevent clothes from freezing to the line during cold weather by dipping the clothes-line and the clothes-pins, too, in salt water. This saves considerable wear and tear—especially on dainty garments.

P and G became popular because it was such a fine soap. It is now the largest-selling soap in the world, so you can buy it at a price smaller, ounce for ounce, than that of other soaps.

The largest-selling soap in the world

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THE LEAGUE OF DEBTORS

By Garet Garrett

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

WOODROW WILSON'S mind was the first to see the shape of the question that lay at the heart of Europe's propaganda for cancellation of the war debts. Having seen it, he defined it in his own lucid manner. Then he answered it. His answer was no.

The question was: Shall the United States pay German reparations?

And that is the question still. It was there at the beginning; it is there now, at the core of the controversy.

In the summer of 1920, Lloyd George, then Prime Minister of England, found negotiations going on between American and British treasury agents for funding the British war debt to the United States according to contract. He stopped them abruptly, saying he would take the subject up with the President of the United States direct. On August 5, 1920, he addressed to Mr. Wilson personally his famous cancellation letter. The marrow of it was this:

"The British and French governments," said Mr. Lloyd George, "have been discussing during the last four months the question of giving fixity and definiteness to Germany's reparation obligations. The British Government has stood steadily by the view that it was vital that Germany's liabilities should be fixed at a figure which it was within the reasonable capacity of Germany to pay, and that the figure should be fixed without delay. . . . After great difficulties with his own people, M. Millerand found himself able to accept this view, but he pointed out that it was impossible for France to agree to accept anything less than it was entitled to under the treaty unless its debts to its Allies and associates in the war were treated in the same way."

No Offsetting Debts Against Us

"THIS declaration appeared to the British Government eminently fair. But after careful consideration they came to the conclusion that it was impossible to remit any part of what was owed to them by France except as part and parcel of all-around settlement of inter-Allied indebtedness. I need not go into the reasons which lead to this conclusion, which must be clear to you. But the principal reason was that British public opinion would never support a one-sided arrangement at its sole expense, and that if such a one-sided arrangement were made it could not fail to estrange and eventually embitter the relations between the American and the British people, with calamitous results to the future of the world.

"Accordingly, the British Government has informed the French Government that it will agree to any equitable arrangement for the reduction or cancellation of inter-Allied indebtedness, but that such an arrangement must be one that applies all round. As you know, the representatives of the Allies and of Germany are meeting at Geneva in a week or two to commence discussion on the subject of reparations. . . . I should very much welcome any advice which you might feel yourself able to give me as to the best method of securing that the whole problem could be considered by the United States Government in concert with its associates at the earliest possible moment that the political situation in America makes it possible."

Briefly, a proposal to reduce the reparation claims of Great Britain, France and others upon Germany in proportion as their debts to the American Treasury were forgiven. For Great Britain to forgive France her war debt in order that France might forgive Germany would be a one-sided arrangement. British public opinion would not accept it. But for the United States to forgive Great Britain, France, Italy, *et al*, their debts in order that they might forgive Germany—that would be one-sided only at the expense of the rich American taxpayer; and this to Lloyd George seemed quite feasible. Great Britain and France to forgive and be forgiven. The United States only to forgive. There were no offsetting debts against us to be forgiven. Why this was so has been forgotten. The Allies might well wish to forget it.

Wilson to Lloyd George

TO THIS letter from Lloyd George, President Wilson replied as follows:

"It is highly improbable that either the Congress or popular opinion in this country will ever permit a cancellation of any part of the debt of the British Government to the United States in order to induce the British Government to remit, in whole or in part, the debt to Great Britain of France or any other of the Allied governments; or that it would consent to a cancellation or reduction in the debts of any of the Allied governments as an inducement toward a practical settlement of the reparation claims. . . . You will recall that suggestions looking to the cancellation or exchange of the indebtedness of Great Britain to the United States were

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

This meant a chain of debt cancellation running from the universal creditor to the ultimate debtor—from the United States to Germany; Germany to be let off; Americans to pay.

made to me when I was in Paris. Like suggestions were again made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the early part of the present year.

"The United States Government, by its duly authorized representatives, has promptly and clearly stated its unwillingness to accept such suggestions each time they have been made, and has pointed out in detail the considerations which caused its decision. The views of the United States Government have not changed, and it is not prepared to consent to the remission of any part of the debt of Great Britain to the United States. . . .

"The United States Government entirely agrees with the British Government that the fixing of Germany's reparation obligation is a cardinal necessity for the renewal of the economic life of Europe, and would prove to be most helpful in the interests of peace throughout the world; however, it fails to perceive the logic in a suggestion in effect either that the United States shall pay part of Germany's reparation obligation or that it shall make a gratuity to the Allied governments to induce them to fix such obligation at an amount within Germany's capacity to pay."

Balfour Puts the Ball in Play

THUS the great plan failed. The United States could not be persuaded to pay German reparations. Not then. Not yet. Two years later, on August 1, 1922, the British Government posted the celebrated Balfour note to its debtors. In this note it called upon them to pay Great Britain because the United States expected Great Britain to pay, and then it added, speaking for itself, that it had been willing "to abandon all further rights to German reparations and all claims to repayment by the Allies, provided that this renunciation formed part of a general plan by which the great problem could be dealt with as a whole."

Immediately after the Balfour note the English, for the sake of the pound sterling, settled their debt at the United States Treasury for eighty cents on the dollar and began to collect and pay. But the propaganda for cancellation has never ceased. It has overlaid the original question with a deposit of emotionalism, real and artificial, in which occur extraordinary examples of how Americans may be acted upon by the passion to inhabit the foreign point of view.

There is a kind of question that may be conceded to the sphere of propaganda, because from its nature it must be debated and decided without reference to the facts, as an act of faith, generosity or sacrifice. In the debt controversy there is one other question of that character. But merely to state it nakedly is a scandal. The question is: Shall Americans pay Europeans not to dislike them?

If this is not the question, then there is no sense whatever in all that part of the cancellation propaganda which goes on and on to say that whether we are right or wrong, whether we deserve to be hated for our debt policy or not, no matter what the facts are, regardless of anything we know about our own motives and intentions, yet nevertheless there is the situation. We are hated. We are called Shylock. The love of Europe has departed from us, and this is intolerable. For some paltry dollars, can we afford to bear the dislike of Europe, however unreasonable it may be?

The forty-two Columbia professors, now calling for a revision of the debt settlements according to the original Lloyd George formula, ask: "Can any thoughtful American view with indifference the growing odium with which his country is coming to be regarded by our European associates?" And all, they add, for "payments that could at best mean a paltry gain for most American taxpayers," which, nevertheless, "mean to the overtaxed debtors a crushing burden."

Well, taking it all in the round, the American Debt Funding Commission has forgiven, canceled, wiped out one-half the whole European debt to the United States Treasury.

The present cash value of all the settlements, including the one pending with France, is, roughly, one-half the amount our debtors borrowed. This is to say—in case one is unfamiliar with the term "present cash value"—that if you had in your hand all the bonds issued or to be issued by our European debtors to the United States Treasury in liquidation of the notes they gave during the war, you could cash them, theoretically, for one-half the amount they borrowed. Actually you could not cash them for anywhere near that one-half figure, for the one reason among others that they are attacking the settlements as usurious and saying they should not be obliged to pay.

Notwithstanding cancellation of half the debt, the odium continues to rise. It is a gaseous commodity the Europeans manufacture in unlimited supply without cost, more than the cost of propaganda. They have in stock $5,000,000,000 worth more of it to sell. This is a figure to represent the remaining half of their debt to the American Treasury.

Cancellation an Emotional Conclusion

SUPPOSE we should cancel that remaining half. What then? Would the odium laboratories go out of business? Would the Europeans like us again? Or would they begin to talk of the oppressive weight of the American loans that have been made to them since the war, and continue to be made at the rate of $750,000,000 a year, by private investors through Wall Street? These are loans to industries, which are economically productive; they are loans, besides, to municipalities, to states and to governments for purposes productive and nonproductive; purposes social, political and militaristic. They have spent the money for unemployment doles as a defense against Bolshevism, for public works, to subsidize housing and agriculture, to exploit their colonial possessions and to mend their money.

The annual burden of these loans is already much greater than the burden of war-debt payments to the United States Treasury—two or three times greater, and growing. On this head they have not complained, not openly at any rate, for they wish to go on borrowing, and they are paying the interest with borrowed money. Yet already one will hear in Europe, read in the European press, that Americans are financial imperialists seeking to enslave the world with loans; that our interest in peace and disarmament is a selfish economic hypocritical interest.

It is permissible for anyone to hold that we should pay German reparations who thinks our contribution to the war, no matter what it was, was not enough; it is permissible equally for one to hold for a cancellation of war debts who thinks the love of Europe may be thus secured and that this is of more importance than any American principle. But in either case it is an emotional conclusion, clear enough as that, until the attempt is made to draw facts into it.

There confusion begins.

(Continued on Page 166)

CHARIVARI

By ELEANOR MERCEIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Yet Still She Laughed; Her Gay Little Mocking Laugh Visible Rather Than Audible Above the Noises of the Charivari

LASTRA, the *cordonnier*, lame though he was, had an advantage over his friend Hermose, the umbrella mender, who possessed not only two stout legs but a donkey on which to see the world. To Lastra the world arrived. As he had been heard to remark, one may with philosophy support life lacking the aid of lawyer, priest, or even midwife; nor is the blacksmith indispensable to those who possess no beasts to shoe. But their feet even the poor have usually with them; and soles of rope or leather, thanks to the dispensation of a merciful Providence, are not immortal. Hence to shoemaker Lastra, as to a spider in its web, came in due time the life of all his neighborhood; and such as did not come of its own accord, he was able to keep an eye upon from behind the door of his *atelier*, the closed lower half of which offered a desirable privacy, while its open upper half supplied an untrammeled vista of *tout le monde* functioning outside.

It was therefore Lastra who found himself able to inform the umbrella mender, who in turn informed the outlying districts, as was his wont, that the House Ducontentia was about to reoccupy itself. Not with the family, naturally; who of the De Maytie were left with sufficient effrontery to face old neighbors—old Basque neighbors who do not forget?

If, indeed, any of the De Maytie, were left to take possession. She who inherited the property had long been dead, doubtless, and had left no progeny, or they would have been heard from. Live people do not leave such a property as the House Ducontentia standing idle for thirty years, at the mercy of wind and weather and a caretaker such as the deaf old woman Gerbera.

With that one, questions were a waste of effort; but from the preparations afoot it seemed probable that English had rented the place, even Americans. The shutters, the windows themselves, stood recklessly open. "Ah, *Dieu*, with all those fine furnishings exposed to the air!" groaned passing women. Linen yellow with disuse sunned on the window sills, an unusual smell prevailed of soap and water; and on a certain mild autumn evening, firelight appeared to dance in the windows of at least three rooms simultaneously.

Americans undoubtedly! Who else would so indulge themselves? It was reminiscent of those never-to-be-forgotten days when other Americans—she who was now wife to Esteban Urruty, and the poor sick youth who had at that time been her husband—engaged the entire *fonda*, at Madame Pantchika's own price, for an indefinite period. What a people!

Lastra hopefully predicted another such era of prosperity for the village, and bought on the strength of it two extra-fine hides. But the blacksmith Olhaiby took a gloomier view; he had turned misanthrope since his son Hercule went out into the world and sent no money back.

"Soon, at this rate, we shall be forced to leave our houses and live like layers in a cake, one family above another." So it was, he said, that people lived *la bas*, his gesture including all the centers of civilization. Why, he demanded, if persons were dissatisfied with their own savage country—and who could blame them?—if they wished to make the sport on *les eskis*, or to promenade the *cirques* on donkey back, or to bathe themselves in boiling water for purposes of health—why not confine themselves to places set apart for idlers, such as Cauterets, or Ax-les-Thermes, or Bagnères-de-Luchon? Things went better, he grumbled, in the days when Basque *fors* did not permit of more than five strangers at a time in any baillie.

Here one had already the bride of Esteban Urruty—"Not that one would wish to have her elsewhere!" admitted the blacksmith, who retained unimpaired his eye for a fine woman—to say nothing of the Comte des Luynes, who was only half Basque, and the present Madame Pedro Urruty, who was of Béarn.

"Which is not to be exactly a stranger!" protested Lastra.

"No, but an inferior certainly; you will admit that?—born as she was outside the valleys!" And one had even, lying in the *ilerri* with their own sacred dead, the body of a stranger, the heretic first husband of Madame Emilie.

"Assuredly you do not begrudge Christian burial to that unfortunate, who on occasion offered wine for our *pelota?*" exclaimed the shoemaker, outraged in all his deeper instincts of hospitality.

But Olhaiby begrudged nothing to nobody, he said gloomily. He wished only to point out the fact that for some thirty centuries the Eskual-Herria, on both sides of the mountains, had been for Eskualdunak, and for them only; that while it was very well to bring to the homeland the riches of other countries, their objects of usefulness, even their wives, when it came to permitting strangers to take possession of one of the ancestral *domecs—alors!* And then?

The village agreed with Olhaiby, whose skill at the *pelota* naturally gave him authority in all matters. They decided not to be overcordial toward the House Ducontentia, while willing to supply essentials, at a price.

But the village had no opportunity to be cordial, nor to supply essentials. What, was presently demanded of Hermose the umbrella mender, did the Urruty themselves make of these foreigners, who acted as proudly as if they

He Sat All Day, Watching His Mother Furtively, Despairingly, Wondering if It Was So That People Looked When They Were Dying

were natives; received nobody, went nowhere, not even to the mass, and spent no money in the village? They must be rich; things were constantly coming to them by *carro* from outside; the services of Gerbera as *femme de ménage* were not sufficient—they had brought with them a black Moorish woman, who spoke some unintelligible gibberish which was neither French nor English, though smattering of both. What did the Urruty think?

Hermose pursed his lips importantly. As professional gossip to the valleys, a cross between wandering minstrel and modern newspaper, it behooved him to speak discreetly. One had the dignity of one's profession, handed down with all its perquisites from generation to generation; he never permitted himself merely to *faser*. If Hermose said that a thing was thus and so, it was thus and so. But it also behooved his patrons to be careful how they talked on the day umbrellas were mended; for Hermose had the ears of a mole.

He said now that Madame Urruty herself felt no objection to strangers taking the House Ducontentia; they might better its reputation, they could hardly impair it.

As for the little Madame Emilie—Hermose warmed to his theme—she declared her intention to visit her compatriots whether they wished to be visited or not, if only to determine why not. And her husband had reproved her, remarking that the ladies of his house did not visit the House Ducontentia. And the little American had asked Americanly, "Why?" But naturally her husband did not care to gratify such idle curiosity.

Nevertheless, it was Hermose's impression that Madame Emilie intended to visit the House Ducontentia, and at the earliest opportunity. They were, she insisted, her compatriots; Juan Smeet being a name well-known in her native land, even perhaps noble, since it appeared that the first of that name had been rescued from death by a native princess, whose family wished to roast him at the stake after an early American custom, but who had yielded to her entreaties and spared him to her. Doubtless, said Hermose, the present Monsieur Juan Smeet was a result of this royal episode, and therefore entitled to a certain aloof hauteur.

But the young man, when next they had opportunity to observe him, seemed less royally haughty than he was shy, with a manner nervous to the point of timidity, and the delicate complexion of a girl. His features, too sensitive for a man, flushed if one stared at him closely, and he addressed nobody of his own accord; not even the shoemaker, leaning over his half door in a receptive attitude. He responded civilly enough to every greeting, but hurried past, always with a sketchbook under his arm.

"*Flûte!* Only another artist," pronounced Pantchika, who had some experience of them.

As for the mother, Madame Juan Smeet, one gained no impression of her at all, with nothing to go upon but a white hand sometimes seen at the window shutter, or the impression of eyes, rather than eyes themselves, gazing out from the dim interior behind elaborate carved grilles.

It was not entirely curiosity which brought Emily to call on these strangers, nor yet entirely hospitality. Americans rarely attracted her; she had not been playing the American game. But now that there was no longer a game to be played, now that she was sinking roots deep into a beautiful reality, certain hitherto unsuspected sympathies and atavisms awoke in her. Perhaps, she thought, with the domestic virtues one acquired went other old-fashioned qualities, such as neighborliness, even patriotism.

"At this rate," she warned herself, "I shall presently take to flapping my wings and crowing like an eagle at sight of the Stars and Stripes!" Emily had not as yet familiarized herself with the customs of fowl, wild or domestic.

Possibly she was a trifle homesick, less for the great things than for the little unimportant ones which are so vital; habits of speech and outlook, familiar commonplaces, common memories to share. She had decided for the sake of her child to spend his second winter at the hacienda; except for an occasional jaunt with Esteban out to Pau for the hunting, or to Munich for the opera or to Paris for the play. There was no city, no spa or resort in the world where a little body could so grow in health and happiness as here among the hills, under the Spartan eye of the matriarch, that wise old mother of many men; and Esteban's delight in her decision repaid her for any small sacrifice it might entail.

Yet now that winter was settling in and fewer guests came to share the growing fame of the Urruty hospitality; now that motor lorries had ceased for a while to roar along the Route des Pyrénées, and the rustic, simple life of the valleys resumed its ancient way, Emily found herself sometimes listening—listening for what?—in that age-long frozen silence which the natives say is broken by but three sounds—the wind in the pines, the rushing of the torrent and the passing of the armies of Charlemagne.

It was as pleasant to her as it was surprising to realize that Americans, possible friends, were to spend these shut-in months only a few kilometers distant, in their own village; so that she was the more dismayed to be refused at the door by a negress of the type familiar to her childhood, evidently as eager as Emily herself to see somebody who spoke approximately her own language.

"No, ma'am, honey. It sho is good for sore eyes to see you, but Miz Smith she don't never see nobody no more," sighed the woman plaintively. "She's po'ly in her health. Hit's mighty lonely hereabouts, ain't it? Not so sociable as N'Orleans. . . . Mr. Johnny, he'll be right glad and proud you come."

Probably some neurasthenic old lady taking a rest cure, thought Emily, pitying the son who must humor her. But a glimpse she caught through the closing door of a room beyond did not suggest a neurasthenic old lady. There was a chaise longue filled with gayly colored pillows, a piano piled high with music, numerous photographs in silver frames, vases of hothouse flowers. It was certainly not a Basque interior, nor yet entirely American. A subtle and sophisticated fragrance was in the air; not the usual variation of violet or *chypre* affected by her artless compatriots—Emily's nose was as keen as her other perceptions. This perfume suggested to her experience the *boudoir intime*, the greenroom. She felt that her father would have been able to classify it at once.

The whole effect was oddly out of keeping with the tall, narrow medieval house whose timbered upper stories overhung the street like beetling brows, and whose lintel bore in Basque the grim reminder: "Pause and reflect on your last hour; you will not regret it." Below was the inscription: "Ave Maria! In the year 1600 Joaquin de Maytie built this house to live in with his wife Pilar Bikavoia."

There were several such ancient *domecs* in the village, standing lofty among the humbler houses, each bearing a distinctive personality and a name independent of its owners; the House Elizoaca, where the notary Abbadie lived; the House Arahaia, in whose lower story Lastra plied his trade, but whose upper stories were still inhabited by its original family, the ladies Olhagarray, who had found no husbands proud enough for them. These were remainders of a more important day, when the village marked the

approach to one of the four great passes into Spain. Now there were wider passes. The Sud Express from Toulouse penetrated the mountains at another place. Even the Route des Pyrénées looped back upon itself a few miles away, to avoid the village, thanks to the influence of the Urruty, who owned most of the property thereabout. An occasional char-à-bancs of tourists left the great highway to startle its drowsy Calle Mayor; or some automobilist with a palate, lured by the modest fame of Pantchika's trout, or her Jurançon, or her inimitable *gaufrettes*. But Madame Urruty had saved her village from the desecration of progress.

This point of view intrigued Emily, who once suggested that the Route des Pyrénées might have doubled the value of her property.

"Why double the value of property which is not for sale?" replied the matriarch tranquilly.

It would have been difficult, indeed, to buy a house in the village or to rent one. None was unoccupied except the House Ducontentia, which stood year after year, staring with blind, shuttered eyes down upon the ancient quiet of the little *place*, haunted, foreboding, sinister. More than once Emily had questioned her husband about it, or Pedro, or Madame Urruty; but she received no satisfactory reply. She began to realize that it had some history which they considered unsuitable for the ears of a discreet young matron. Their meticulous care for her innocence often touched and amused this daughter of Archibald Weldon, whose sole care for her had been that she saw enough of life to see it whole.

The cobbler Lastra, witnessing from across the street her discomfiture at the hands of the inhospitable strangers, emitted loud, sympathetic clucks of indignation. It occurred to her that Lastra might be less particular in his views as to what was proper for a young matron's ears. She crossed and leaned confidentially over his half door—"Quite," boasted the cobbler afterward, "as if she were any person on her way home from the washing tank"—and asked the cobbler what he could tell her about the House Ducontentia.

He could tell her a great deal—who more? Thus it was she learned that this remote, sun-clean, guileless old Eden of the hills had known its serpent, like other Edens; and that the serpent was, as usual, woman—the lady Pilar de Maytie.

"*Ah, oui*, I was her friend, *moi qui parle*—that is to say, I often spoke with her," he corrected himself, glancing about hastily to see that his wife was out of earshot. "All men were her friends; she was not proud, that one. And of God's creations, she was assuredly the most exquisite—blond, madame, not in the manner of yourself, cool and white as a camellia blossom, but as our Basquaises and the women of Northern Spain are sometimes blond, with a touch of fire in the eye, the hair; that charming little bloom of gold on cheek and lip ——"

"—— which in time becomes a charming little beard," murmured Emily.

"*Ah, oui!*" sighed the cobbler with enthusiasm; he had the temperament if not the vocation of a poet. Was there ever, he demanded, a more delightful type than the warm and tawny blonde of the Pyrenees? "And of what a grace! The hands, the hips, the feet—for which I myself made little soft kid sandals with wool embroidery—all moved as if she danced, so that no man, even a *malheureux* like myself, could watch her pass unmoved. Which was something she knew quite well, coquette that she was, even in infancy. Ah, no, she was not proud, that one! Not proud enough.

"The mother being dead, the father found it easier to let her run wild than to restrain her. 'Ah, bah! Pleasure is in the blood,' he would say. 'She is nothing but a *petit gosse!*' But madame understands that there are *gosses* and *gosses*.

"In carnival season, as you know, it is the custom of our young men to band themselves together, under a *Chererro*, and make the *mascarade* from village to village, singing, acting plays, dancing the Moutchikoak—the goat dance. With them, if you please, chose to go the little Pilar, daughter of the Sieur de Maytie. Naturally, it made a great attraction, and with our young men she was safe enough. But in the *farandole* afterward any stranger was free to take her, no matter who, so long as he was light and tireless upon the feet. How they would snatch her one from the other, the poor, mad, beautiful little creature, and keep her whirling, whirling, light as a leaf on the wind, till some woman who was a mother would interfere. Once a young gypsy fellow who had been following them sprang into the circle and seized her and would have carried her away, quite willingly, had not our young men managed to beat him off.

"When Monsieur de Maytie heard of this he laughed and laughed. 'So, the *gosse* begins to be a woman!' he cried, as if proud of her. But some nights later he found them in his garden, little Mademoiselle Pilar and her gypsy, whispering and kissing together; her kisses, you understand, were always free as those of a *bébé*. Eh, *la pauvrette!*"

"What did he do?" asked Emily with interest.

"Monsieur de Maytie? Naturally, he killed the gypsy, being a man of choleric habit. It made, of course, great scandal, and the little Pilar was sent away to a convent ——"

"But what did they do to the father?" interrupted Emily.

"To him? What would they do?" Lastra shrugged. "It was nobody's affair; money was paid to the gitanos, perhaps. The De Maytie," he added irrelevantly, "are cousins to the Urruty. . . . Presently a suitable marriage was arranged with a rich Spanish gentleman old enough to be her grandfather. . . . The Spaniards know how to take care of their wives, *n'est-ce pas?*"

But not always, apparently. Rumors began to come from San Sebastian, from Monte Carlo, from Paris, from wherever life was most gay and wild and reckless. The Sieur de Maytie ceased to laugh at her escapades; he died of them.

"Though some," added Lastra, "called it an apoplexy, and others"—again he looked about cautiously—"believed that the gitanos had put death upon him out of revenge. Certainly, he was found in his garden dead, at the very place where he had surprised the child with her first lover."

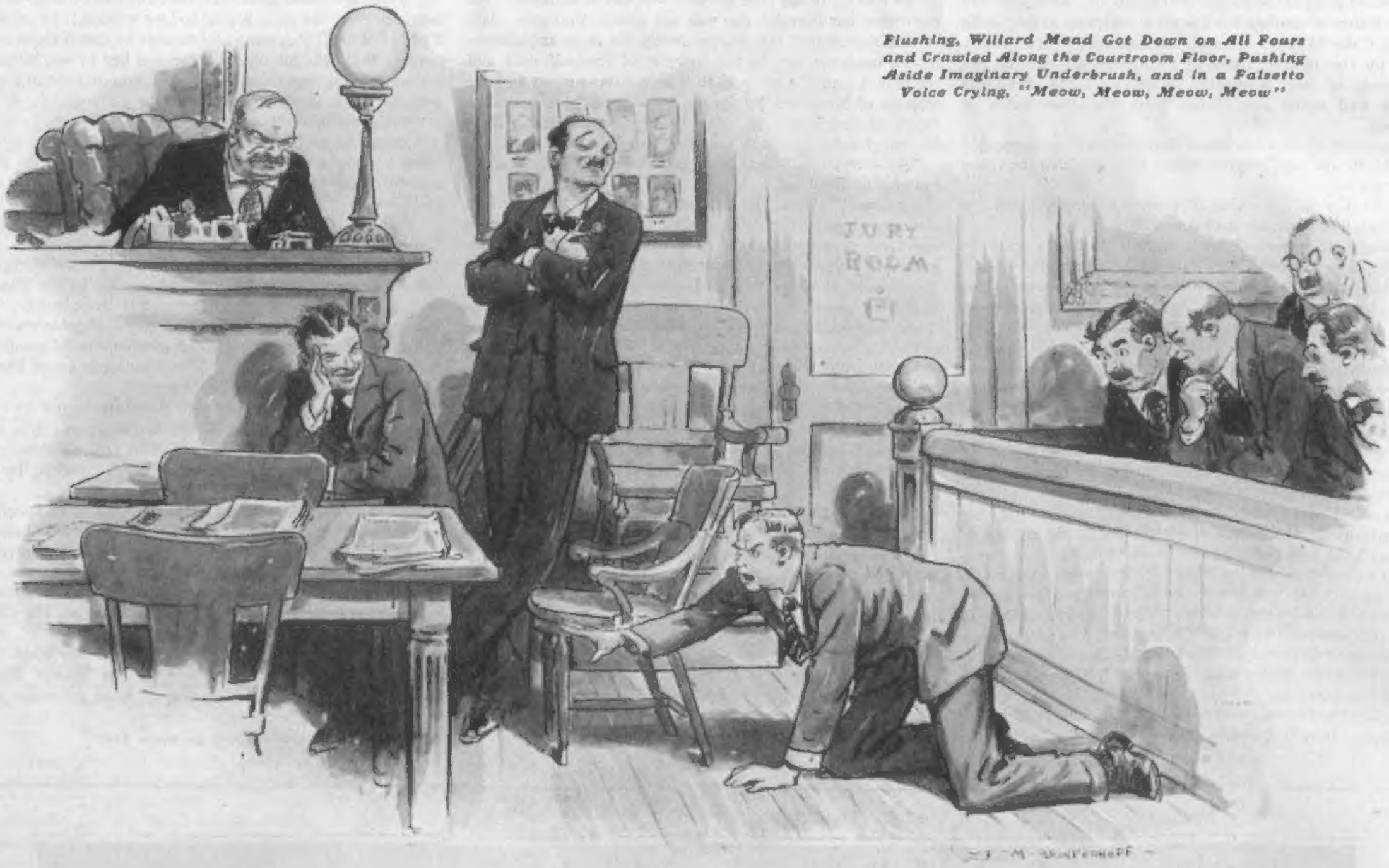
Emily shivered. No wonder, she thought, the House Ducontentia wore so sinister a look!

"The next we heard she had gone upon the stage. Picture to yourself, madame, one of our decent Basque women, of great family, dancing as in an *estaminet* upon the public stage!"

(Continued on Page 118)

"By What Right Does She Accuse Me of Sins for Which I Am Not Responsible?"

INNOCENT BYSTANDER



Flushing, Willard Mead Got Down on All Fours and Crawled Along the Courtroom Floor, Pushing Aside Imaginary Underbrush, and in a Falsetto Voice Crying, "Meow, Meow, Meow, Meow"

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

NOVEMBER twenty-ninth, the night was black and bitter. Nevertheless, Willard Mead left his pleasant fireside to hunt for a straying cat. It was not his. Earlier in the evening he had found it shivering on his doorstep when he returned from his day of work as paying teller in a bank. Mead disliked cats. They made him sneeze. But the cat looked half starved, so he took it in and fed it. Then, as it was making him sneeze, he put it outdoors.

About half-past ten his wife looked up from her sewing to remark that it had suddenly turned very cold. Mead went out to the porch of his bungalow to look at his thermometer, and noted that it was touching zero. He thought of the thin half-grown cat, and his conscience was troubled. He fancied he heard a sound in the thick pine woods adjoining his house. It might have been the wind, and then again it might have been that forlorn cat, mewing plaintively.

He knew he would not sleep well if he left the cat outdoors on so cold a night. Obeying his humanitarian impulse, he took a flash light and set out to find the cat. It could sleep in the cellar, near the furnace, he decided, as he headed for the woods.

He forced his way through the briers and bushes, calling, "Kitty, kitty! Meow, meow, meow!" He heard it mewing in some thick underbrush. He called "Meow, meow!" seductively, but it was afraid or perverse or playful, and would not come out. Mead got down on his hands and knees and butted and pushed his way toward the cat. He almost had his fingers on it, when it slipped away into another clump of brush. Provoked, but determined, he followed on all fours, trying with his flash light to locate it, and crying, "Meow, meow, meow, meow!"

Then he heard voices—human voices. About thirty yards from where he was, a path crossed the woods. Sometimes it was used as a short cut. Two men, he decided, were cutting across the woods, bound for the High Ridge section, where some of the suburb's more prosperous citizens had homes. They must be talking loudly, even violently, it struck Mead, else the sound of their voices would not have carried to his ears above the moaning of the wind in the pines. He paid no particular heed to the voices. It was one of the principles which guided his mild and inoffensive life, not to concern himself with other people's affairs.

So he continued to poke around in the bushes in an effort to find the cat and lure it to him. The wind suddenly died down for a brief moment, and some scraps of conversation came to him:

"—— and that's the truth."

"It's a lie, Shaw." This in a hoarse voice.

"Is it?" The voice was high-pitched and quivering. "Well, she has confessed ——"

The wind started up again. It whistled through the trees, a furious, screaming blast. The sound startled Willard Mead. There was an unusual note in it, like a human cry, sharp, anguished, then abruptly cut off. He heard no further sound of voices.

That stupid cat! Mead was cold and irritated. Here he wanted to help it, and it persisted in scampering away from him. It bounded away to the path. Mead crawled after it, and there the cat sat—on the path. He reached out his hand toward it, and it romped along the path, just out of his reach. He pursued, still on all fours, calling, "Meow, meow, meow!"

So swiftly and stealthily did the man come that Mead did not hear his steps until the hurrying man, rounding a turn in the path, almost stumbled over him. Without a word, the man brushed by Mead and, breaking into a furious run, disappeared into the darkness; but Mead's flash light had slanted up and for a split second had focused on the man's face.

Mead, careful and observant, as all good paying tellers must be, had a swift but distinct impression of the man's face. It was cadaverous, lantern-jawed and adorned with a great horn of a nose. Mead noted, too, that the man was exceptionally tall and thin. He thought he'd know him again if he saw him.

"Late for a date, or something," muttered Mead. He returned to his pursuit of the cat.

He caught it at last and took it back with him and put it in his cellar. He attached so little importance to his experience with the hurrying man that he did not even mention it to his wife.

In the morning, when Mead went down to fix the furnace, the cat shot out of the open door and loped away down the street.

"It will go home. They always do," said his wife at breakfast.

"Hope so," said Willard Mead, and turned his attention to his toast and morning paper.

"Well, well, well, I'll be jiggered!" he exclaimed.

"What is it, Willard?"

"Look at this, will you?" he cried with some excitement. "Right in Fenimore Woods, too—not a quarter of a mile from this very spot!"

"What on earth are you talking about, Willard?"

"They found a body in the woods," he said.

"Who did?"

"The police—early this morning."

"Dear me! Who was it?"

"His name, the paper says, was Simon Ware; and, Grace, he had been murdered—stabbed!"

"Oh, how perfectly horrible! Who is he?"

"I never heard of him. The paper says he was forty-nine, a prosperous wool merchant, and that he took a house in High Ridge recently."

"Poor fellow. Who did it?"

"The police don't know. It says here they have a strong suspicion though." Willard Mead set down his coffee cup abruptly. "Now, I wonder ——"

"What do you wonder?"

He saw by the clock that he would have to rush at top speed to catch the 8:21 for the city. "Tell you later," he said. "Good-by, dear." A hasty kiss and he was off.

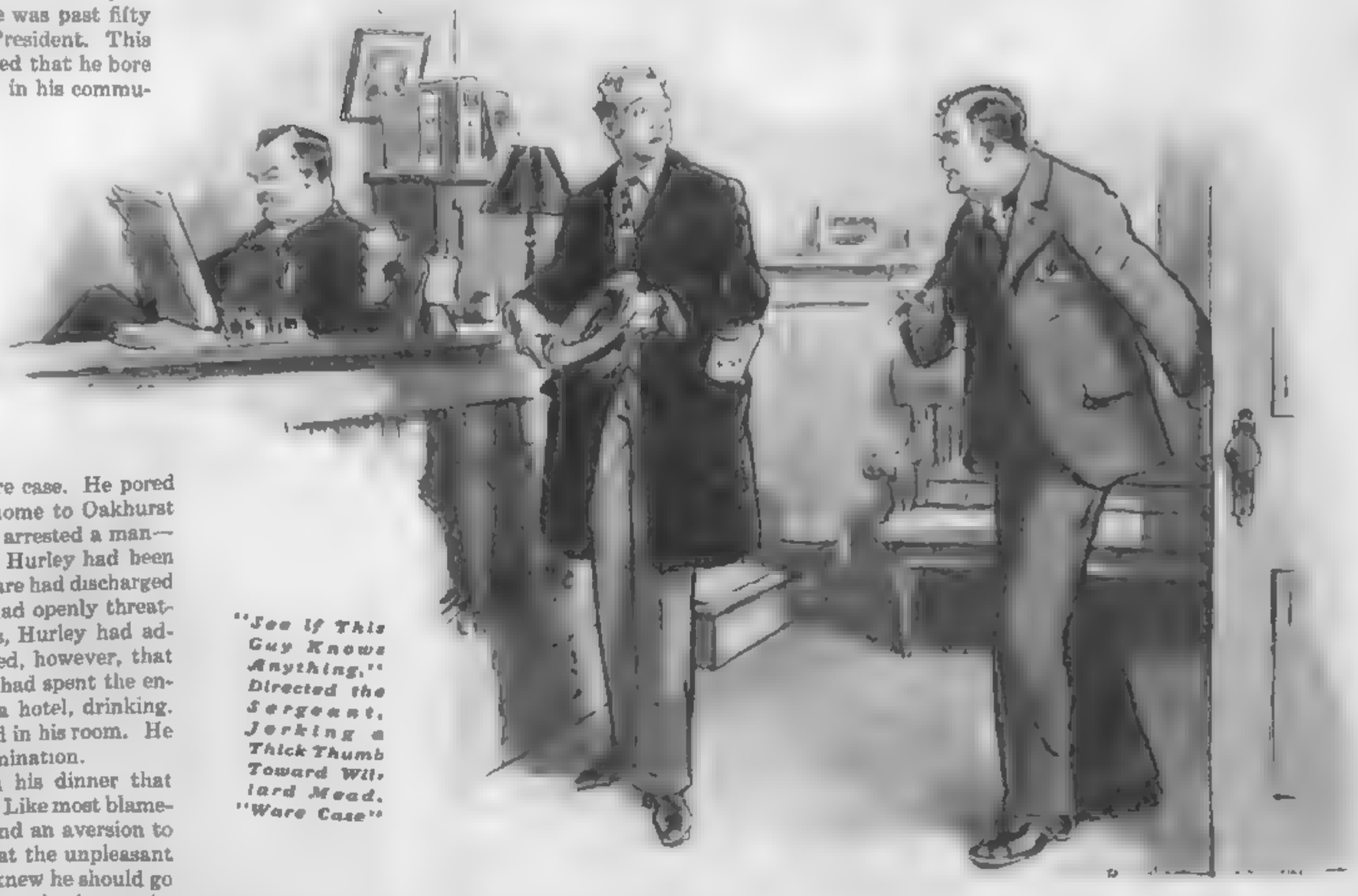
At his bank Willard Mead was regarded as a model young man. That, indeed, was what he aimed to be. At twenty-nine, he was not considered brilliant; no one expected him to develop into a financial wizard and astonish the world of gold with daring coups. He did not expect anything of the kind himself. He was content to be considered honest, sober and industrious, and to follow the comparatively modest career fate had apparently chosen for him. He was proud of being a banker. Entering the bank straight from high school, he had risen through the bookkeeping department to the dignity of a little bronze sign which read, Mr. Mead, Paying Teller. With the passing of time, he hoped by steady, reliable work to sit

behind a sign marked, Mr. Mead, Cashier. Finally he had every reason to hope that when he was past fifty his sign would read, Mr. Mead, Vice President. This prospect entirely pleased him. It followed that he bore an excellent reputation in the bank and in his community. The graph of Willard Mead's life followed a fairly straight line, with no peaks and no valleys. He married, at twenty-four, the first and only girl he had ever kissed. Once—it was on his twenty-first birthday—he drank some beer, sang a little and then was unpleasantly ill. He never again experimented in that field. He was suited to the quiet life he led by temperament. He lived simply, got on well with his wife, paid his bills, saved a little.

Now the tranquillity of his life was somewhat ruffled by what he read in the papers about the Simon Ware case. He pored over the news of the case on his way home to Oakhurst that evening. The police, he read, had arrested a man—one Andrew T. Hurley—on suspicion. Hurley had been a salesman employed by Ware's firm. Ware had discharged him for repeated intoxication. Hurley had openly threatened to get even. Grilled by detectives, Hurley had admitted making the threats. He declared, however, that he knew nothing about the murder, but had spent the entire night of the crime in his room in a hotel, drinking. He could not prove that he had remained in his room. He was put in jail and held for further examination.

Willard Mead did not greatly relish his dinner that evening. Something picked at his mind. Like most blameless people, he had a fear of the police and an aversion to courts of law. Still, he could not blink at the unpleasant duty which stared squarely at him. He knew he should go to the police and tell them what he had seen in the woods.

On an inside page of the paper were pictures of persons involved in the case—Ware, Hurley, a fat old man with a weak face and a huge mustache, and—Mead bent over the paper—a picture of Arnold Shaw, the secretary of the dead man, who had identified the body at the morgue. With fascinated eyes Mead stared at the picture of Shaw. That lean face, that length of jaw, that prominent nose—it could be only the hurrying man in the woods. Mead groaned. Now he must go to the police.



"See If This Guy Knows Anything," Directed the Sergeant, Jerking a Thick Thumb Toward Willard Mead. "Ware Case"

He discussed the matter with his wife. "Hate to get mixed up in things like that," he said. "Confound that wretched cat, anyhow!"

"You'll have to do it, though," his wife said. "You can't stand by and see Hurley, who may be entirely innocent, ruined. Why should telling the police bother you? You were just an innocent bystander."

"I know. But cops always rattle me somehow," said Willard Mead. "Besides, if Hurley is really innocent and Shaw guilty, it will come out. Murder always does, they say. I'm a strong believer in justice. Sort of like fate, you know. A man can't beat it."

"Still, I think you'll have to tell the police. It's your duty as a citizen."

Mead made a wry face.

"Oh, I suppose so," he said.

He marched off to police headquarters. Diffidently he passed beneath the green lights and approached the desk where a sergeant with a sirloin face sat glaring at his own finger nails. He seemed aware of Mead's presence, but ignored it until Mead had coughed a few times.

Then he looked up and transferred his glare from his finger nails to the disconcerted Mead.

"Wotja want?" demanded the sergeant.

"I—I'd like to see a policeman," Mead got out nervously.

"Wotja think I am—a horse?" asked the sergeant.

"It's about the Ware murder," said Mead.

The sergeant scowled, then brightened. "Come to confess, eh?" he said.

"I did not," said Mead.

"Mean to say you didn't do it?"

"I certainly did not."

The sergeant's "Hump!" was an expression of incredulity. He stared at Mead's wrists as if measuring them for handcuffs. "Know something about it, do you?" the sergeant queried truculently.

"Yes, sir."

"There's always nuts," remarked the sergeant in weary accents, "that wants to bust into the limelight by claiming they know something about a crime." He eyed Mead sternly. "Now see here," he warned, "if you go wasting our time with any cuckoo notions or wild-goose chases, you'll ketch hell."

"I've certain information," said Willard Mead patiently, "which might help the police."

"Hogan! Hogan!" suddenly bawled the sergeant. A weighty man, unmistakably a detective in plain clothes, came out of a room, showing signs of irritation at being taken away from a pinochle game.

"What's the row?" he growled.

"See if this guy knows anything," directed the sergeant, jerking a thick thumb toward Willard Mead. "Ware case."

"Come along," said Hogan, and led Mead into a small side room.

"Now, then," said Hogan, taking out a dog-eared notebook and a stub of a pencil, "spill what you know."

Willard Mead told the story of what he had seen and heard in the woods.

"What was you doing there?" snapped Hogan.

"Looking for a cat."

With the stub of pencil the detective wrote: "Alleges he was looking for cat."

"You can tell all this to the district attorney in the morning," Hogan said.

"But I can't be here in the morning. I work in a bank," Mead said, rising to take his departure.

"Where you goin'?"

"Home"

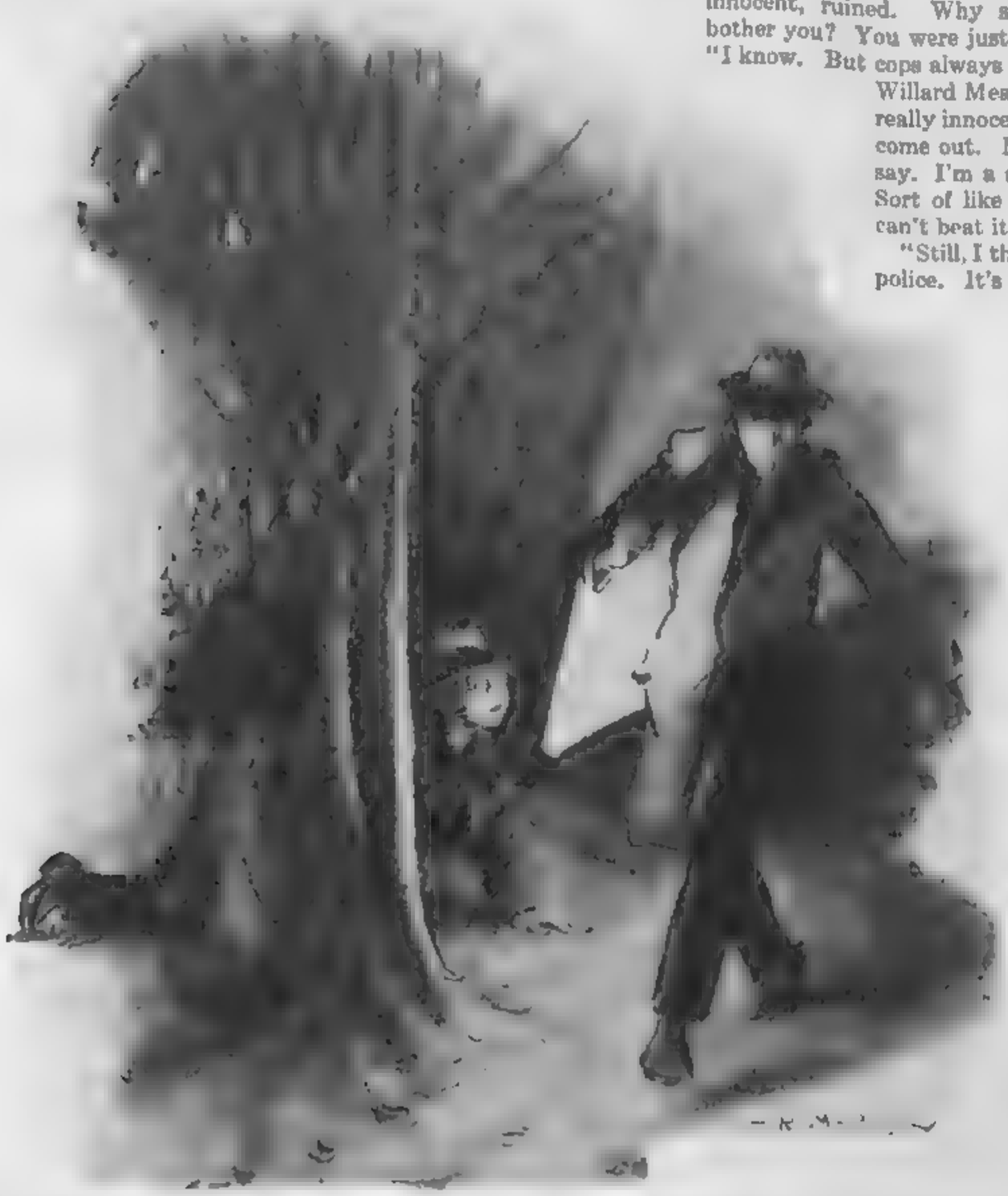
"No, you ain't. You got to stay here. Material witness."

"But—but ——" spluttered Willard Mead.

"Oh, save your wind," advised Detective Hogan. Then he shouted, "Hey, Lentz, put this guy on ice till tomorrow, and then turn him over to the D. A."

A uniformed patrolman led the protesting Mead to a cell, where he passed a not very comfortable night. In the morning he was conducted to the office of the district attorney, a gimlet-eyed man who listened to his story, asked him many sharp questions and then dismissed him with the admonition to keep his mouth shut and to report for the trial. Mead was late at the bank for the first time in years.

(Continued on Page 49)



Mead, Careful and Observant, as All Good Paying Tellers Must be, Had a Swift But Distinct Impression of the Man's Face

GETTING THE HABIT

"Yes, Sir, Bill's Got Him a Stovepipe and a Long-Tail Coat, and You Just Ought to See Him and His Woman Fixed Up to Go Some Place!"

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

THIS was another of the occasions when Mr. Stegg's hair-trigger reminder was set off in Henry Albien's store in Blueblanket. It happened to be only two days before the date set by President Harrison for a national thanksgiving for mercies and blessings vouchsafed to the bulk of the population, and Henry was doing a land-office business in cranberries, cove oysters, pumpkins and other fixings. He and his clerk, Rufus, were unusually busy and somebody had to wait; but there is no doubt that he discriminated unfairly against Roy Secker, who must have been in the store a full half hour and had to borrow enough tobacco until he got a chance to buy some.

"I'll 'tend to you in just a minute or two, Roy," Henry said, half apologetically, to the lank, loose-lipped yokel, who was seated on the counter, half reclining against a pile of overalls and dangling one limp leg.

"Hain't in no rush," drawled Roy. "Take your time. I hain't in no rush 'tall."

Curly Throop, a Z-Bell boy, who had just clanked in, remarked ironically that a person would never think it, to look at Mr. Secker; his general appearance and attitude being those of one who had been sent for the doctor right in the middle of threshing, with short help. That shot was the signal for a desultory fire of banter directed at the gentleman of leisure. Tip Yoakum, the Hat Creek granger, said that Roy had recently been observed trying to beat the shade of a cottonwood in a race from west to east, and the shade had a little the best of it, according to Roy's employer. Roy flatly and indignantly denied this, naïvely explaining that he was asleep and the shade naturally shifted on him. Old Man Somarindyk, with a false air of benignancy, said that the only thing Roy hated to wait for was a meal of victuals; otherwise the boy was real patient.

"How did the aidge of that ax come out, Roy?" he asked.

"What ax?" muttered the young man sullenly. "I don't know what you mean."

Old Man Somarindyk elucidated: "Somebody told Roy that if you put a dull razor away and let it rest, the aidge would come back on it; and he allowed that if it would do that with a razor, there wasn't no reason why it wouldn't work with an ax; so he hid Tradway's ax away and Mis' Tradway had to burn chips for three days."

"That's another derned lie of his. Tradway's always a-trying to be smart."

Here Albien disposed of his last customer. "What was it you wanted, Roy—plug tobacco, did you say?"

The young man slumped from the counter and shambled to the tobacco end of the store, departing as soon as he was served.

"Is it true that Moggridge booted him off the place when he come around to see Lina?" Tip Yoakum asked.

"I don't see no reason to doubt it," Albien answered. "Moggridge has got the feelings of a father and he don't go barefoot."

"Roy certainly hates to work," said Yoakum.

Samuel Stegg, ex-bullwhacker and old-timer, turned his mild blue eye on the speaker and withdrew the stem of his corncob pipe from the tangle of his gray beard. "So do you and so do I," he asserted. "So does ever'body. Work is something that you hate like all get out to do, but you do it because you think you have to, or else because you've got into the habit. There's a heap of poppycock talked about a man loving his work; but if he loves it, it ain't work; it's pastime. There ain't a man here that wouldn't loaf if he wasn't afraid folks would think he was a loafer, or that somebody'd get ahead faster than him, or that his conscience'd hurt him; and all the time he's rustling he's looking for'ard to the time when he can afford to quit and enjoy life. But when that time comes he finds that he's got the habit, and if he does quit it kills him off in a year or two."

"A man takes a pride in his work, don't he—if he amounts to shucks?" Henry Albien put the question.

"A man'll take a pride in having a right bad case of the lumbago or not having slept a wink for a week; but he don't enjoy it, as much as he brags about it," the old bullwhacker replied.

"Work's good for a man," Tip stated oracularly.

"So's castor ile and calamity and corn-meal mush," said Mr. Stegg. "Seems like 'most anything that's good for a man is unpleasant, so that's no argument. I knew a man, name of Bill Tracy, oncet that was what I call a man. He didn't like to work, and he had the backbone to own up to it and act up to it. If you wanted to grub in the dirt and break your back and raise blisters, or hump yourself over a ledger, shut out from the sunshine, or get your innards all jolted out of kelter by a bronc, or indulge in other forms of industriousness, that was your privilege; but, pers'nally, he liked being shiftless and enjoyed being trifling and no-account and not worth hell room, and you could take him or leave him, just as you'd a mind."

Me, I didn't feel no call to shun Bill Tracy—the old bullwhacker went on—even if there was times when I envied him; and I wasn't the only one that liked Bill. He was a man you would take to more'n what you would to Roy Secker; not but what Roy may be just as good as he was, and as worthy and deserving of the love and support of a pure, noble and hard-working woman. Still, Bill kep' himself tol'able neat and clean, for all his shiftlessness, and he was a strapping, good-looking, good-natured scoundrel; and if you'd have seen him stretched out under a tree, with his hat brim on the tip of his nose, you'd have said that here was a man taking a well-earned rest after a long

stretch of grinding toil. If you'd seen him any time, anywheres, reposing in any sort of a way, you'd have expected any moment to see him jump up like he'd exploded and get to flying around similar to a pea in a skillet—if you hadn't knowed him.

He could jump, all right. With or without weights, he could jump a foot further than any man in town—on a bet. He could make a horseshoe go any place he told it, and he could beat me playing pool. It cost me something to make up my mind that was so beyond the peradventure of a doubt, without no delusions that it was one of my off days and Bill's last run was just a fluke. I reckon that he could have made a good living by staying in town and using his gifts regular and right along, but he said that would be too much like work. That was a great byword of his: "Too much like work."

Another thing Bill could do was play the fiddle. He sure could, and he liked to. They'd send for him from all over to play at their dances, and sometimes he'd go and sometimes he wouldn't. Depended on how he was feeling, and on who it was gave the dance; but if you passed his cabin any time after supper when he was to home, you'd be apt to hear the fiddle going. If he felt right lonesome and it was a still night, he'd step outside the door and start playing, and it wouldn't be long afore you heard all the coyotes in the wide world a-singing to his music. He done that oncet or twicet for me, so I know it's so.

His cabin was down on the Cheyenne at the mouth of Fall River. A man name of Scott had built it, and the next year moved up Spearfish way and left it with a crop of sunflowers from some old breaking. He'd never homesteaded it, and Bill didn't neither. Too much like work, going to the land office at Rapid to file, and then they made you put on a heap of improvements. Too much like work. But it was a good cabin and there was a couple of good places to fish a little upstream.

Fishing was what Bill liked to do just a little better than anything else. If the fish was biting, all right; and if they wasn't, that was all right too. Bill could wait until they did. No rush 'tall. They could take their time. All the time that there was, Bill had. No getting to some certain place by any hour or minute in the day, nor getting there by any day—or week—or month. Just the way he was feeling. Nobody would worry about him if he didn't get in to his meals or stayed out late; no boss to want to know why in Sam Hill he wasn't on the job and where in Gehenna he been all this while. When Bill got hungry, he et; and when he got tired of setting up, he went to bed and stayed there until he felt like getting up, whether it was four o'clock in the morning or along tords noon. Just trifling and no-account. A loafer, and glad of it.

But you don't want to get the idee that Bill was one of these here hermits or wild men. No, sir; he was real sociable and was around visiting with his neighbors a good part of the time, especially when he got tired of his own cooking. Good company, he was, to say nothing of his fiddle, when he brought it along, and, whether or no, he was welcome most places. Only, where there was girls in the fam'ly, the old folks wasn't so tickled to have him around, and there was one or two men whose wives was young and inclined to be skittish that would just as soon he'd stayed away. In them cases Bill stayed away. He didn't aim to pester nobody nor to make trouble in fam'lies, which he might have done easy enough. Not that he was anyways a woman hater. He was human, 's far's that goes, and he could stand just about so much temptation and no more, like we all can; but I never heard no particular scandals about him.

Well, things went on thataway with Bill Tracy until he was clost on to thirty—happy and carefree, with antelope them days as thick in the draws and breaks as flies around a m'lasses bar'l; sand pike and cat in the river and rabbits in the bottoms; good neighbors with more potatoes and garden truck than they could use or sell; good friends that he could borrow fifty cents or a dollar from any time; wagons and buggies a-going every place he wanted to go to and ride and welcome—if you waited long enough for them to come along past and wasn't in no rush; and all the pleasures of town life at Minnekahta any time he wanted to stroll down to the ford and catch Red Raymond when he come acrost with the stage. Seemed like things couldn't come much easier for him and a man would be a hog to want 'em any easier, but he got sort of dissatisfied at last.

"What's the matter, Bill?" I asked him, noticing the way he was looking. He had come into town that day to play at a dance that the boys of the Minnekahta Social Circle was giving, and he'd just come out of Al Dearduff's with Bob Shann and parted with Bob at the door. "You'd better come back with me and take another for what ails you," I says. "You ain't broke your fiddle, have you?"

"No," says he; "but I've half a notion to break it and plumb give up. I was just a-telling Shann that seems like life was skassly worth living."

"Come and take two more," I urges him, "and if that don't drive away dull care, we'll make it all it takes."

"No, I thank you kindly," says he, "but it wouldn't do for me to get organized before the dance is over. But don't let me stop you."

I told him to set down and tell me what was eating him, and selected a soft place on the edge of the sidewalk. I'd often known him to refuse an invite to take a drink, but never one to set down.

"It ain't nothing particular," he says. "I get spells of feeling thisaway lately. Mebbe I'm a-getting old; mebbe it's the winter a-coming on. I got my winter's wood to think of."

"Drifts right up to your door, blame near, don't it?" I says. "Didn't that last high water leave a plenty right up on the bench?"

"Yes, but it didn't drift up there in stovewood len'ths," he says. "I got to chop it and split it, and that's a whole lot like work."

"That's true," I admitted; "but I don't see what you're going to do about it, unless you trap a few beaver and train them to gnaw it the len'th you want. I reckon you might try that."

"I've thought of it," he says. "They cut their own the way they want it and it seems practical. But it'd be too much like work, training of 'em. Anyway, I don't know no animal I could train to cook and wash up the dishes. A dog might lick the plates clean, but I'm sort of pernickety about what I eat out of; and then a dog objects to violin music same as the coyotes. I tried to keep one oncet. Yes, there's a heap of things a man has to do for himself, and I'm kind of sick of doing 'em. Too much like work."

"You ought to get you a good husky woman," I says. "Maybe you could go over to the reservation and pick you out a likely young squaw who'd be willing to 'tend to them little matters for you. Clean your fish, too, and tan your deer hides. And she'd draw government rations, so the flour problem would bother you no more."

"I've just about a notion to knock the tar out of you for that," says he, scowling at me.

"You'd find that was too much like work," I told him. "But you don't need to get mad about it," I says. "I was only joking you and no offense meant."

Continued on Page 68

Pretty Soon, as I Got Closer, I Seen That What He Was Packing Was a Valise and a Fiddle Case and Double-Bit Ax and a Sledge Passed Through the Handles

LOVE WILL FIND A WAY

Against Anger and a Tirade He Could Hold His Own, But the Sight of Bernice's Pale, Tear-Stained Face and High, Proud, Wounded Manner Began to Weaken His Morale

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

MOST persons fondle dreams remote from their powers. It provides a harmless pastime and is much more enjoyable than any realized ambition. Many a time the puniest and most diffident of males has knocked the heavyweight champ cold with one sizzling sock—in his mind. Often he is a strong, silent captain of finance, too, or a stern and ruthless military conqueror; or, on an off day, perhaps his yearning heart exalts him to a messiah of oppressed peoples. And how many good, dependable wives have dreamed of the perfect lover and visualized scenes with this bright boy knight of theirs—gee!

Yes, that's the way it goes. The cook wants to be an actress; the sand-truck driver, cussing everybody in the road, has half a dozen sob songs to mother in the bottom of his trunk and can't get them published; and I have always wanted to write a love story, something tender and true, something that would make better men and women out of all who read the dog-goned thing.

Shyness is my weakness and it deterred me for quite a spell. Then twice I started with a bang—once under the title of Only a Rosebud to Her, and again, Oh, Why Did She Do Me That Way? But all I ever got out of these efforts was a good cry.

The chief trouble was that right in the middle of them I foolishly paused to take a look around and investigate among my acquaintances, which brought me up against the necessity of such superhuman flights of imagination that I quit.

But at last I've struck the sand. Yes, sir, I've got a real one now—the case of Mac. Here's a genuine love story, one to wring the heartstrings. Let's go!

The Macs had been married about eight years and seemed to get along beautifully. At least, all Mac's men friends said so.

"Huh, no wonder!" exclaimed the supervisors. "That woman could get along with anybody. I declare, I believe Mrs. Mac has the sweetest disposition on earth."

Which was very mild exaggeration. Bernice was an amiable soul, utterly devoid of malice, and she had the most charming manner of any woman in town—always interested, always sympathetic and friendly. In addition, she was pretty, in a suburban way.

"It beats me," declared Mrs. Stringer, as resentfully as if she had been personally affronted, "how that lovely little woman ever came to marry that big ol' lummox."

"Ol' Mac's not old," protested her husband, whose name was Al, offices seventh floor of the Southwestern Building. "He isn't a day over thirty-five."

"Well, he certainly looks it. And he's short and ugly, and his hair ——"

"Shucks, Mac's the salt of the earth."

"You say that just because you men always stick up for one another. No matter what one does, the others'll back him up."

"Why, what has Mac been doing now?"

"Nothing. But he makes me sick—he's so conceited. Of all the uppity —— And what that little rooster's got to be stuck up about is a mystery to me! Yet look at the way he carries on."

"How—carry on?"

"Why, the way he bosses that poor little wife of his around."

"Aha! So that's it!" chortled her encumbrance.

It was a silly thing to say, but some men can't learn. It took Al one hour and seventeen minutes by the clock to explain that he intended nothing underhanded by this crack.

Now Mrs. Stringer was absolutely right. Mac did high-hand his wife; he was undeniably the boss monkey in his own home, and I want to apologize for him here and now. How such a situation ever came about baffles me, but it's a fact that the Mac household presented this strange anomaly in American life.

Why, that fellow was known to come home late for dinner from the golf course without a thought of explaining! He went to tournaments, too, when the building business was slack and he happened to be on his game. Not once, but half a dozen times, had he enticed some other husband to go along with him. The man was a menace, I tell you! And he gave stag parties—yes, he did! And during the duck and quail seasons and when the black bass were striking, Mac was apt to take out any old day in his car and be absent a week, leaving Bernice with her mother.

At parties it would have been ludicrous if it hadn't been so tragic. When Mac had had enough he always rose up and said, "Well, let's go, dear. I've got a hard day tomorrow." And the poor simpleton went.

At this point a lot of loyal husbands are going to quit me. They will fling this magazine against the wall; I can hear their anguished wail: "Writing bedtime stories now, hey? Just like that bird!" But be patient, boys. You haven't learned his method. Mac's system was to respond to all complaints with banter, and it worked like a charm. He never lost his temper or argued with Bernice—just seemed to take her grievances as a joke and went on about his business.

"It isn't any laughing matter," she would cry fiercely; but it is impossible to quarrel with anybody who persists in refusing to recognize a point of dispute and regards every outburst as a lovable whim.

So they got along as well as the next, and possibly better. Mac went his way and prospered. His home life seemed to strengthen him for the daily striving, and everything he touched he made flourish. If Bernice's rôle in the partnership appeared largely passive it proved none the less productive of results.

Mac even carried his bantering manner into his social contacts. It takes a cocky person to get away with it, and there's no denying he was that. His critics were wont to say he could strut sitting down.

Indeed, Mac's self-confidence was often annoying. Out at the golf club he would swagger onto the tee, take a few furious practice swings, exclaim "Here's where Mrs. Mac's little boy wallops one" and bam!—down the middle of the fairway for two hundred and forty yards. That was bad enough, but he was just as conversational all the way around, coming out of sand traps to the accompaniment of a cheerful monologue and offering plenty of suggestions when his opponent rolled into one.

"Say, you can lift out of there, Al," he once remarked solicitously to Stringer—"with a niblick."

When Al finally emerged he was gnashing his teeth with hate. "You made me miss that one! And you did it on purpose!"

"Shucks, you lifted your head."

"For two pins I'd lift somebody else's!"

"Why, you oughtn't to let a little thing like that bother you. Look at Walter Hagen. A thousand people can yell in his ear, but he'll hit it clean. And Bobbie Jones—just think of the way he mastered his temper."

"You wait! My turn'll come."

On the next green, after a missed putt, Al burst out again: "How the Sam Hill can a man putt with you standing there grinning?"

"Where do you want me to stand? I didn't move, did I?"

"No; but I could feel all the time you were fixing to."

"And did any of the caddies move?"

"No, they didn't."

"It seemed to me that boy over there breathed pretty hard, though," Mac suggested. "Don't you ever do that again. Understand, caddie? You boys must learn to hold your breath for Mr. Stringer."

Al swore he'd never play with Mac again, hoped to die if he would—and they were out together next Saturday morn as chummy as pups.

"What on earth do you play with him for if he makes you so furious?" inquired Mrs. Stringer.

"Well, I can't help liking the sucker. Mac's a good old scout, even if his golf manners are rotten."

"Manners! Why, he hasn't got any! He doesn't know what they are. Look at the way he treats his wife."

"How—the way he treats his wife? I haven't heard her complain."

"That's because she's afraid of him. Yes, she is too. She's afraid to open her mouth. But she can think, you bet! So can a lot of women think The things they have to stand for! All I can say is, Mr. Mac had best watch out! One of these days he'll go too far, and then——"

"Why, has Bernice said anything?"

"She's said aplenty," replied Mrs. Stringer. "You ought to hear her at the bridge club sometimes. The things that poor woman has had to put up with!"

Al pricked up his ears, for his wife never came home from a bridge party without some choice morsel. Six afternoons a week a group of married women sat down to play, and sometimes they started at eleven in the morning. And, of course, they talked about other things, too—my, yes, lots of them!—but especially the wrongs and oppressions to which wives are subjected and the selfish usurpations of men. No matter how conversation started out, no matter what topics came up, they always got back to that. A thorough overhauling of husbands and their shortcomings seemed to leave them with a glow nothing else could inspire.

So—"Do you mean Bernice has been blabbing her troubles to all those women at the bridge club?" demanded Stringer, aghast.

"Well, no-o, she doesn't exactly do that," his wife admitted. "But she tells us how he acts, and that's enough. My dear, I didn't believe it possible that such men existed in this day and time."

And How She Glowed When Billy Jarvis Asked Her to Dance! It Was Positively Pathetic

It appeared that Mac didn't like dancing, so Bernice had often to decline invitations. And when she wore that new dress she got at Spiegel's, which would fly up when she sat down, and there was no way of stopping it if she crossed her knees, Mac carried on like a perfect baby and kept telling her every minute to pull it down. Did you ever? And when she bobbed her hair! The things Bernice told—it simply gave them goose flesh!

But men were all alike. They might pretend they were in favor of equal rights, but deep down in their hearts they really liked the clinging vines; and if they could get away with it, every last one of them would simply wipe his shoes on his wife. Equal rights indeed! You couldn't tell her!

"Equal rights?" Al groaned. "Good heavens, if we could only get 'em!"

Ten minutes out here.

"All right, all right," he cried at last, "I've lost again. Let's get back to the Macs. What's worrying Bernice now?"

"Plenty. And you take it from me, Al Stringer, one of these days that little woman's going to wake up; and when she does it'll be good-by to Mr. Mac. Yes, sir! Lan's sake, why should she put up with that sort of treatment—a young and attractive woman like her? She could get better men than Mac by the million. Yes, and they'd be only too glad to get a wife like Bernice."

"I suppose you haven't fixed the date of the wedding?"

"What wedding?" demanded his wife. "Oh, I see! Trying to be cute, are you? Well, let me tell you——" And she told him.

In spite of his levity, Al was impressed by what he heard of the Macs. Most of it was old stuff and rolled off him like water off a duck, but enough penetrated to make him uneasy. You could never tell about women—perhaps there was something to what Alice said—perhaps she knew even more than she told him. Bernice was undeniably attractive—suppose ol' Mac should lose her simply through carelessness and neglect!

Next Saturday night he and Mrs. Stringer went out to the country club for the regular dinner dance. The Macs were there and he watched Bernice. Yes, his wife was right—Mac did neglect her. He was downstairs in the grillroom half the evening playing dominoes, and Bernice had to sit along the sidelines with the dowagers and ironsides through dance after dance. She appeared contented enough and looked lovely in jade green, yet Stringer thought he could detect a wistful expression in her face too. Something in her eyes—yes, that was it she was hiding something behind a cheerful mask.

And how she glowed when Billy Jarvis asked her to dance! It was positively pathetic! Jarvis entered late and stood at the door a few minutes, looking 'em over. Al surmised he was searching for Mrs. Tilley, with whom he had been chasing around all winter, to the immense enchantment of the meetings of the Tuesday Reading Club. But no, he let Mrs. Tilley go by without trying to cut in. After a while his eye fell on Mrs. Mac.

Now Billy Jarvis was champion lady-killer among all the confirmed bachelors of the town. Before that night it had never entered his head to dance with Mrs. Mac, and he was agreeably surprised to discover that she danced almost as well as the young girls. And she knew how to talk too. Bernice was breathless when the seventh encore was over, and never looked prettier in her life Consequently, after Billy returned from a refresher in the locker room and saw Mrs Tilley still buzzing around with Riley Walker, he went up and asked her again That was all, but when Stringer saw her flushed face and heard her eager laugh his worst fears found confirmation.

Old Mac did not see this disturbing exhibition. Full of glee and jingling a few dollars he had won at dominoes, he presently ascended from the grillroom and strode to where his wife was sitting, getting her breath back.

"Well, let's go, honey," he said. "Why, you look as though you'd been dancing! How come?"

"Is it so extraordinary that somebody should ask me to dance?" she retorted. "Perhaps everybody isn't like you."

"Wow! That one landed! Who asked you, honey?"

"Billy Jarvis," said Bernice proudly, and the phalanx of dowagers beamed and eyed Mac as though to say, "Aha, perhaps that'll hold you for a while, smarty!"

Mac never turned a hair. At that moment Jarvis happened to pass them with a debutante and he called out genially, "At-a-boy, Bill! I'll do the square thing by you some day."

A norther blew up Sunday, so there was no golf, but on Monday morning Stringer dropped in to see Mac. His manner was serious.

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LABORERS EAST AND WEST

ILLUSTRATED BY OLIVER KEMP

Like Every Other American of Today, This Plumber Has a Certain Income and Certain Possessions. He is a Man of Capital Who Gags at the Term "Working Class" Because His Instinct of Rank Has Developed With the Increase of His Possessions

New New Englanders—By James Stevens

THE instinct of man to claim the highest rank for his occupation has stood solidly among all the upheavals of change and the perpetual winds of theory and prophecy. In every healthy society it triumphs over artificial divisions into classes and parties. Man always achieves something when he has an unhampered pride in his work. If the riveter on the skeleton of a skyscraper didn't feel himself to be in a rank above that of the longshoreman, he would be likely to quit his risky trade and go looking for a job along the docks. If the longshoreman felt that the street sweeper was his equal, he would be contented with the easy labor of pushing a broom. As for the street sweeper, he is often an elderly laborer who has a past that he can remember with some pride; so he lives philosophically on these memories and in the hope that his sons will become motormen and taxi drivers.

Since the war, in the clear air and bright sunlight of an unexampled prosperity, the instinct of rank has dominated the scene of American labor. Artificial class distinctions have finally fallen before it. That once imposing and meaningful phrase, "the working class," rusts in America's back yard. It is as obsolete as the four-horse brewery truck.

Cleanliness Next to Steam Heat

UNTIL the time of the war this artificial class barrier was recognized by even the most democratic Americans. The best they claimed for America was "equality of opportunity." Here a poor boy could become President, an immigrant could become a senator or a banker. But the ones left over were still poor boys, poor men, immigrants, the working class—a vast massed group on one single level below Presidents, senators and bankers, just as the European working class was one vast massed group below kings, ministers and bankers. The Knights of Labor, the Populist, Socialist Labor and Social Democrat parties, the Industrial Workers of the World—with its cardinal principle the destruction of the instinct of rank among all laborers—and even the anarchists flourished on appeals to class consciousness. Today all that remains of these organizations is wasting relics.

John Bianso, plumber and new New Englander, is human evidence, better than charts or tables of figures, of the forces that are today dominating American laborers, East and West. His story is not the story of the exceptional individual; it is not a parable of success; it is a plain account which, with the character and human details changed, would fit the average American skilled laborer of the present day.

John Bianso's trade itself is the most American of all the professions and trades in the nation. With us cleanliness is next to steam heat. Plumbing has acquired something of a sacred character. The plumber is envied for the leisurely comfort in which his labor is always performed, for his earnings, and for his importance in the lives of all of us. It is impossible to weave about the plumber the romance that glorifies the cowboy and the structural ironworker; yet his trade has such dignity, at least, that even if he doesn't get into the story magazines, the movies and the Sunday supplements, he is sometimes denounced on the editorial page, along with members of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Like every other American of today, this plumber has a certain income and certain possessions. He is a man of capital who gags at the term "working class" because his instinct of rank has developed with the increase of his possessions. He judges other men by the size of their incomes, the quality of their automobiles and the importance of their jobs. The capitalist class has triumphed utterly in America simply because all Americans have got into it. Possession is nine points of conservatism.

Twenty years ago, in the strike-mangled Massachusetts shoe-factory town where he had been born and where he had lived leanly for fifteen years, John Bianso first tasted the oats of American individuality. He felt these oats to such effect that he kicked up his heels and stampeded out of the family pasture. He got himself apprenticed to a Yankee plumber. Considering his environment, it was a wild adventure.

Little Italy in New England

IN THE Little Italy of the shoe-factory town John had been at first only another Italian child, one of thousands of Italian children who were growing to school age in an environment as foreign to New England as Naples itself. He heard only foreign speech, and it told him over and over that everything good and beautiful in life was in lands beyond the sea. John heard this oftener in the periods when his father did not go out carrying a lunch pail every morning, but loafed at home or in the corner saloon or in strike headquarters. Usually these periods occurred in the winter months.

During such times John and his year older brother often had to go to bed in the daytime to escape the severe New England cold. Despite his hunger, John often enjoyed this. At night he and his brother slept in a trundle bed, while papa, mamma and the baby occupied the big bed above. But now he could lie in the big bed itself, grow warm and drowsy in the gloom of the room, and imagine

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WHY THEY LEAVE THEIR JOBS

By Charles J. McGuirk

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

LAST spring John Ludvok, a loom worker in one of the big woolen mills of Lawrence, Massachusetts, casually notified his foreman that on the Saturday night following he was quitting his job. The foreman received the announcement as bad news. John was a good, steady worker; sober, industrious and saving; no man to lose.

"What's the matter, John?" the foreman inquired. "Aren't you getting enough wages?"

Sure, John was getting enough wages. Yeh, he liked the foreman all right. No, he wasn't sore on anybody. Everybody was a good man. But he was leaving. He was fully decided on that. No, nothing could change his decision. What was he going to do? He shrugged his shoulders. Who could tell? There was lots to do. Nothing to worry about. He had a little money saved; and a flivver.

The foreman gave it up as a bad job; made a note of John's separation from the pay roll on his own request; wrote "reason unknown" as the cause of it, and sent it along to the manager in charge of personnel.

It reached the personnel manager on the Monday following the Saturday on which John drew his last pay envelope, and he sent out an investigator to obtain an exit interview with the workman. The investigator learned that John Ludvok had not only quit his job but had also quit that section of the country.

The Wrong Classification

THE day before, the investigator was informed by neighbors, John, his wife and his three children had boarded the flivver with a few articles of household furniture and had departed for parts unknown. No one could guess any reason and John had not bothered to give any himself. He had waved good-by to his few neighbors as casually as he had announced that he was through with his job.

Investigation revealed no economic reasons. The Ludvoks owed no tradesmen any money. Their credit was good. Neither John nor any of his family had had any trouble.

Absence of apparent causes drove the investigator to the conclusion that Ludvok, the good workman, after nearly a year of faithful daily labor, had shown himself as one of that class despised and pitied in our stabilized industrial civilization—a nomad, a floater, bummer, tramp; a man who obtained a job, worked at it a while and then went away from there, drawn by the lure of far-away.

"Looks to me like a case of itching foot," the investigator reported, and John was so listed in the record book kept by the personnel department. He would have been under that classification today had not a representative of the company made a trip to the Piedmont section of North Carolina to look over a site on which his organization proposed to build a new mill.

On a tour of inspection in a mill owned by a friendly rival, the New England man came upon John. He was foreman over a crew of mountain men who had been drawn from a seclusion of two centuries to man the looms.

"Yeh," said John in unembarrassed explanation, "a friend sent me a letter. He told me things were pretty good down here. The wages weren't so high, but the work was steadier. No lay-offs. You could work all the year round. And there was a chance to be a boss. That's what I always wanted, but there was no chance up in Lawrence. Too many men as good as I was on the job. That's why I never bought a house up there. I came down here last spring and worked for less. But after a while they saw I knew my business and that I could show these men what to do. They promoted me to foreman. Now I got a house and a little farm. I'm settled. Kids are at school and everything."

The company representative on his return notified the personnel manager of John's whereabouts and present status, and the personnel manager crossed out "floater" in the record book and wrote in, under "reasons for leaving," the legend, "better opportunities South." If enough cases like John's cropped up the personnel manager would notify the company that a policy would have to be formulated to meet this new problem. That was one of the very important duties of a very important job.

An Important Job for Newcomers

THE personnel department and its manager are comparatively newcomers to the world of industry and business, but their importance is vital. Their chief duty is to procure the best workmen possible for every job and to keep them on that job and with the organization as long as possible.

In 1920 it was estimated that about 42,000,000 of our more than 100,000,000 population worked for a living. On that basis of 42 per cent there are 50,400,000 people working for a living today in this country. The job of the personnel departments is to keep these people working, and if that is impossible, to find out why they leave their jobs, and if conditions are inimical to stability, to remedy them as quickly and as permanently as possible.

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"Employers' Wives Sometimes are Another Source of Trouble, Especially in the Smaller One-Man Offices"

The Horse-and-Buggy Hand

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

THE moment I caught sight of him, swinging past the rank of carriages and wagons drawn up inside the fairground fence, I knew him for what he was. I was twelve or so—old enough, anyway, to draw a sound inference from that city suit, pulled out of shape by the ridged country muscles under it, from the high collar, wilted in spite of the red handkerchief tucked within it, from the flashy necktie that had mounted almost to the shaven neck below the sun-bleached hair.

In those days, in our hills, display like this was a confession of the want of worth and substance. Solid men like my grandfather drove to the Darnell fair in their sober, homely Sunday dress, their trouser legs expanded to smooth roundness by the tops of cowhide boots, but this was the outer limit of their reluctant concession to appearances. It was their hired hands who wore yellow shoes and swaggered among the booths and tents in shoddy garments which they artlessly believed were in the newest city fashion.

We did not quarrel with their tastes. I think we took a grim pleasure in their unconscious advertisement of the line of caste that separated the landowner from the men who took his wage and did his bidding. In our way we were snobs, perhaps, but it was a snobbery, at least, that had some color of sound sense. We dealt too intimately with land and trees to be in any doubt as to the worth of permanence and root; we bred livestock and had learned perforce to pay due heed to known lines of blood. It was no idle, empty self-conceit that inclined us to distrust men who drifted, wind-blown like dry tumbleweed; to require, before putting faith in anything that lived, sure knowledge of the sires and dams behind it.

To this day we turn a dubious eye upon the stranger, and shrewd tailoring stirs in us a wary wonder as to what it seeks to mask. In those times we did not doubt. Almond Binney, whistling as he swaggered toward our democrat wagon, classified himself to my glance as definitely as if he had been a Southdown sheep. I answered his grin unwillingly, as a presumption, and with the tail of my eye saw Beth's chin rise a little and her head turn deliberately away, as if the man's mere nearness affronted her.

I was pleased. I was so desperately in love that not even the marvels of the side-show tents had any lure for me when Beth, with the mysterious and adorable unreason of goddesses and queens, decided to wait at the wagon till my grandfather should finish judging cattle. Leaning against the wheel, I was only pleasantly sorry for myself for missing the excitements of the merry-go-round, the enchanting howls with which the Missing Link from Borneo proclaimed his wildness through his canvas walls, the fascinations of forbidden games of chance that masqueraded in a dozen innocent disguises—rings to be tossed over canes, bars of magic soap that might contain a silver dollar, baseballs to be thrown, for a prize of cigars, at a genuine darky who poked a vast grin through a hole in a canvas backstop.

All these delights and many others I had resolutely resigned, intoxicated by the magnificence of the gesture; my knight-errantry seemed somehow rewarded by the manner in which Beth turned away from Almond Binney's good-natured eye. He was unmistakably a hired hand; to judge by the linen lap robe he carried folded over his arm and the high-toned whip in his gnarled hand, he was that peculiarly unworthy type of laborer we described, contemptuously, as a horse-and-buggy hand, but he was undeniably grown-up, and my passion was at that state in which I feared and hated all adult males.

He stopped, regarding me with a disarming friendliness against which I strove with poor success to present a proper aloofness. There was every indication of deep interest in the tone with which, when I had gratified his curiosity about my name, he repeated it.

"Luke MacNaughten, Eh?" He Seemed to Consider and Approve. "Well, Well! Whereabouts Do You Live, Lu?"

"Luke MacNaughten, eh?" He seemed to consider and approve. "Well, well! Whereabouts do you live, Lu?"

The abbreviation charmed me. It was the first time that anybody had found a way of shortening the bald brevity of Luke. I should have answered ordinarily with a vague hand wave toward our pocket in the distant hills, but instead I found myself explicit and specific. Again he seemed to approve.

"Well, well! Got quite a ride ahead of you." His glance moved to our team of heavy Clydesdales, and I could see that he was measuring their plodding pace against the miles. My grandfather was right, I knew, in his fixed principle that kept no horse on his place unless it could earn its keep in honest labor, but there were times when I envied people who drove spidery buggies behind fast trotters, even when they were, like this man, nothing but silly hired hands, shiftlessly spending their mean wages on an empty show that only advertised their folly. I saw his eyes move toward Beth, and there was in his look a quality that made me curiously angry and afraid. I seemed to know that he was minded to offer her a seat beside him for that long ride back to Echo Glen, in the buggy that went with the linen lap robe and the stylish whip. I think he would have asked her, but as luck would have it, a man squirmed suddenly from behind the row of wagons, sly and swift, like a snake—a man with a snake's beady eye, who stirred in me, as a snake would have, the blind impulse to find a stick and break his back.

He carried something like a long-legged camp stool in the bend of his elbow and this, as he wriggled up to where we stood, he opened and set down to make a kind of table, on which, I could not see whence, three walnut shells magically appeared. He moved them about with long yellow fingers that squirmed like a knot of garter snakes, his eyes flickering watchfully toward the cattle pens where the sheriff and his deputies, like almost everybody else, were intent upon the judging. He talked in a hurried, wheedling patter, first to Almond Binney and then, as other men approached, to the group that gathered in about the table.

My ear was trained to slower speech and many of the words were strange to me, so that I did not understand much of what he said, but his actions spoke for themselves, and I had heard, too, of sharpers who preyed on people who were silly enough and wicked enough to risk their money at such games as this. The crowd about him held back distrustfully, at first; I could see Almond Binney's broad grin widen when one of the men edged forward and ventured a silver dollar on the quickness of his eye. To my amazed surprise he put his finger on the shell that hid the little ball; the gambler's dollar clinked gayly against his own and the oily voice congratulated him. He won again, and after a third success, backed away.

The sharper seemed now to single out Almond Binney, wheedling at first, and then, as the big man shook his head, taunting. It seemed to me that the sun-bitten face reddened slowly, but the wide grin did not change.

"Go you just once, if you're a mind to bet five dollars," said Binney. "Guess I got as much sportin' blood 's the next man."

He brought out a wadded bill and the gambler matched it with another, complimenting him as he lifted the shells and rolled the tiny ball skillfully between them. The ball disappeared under one of them; he moved them back and forth.

"All right, brother. Take your pick."

"Hold on a minute—le's get it straight. If I tell you which shell's hidin' the ball I get the money?"

"Surest thing you know, brother. Go ahead and——"

"Got to be under one of 'em, ain't it?" Binney persisted. "If it ain't——"

"If it ain't I lose." The gambler laughed, lifted one shell and showed the ball. "Watch close now. Maybe my hand's quicker'n your eye—maybe it ain't." His fingers slid the shells about. I leaned forward, fascinated, as Binney hesitated. Five dollars, a week's wage for bone-cracking labor between sun and sun, to be lost or doubled in an instant.

It was deadly sin, of course, but there was something splendid about it; folly, to be punished as it deserved, but still, somehow, magnificent.

"Under one of 'em," said Binney. "All right." His big hands moved out, covering the two end shells. "I bet it's under the middle one. Lift her up and le's see."

I saw the sudden vicious flash in the gambler's mean face. For an instant he made me think of an ugly horse, its lips drawn back wickedly from its teeth. His eyes twisted about the group, as if measuring the clumsy strength of Binney and the rest against his cunning. As he hesitated Binney lifted the two shells he had covered and showed the bare oilcloth beneath them.

"Bound to be under that there middle one," he said. "Guess I win the money, eh?"

"You beat me that time, all right." The gambler lifted the middle shell, and sure enough the ball lay under it. "How much you want to bet me this time?"

Binney's big hand closed on the two bills and he chuckled as he backed through the press.

"Guess I better go spend this before it burns a hole through my pocket," he said. His glance moved past me to our wagon and again, suddenly, I hated him, but when I turned I saw that Beth was looking at the team, her back toward us with an unmistakable intention that consoled and reassured me. Binney's drawling voice addressed the gambler. "Yonder comes a dep'ty. Guess the game's about up anyhow."

The man swore vividly under his breath and wriggled back between the wagons, his table folded over his arm. I listened, unwillingly admiring, while Binney enlightened the rest of the group.

"Holds the ball in the bend of his little finger—so. 'Tain't under none of the shells when you go to pick one—he slides it under one of the two that's left after you've guessed wrong."

Somebody said something that I couldn't hear distinctly. Binney chuckled.

"Oh, you find out a sight of things if you travel round different places," he said. "Seen that there swindle tried to a dozen county fairs, I have."

He swung away toward the huddle of tents and sheds, whistling. I noticed that Beth's glance followed him, but the look reassured and pleased me. I couldn't help a reluctant and envious respect, but it was wholly clear to me that Beth had no such feeling.

"Smart, wasn't it?" I said, heartened by the lift of her chin, the faint downward turn at the corners of her mouth. She shrugged.

"Maybe," she said, in a voice tight with contempt. "I suppose even a horse-and-buggy hand can be smart about such things."

I was minded to debate the point, but my grandfather came back from the cattle pens and we set about hitching up our team for the long, plodding drive home through the hills in that silence which, when grandfather was present, seemed always more satisfying than speech. As we drove down the long row of wagons toward the gate, I twisted about to look back, and saw Almond Binney staring after us. He waved his whip at me, and a little against my will I found myself waving back, remotely and unworthily sorry that I shouldn't see him again.

II

I REMEMBER that I resented the distant sound of hoofs and wheels on the loose planks of the bridge as if they had been a deliberate trespass on a privacy that was mine of right. The mile that lay between the crossroads school and my grandfather's white house among the high pines had been mysteriously shortened this fall. Once I had hated every foot of it—a stupid, plodding march under a melancholy weight of books after an endless day in prison—but now I spent each step reluctantly, and instead of welcoming an overtaking team turned a glowering eye backward, as if its approach did me a wrong.

Aunt Abby

To be sure, Beth lived in our house, so that I saw her in the afternoon and evening, and my days were spent, besides, in her intoxicating company at school, but it was only on this walk that I had her to myself. I walked on velvet air, defending her against Indians and robbers ambushed in every angle of the overgrown snake fence, released from the ignominy of going-on-thirteen and become a decent twenty-one. I gave rapt ear to a voice that sent delicious shivers up and down my spine even while it talked of fractions and geography, and I could look sidewise at a face that had somehow identified itself with all the tales I knew of enchanted princesses. At school, where there were louts and dullards to whom Beth was only a teacher, at home, where her mother—who kept house for us—and even my grandfather himself treated her with irreverent familiarity, these visions faced disturbing contradictions, but on the walks, morning and afternoon, nothing said them nay unless some blundering intruder trespassed on the road. Wherefore, as the planks rumbled behind us, I scowled sulkily, with cause, for Beth stopped and turned, indubitably hopeful

"Let's wait," she said. "Maybe we can get a ride the rest of the way."

"Rather walk," I said, scuffing my foot in the dust.

"I wouldn't." She laughed softly and the weariness in the sound of it hurt me. "I'm awfully tired, Lu."

The nickname startled me. I had liked the sound of it when Almond Binney had invented it, but now, from Beth, I wasn't altogether pleased to hear it. I remember wondering if I could carry her and thinking, with a pang of shame for the unworthy figure, that she must weigh as much as a bag of wheat, which, if I strained with all my might, I could just contrive to lift. I watched the bend in the lane, divided between conflicting hopes; if the rig was full we'd have to walk; if it

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"You Mean You're Going to Let Him Stay?" Beth Stared. "That—That ——" "I Passed My Word," Said My Grandfather Gently

BEHOLD THE SHEIK

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

AS ALL the statistics plainly show, Hollywood is not a sad or mournful town but is noted for its unfailing cheerfulness. It radiates optimism, and gloomy people begin to smile the moment they arrive and make the first down payment upon a house and lot.

There is, in Hollywood, a distinct note of gayety in the song of life. The birds seem to twitter with a faint throb of extra ecstasy, and the butterflies' wings glow with supercarmine in this modern Arcadia, where romance is carefully placed in tin cans and adventure netted on the wing and thrust into a metal box, that the lives of people may be less prosy.

But tucked away here and there, the city has its sad spots, its little gloomy backwaters; and one of the gloomiest of these backwaters during recent weeks has been the dignified motion-picture studio of See & Kay on Riverside Drive. This is one of the few studios in the world where serious people make serious films for thoughtful fans.

See & Kay have never taken up with the ribald side of life and have rarely stooped to comedy, which they regard as a trifle vulgar. They have applied themselves diligently to the doings of high society and to serious love stories of an improving character. The best thing they ever do is their sheik picture, a dramatic study of life as it is lived among the oases and sand fleas of the Great Sahara.

Other producers, too, have evolved passable sheik photo dramas, but See & Kay have clearly identified themselves with the sandy product, and fifty-cent patrons all over the world feel surer of getting the genuine blown-in-the-bottle sheik photoplay if they know it comes from the factory of See & Kay. A man in Pittsburgh makes pickles. A man in Detroit makes flivvers. See & Kay make sheiks—and there you are.

The general manager is George Lawson, the foremost director is James J. Sims and the most prominent male star is Aubrey Aubrien, the handsome scalawag whose melting gaze drifts out nightly upon millions of fluttering young females and sends them home too late to do the dinner dishes. Aubrey has played many leading rôles in his time and has come to be regarded as the official sheik of the studio. He wears silk underwear, chamois gloves, purple cravats and uses perfume in a quiet way. Whenever there is a job of sheiking to be done he puts on a fresh burnoose and steps forward.

Generally Mr. Jimmy Sims directs these stirring photoplays, assisted by Willie Hupp from Holland, and annoyed intensely by Baron Ward, whose proud boast it is that he has written four hundred screen tales and has yet to see the day one of them reaches the screen exactly as he wrote it.

"Fellow," He Said, "Can You Keep a Secret? If I Whisper You Something in Confidence Will You Bury It?"

The melancholy period referred to actually began for See & Kay when Manager Lawson announced the onset of a fresh sheik. Contemplating the steady popularity of the brand, he informed all and sundry that the firm would go presently about the business of making a new one.

Director Sims listened to this news without any sign of passionate rapture. "With Aubrien?" he merely asked.

"Certainly.'

"When?"

"As soon as you can get to it."

Mr. Sims sighed, sent for the faithful Baron Ward and asked him if he would kindly hitch up his typewriter and thresh out another sheik.

"The name of this one," said Jimmy, having had the information from headquarters, "is either The Bronze God, or Behold the Sheik."

"That's good enough," returned Ward. "As long as we get sheik in it somewhere, we're all right. The damn things seem to go, don't they? Say, James——"

"Say what?"

"——do you ever become good and sick of these monstrosities? Do you ever yearn to go somewhere with a camera and make an honest-to-Moses picture of life on the desert, with everything as it actually is?" Mr. Sims carefully lighted the directorial pipe, pulled at it in silence, blew smoke at his feet, which were cocked upon his desk, and surveyed the continuity man with a wicked gleam in his eye.

"Fellow," he said, "can you keep a secret? If I whisper you something in confidence will you bury it?"

Mr. Ward made cabalistic motions upon his chest indicative of eternal silence.

"Here then is the news," continued the director: "We are going to Africa to make this particular bronze god with Aubrey Aubrien. You are going along with us, because I need you. And when we get over there, far away, where

Those of the Americans That Could Ride Camels, Rode Them; and Those That Could Not, Fell Off

nobody can stop me, I am going to burst loose and make a real drama of desert life, a true story of sheiks and caliphs, chock-full of battle, murder, mayhem, sudden death, depravity, poison and pillage."

Mr. Ward's eyes filled with moist emotion. His somber countenance lighted. Once upon a time he had written just such a sheik story for Aubrey Aubrien, and it had been ruthlessly cast aside and scorned by the studio heads; and there was subetituted the usual scented pastel of love, sweetness and light.

"Bully!" said Ward. "How are you going to do it?"

"Have two scripts," quoth the director, smiling. "You write both of them. One we will submit to the studio—the pretty one, with the lace trimmings and Aubrey in his silk sheik panties. This script will be instantly approved, and later on, we will stand in the stern of a fast steamer and throw it overboard to the sharks."

"And then go ahead," chuckled Mr. Ward, "and shoot a true parable of Arabs and Bedouins, covered with mud and whiskers and killing one another twice a day?"

"Absolutely," affirmed Jimmy Sims. "I will make for this studio a sheik opera that nobody will ever forget. I have always longed for such a chance, and here it is."

"This is the first good news I have heard," Ward declared, "since that Eastern censor got hold of the wrong bottle in his bathroom."

In the natural course of human events the forces of See & Kay assembled a brand-new sheik company, or unit of seventeen fortunate employes, which included Aubrey Aubrien, half a dozen minor actors, the technical staff, Miss Henley, the feminine lead, and a company manager. There gathered together a mere skeleton group, for it was the intent of the company to hire natives when the outfit reached Algiers.

Railway and steamship tickets were purchased and the studio fermented in pleasant excitement. All who were not going abroad audibly envied all who were, and in the meanwhile Baron Ward pecked away at his ball-bearing infinitive splitter and gave to the world the sugar-coated nursery tale, or Continuity Number 1, entitled The Bronze God, or Behold the Sheik. This was a fast, easy-going job, for it followed the old grooves. Continuity Number 2 was a more difficult task and was intended only for the private eye of Jimmy J. Sims. Number 2 was a rough, brutal legend, filled with fighting, starvation, raids, and men dying of thirst amidst the trackless sands of old Sahara. Caravans were pillaged in Number 2 and innocent travelers were slaughtered by Bedouins without regard for God or man.

Mr. Ward gayly went the limit, knowing that no timid soul would edit out his red-blooded episodes and denature his tale; and although the thing was only half done when the unit started for Africa, Ward was happy to know that his director approved of it heartily. In fact, Mr. Sims suggested that he become rougher and rougher in the part that remained to be done.

"Fine!" said the delighted Ward. "I'll get everything into this, including the kitchen stove."

The unsuspecting See & Kay officials, little knowing that a first-class conspiracy was a-hatch, cheerfully paid the bills and sent the Sims crowd away to a jolly start, surrounded by flowers, candied peaches, lower berths and private compartments. There was an affecting scene at the railway station, with Aubrey Aubrien leaning against a brake handle in his new fawn suit and waving his hand or blowing kisses to dismal young females who had come down to see him leave America. Without untoward incident the company moved across to New York, boarded a steamer and arrived in Algiers, eager to start the new work.

Now there is, as many know, a standard form of sheik movie, the same as there is a standard way of making a golf sock, apple pie, rowboat or folding bed. Time and experience have dictated this model form and hallowed it. Americans and foreign people have warmly approved, and no moving-picture corporation willfully disturbs it in any way, for the public is frightfully touchy about such matters.

Consequently it has become a fixture in film factories, and new employes are warned never to tamper with the sheik story. Leave it as it lies, the bosses command. Add all the new scenery you wish, decorate with whatever furbelows you can think of, add to your camel trains, increase the vigor of your sand storms and monkey with the nonessentials to your heart's content; but lay off the good old sheik story, for when you begin fiddling with that tested prototype you are fiddling with a pillar of the industry.

This sacrosanct device—namely, the sheik story—is as follows, and has been changed but once in twelve years, and then by a foolish group of inexperienced movie makers who went broke within three months:

The sheik is invariably a handsome brown devil, clad in balloon pants and a burnoose, or sola, whichever you prefer. He wears his hair goose greased so that the sunshine will glint from it at any angle. He is always an Oxford or Harvard graduate who has reverted to the devilish ways of his Sahara forbears; and when the story opens he is seen cantering into Biskara, Cairo, Port Said, Alexandria or any other large city adjacent to the desert.

Sometimes he gallops on a horse and sometimes on a camel, depending entirely upon which studio is doing the job. Most studios prefer camels, but the trouble there is that a full-grown camel costs a studio twenty dollars a day. Horses can be had for five, the very best of them for seven and a half, the same as a Russian duke; and Hollywood actors usually can stay upon a quiet horse, but very few can remain attached to a camel, especially when it starts to sit down. This is annoying when the director is striving for a tense bit of action.

The sheik gallops into town early in the saga and notices a beautiful, rosy-cheeked English girl or American girl idling with her red parasol in the park, or agala. If it is an English girl her name is the Duchess of Wimbledon-Chislingham. If, by chance, she is an American she comes from the well-known Wall Street-Newport-Palm Beach family of Desmond Dexters. Seeing her, the sheik is instantly stricken amorous, gallops to her side, sweeps her up into his saddle, or mehara, and despite her shrill maidenly squeals of dismay, he dashes off into the desert with his innocent victim, pursued by four or five hundred native policemen, soldiers, nomads, emirs, hadjis, caliphs and common citizens.

This action, of course, starts the photoplay off briskly. The sheik gallops at once to his tent, or kafia, sixty miles

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Despite Her Shrill Maidenly Squeals of Dismay, He Dashes Off Into the Desert With His Innocent Victim

and Were Prodded Back on Board by Annoyed Bedouins

A Million Dollar Bookshelf

By Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, as Told to Avery Strakosch

ONE of my early memories concerns a cold winter night in Philadelphia. I was a little boy of thirteen. My Uncle Moses Polock and I had been together undisturbed the entire evening, for the weather was so bitterly cold not one of his book-loving cronies dared venture out. With the shop door locked and the shutters tightly drawn, we sat close to the little wood stove, in the dim light of an oil lamp, while I listened fascinated to endless tales about books—how this one was lost and that one found. To this handsome old patriarch books were more vital than people; with ease he held my boyish imagination until I was almost afraid to glance back at the shadowed shelves.

The English Library in Doctor Rosenbach's Philadelphia Home

Tom Jones

HE TOLD me the story of a man in England, a collector who heard of some Shakespeare folios in Spain; of how, after months of inquiries and exciting adventures, he at last journeyed to a castle in the Pyrenees. There he found an ancient Spanish grandee leaning forward before a great fireplace, feeding the fire with torn bits of paper on which, to his horror, he beheld English printing; how he tore them from the old man's fingers—the remains of a second Shakespeare folio he had sought and found too late! As Uncle Moses spoke, he arose to throw casually some sheets of a Pennsylvania journal into the stove, while I watched, tense and frightened for fear they, too, might be of value!

At last, as the clock in Independence Hall struck midnight, we felt our way down the dark narrow stairs to the street. In his hand Uncle Moses clasped a cherished copy of the first edition of Fielding's Tom Jones, to read when he reached home. The uneven sidewalks were dangerously glazed with ice; as we crept unsteadily toward the corner we were relieved to see a lonely carriage passing, and hailed it. The streets were even worse than the sidewalks, and the horse went his way skiddingly. We came to a bridge which shone like a polished mirror in the moonlight. We were halfway across when suddenly the horse lurched, and both Uncle Moses and I were thrown forward. In the confusion Uncle Moses dropped his precious book. Out it went, slithering along the icy way. I started to climb down after it, but was stopped by a firm hand.

Slowly Uncle Moses got out, walked uncertainly forward. He had not gone two steps before he lost his balance. As he fell I cried aloud in alarm and the driver turned, amazed. Up Uncle Moses got, and down he went again; yet with each fall he came nearer and nearer his book, which lay open face downward in the frozen gutter. At last he reached it and, after securely placing it in his overcoat pocket, started the perilous way back. But he had learned the trick; instead of trying to walk, he crouched down on all fours, and, dignified dean of booksellers that he was, crawled cautiously toward the carriage. Suddenly the sight of him there struck me as being the funniest thing I had ever seen! The glassy bridge, the unreal light and statuesque Uncle Moses telescoping like a huge caterpillar toward me! I snickered, then burst out laughing. The old driver followed suit, and our rude guffaws echoed across the bridge, through the deserted streets. Uncle Moses' dark eyes snapped as he reached the carriage.

"You should have let me get your book," I said shamefacedly. "You might have broken your leg!"

"I would risk breaking two legs for this book," he growled back, and we drove on.

In the years which followed I have known men to hazard their fortunes, go long journeys halfway about the world, forget friendship—even lie, cheat and steal—all for the gain of a book. Improbable as it sounds, there was a man once who murdered so that he might possess a volume for which he had long yearned.

A Book Auction at Sotheby's, Lond 1

A Free-Lance Collector

IT WAS in the valuable library of the monastery at Poblet, near Tarragona, just a century ago, that Don Vincente, a Spanish monk, developed his unholy love for books. Years of religious training did not prevent him from seizing every chance to plunder his own and other monastery libraries which were thrown open in a political upheaval of the time. As confusion spread he found opportunities to take the books he coveted most, and then he vanished. But sometime later he appeared in Barcelona, the proprietor of a bookshop. The one volume he had worshiped at a distance and longed to own was a work of Lamberto Palmart, published in Valencia in 1482. It had been in the collection of a Barcelona advocate for years, and at the dispersal of his estate was offered at auction. It was understood to be the only one of its kind known.

Don Vincente went to the sale and staked every cent he possessed on it; but a competitor, Augustino Paxtot, outbid him by fourteen pesetas. The ex-monk grew white with fury, threatening revenge as he left the room. When, a few nights later, Paxtot's house burned to the

The Vault in Doctor Rosenbach's New York Office

ground, and he perished with it, several friends recalled Don Vincente's threats. He was reported to the police, his shop searched, and the rare Palmart volume found. Even when he was arrested, Don Vincente made no effort to deny his guilt. All he seemed interested in was the fate of the little book which had brought disgrace upon him. During the trial his lawyer, making a valiant effort to save him, announced that another copy of the Palmart volume had been found in a Paris library, a few days previous to the alleged crime. It could not be proved, he argued, that the copy in question was the one recently auctioned. But Don Vincente, hearing his book was not unique, burst into violent weeping and showed no further interest in the trial. Alone at night in his cell, and before the court during the final days of his trial, his only words of regret were, "Alas, alas! My copy is not unique!"

Today book collectors are less violent, although they have their moments when they seethe and writhe inwardly! Just go to any book sale and observe the expressions of competitive buyers—faces that are usually marvelous poker portraits become sharply distorted; eyes which ordinarily indulge in an almost studied innocence shoot sudden darts of fire. Whenever I attend an important sale I make it a point to look neither to the right nor to the left!

A Treat for Miss Lowell

I HAVE often been asked why collectors are so enamored of first editions. This is almost unanswerable, because the whole question of first editions hinges on a matter of sentiment, of feeling, almost of emotion. How can one explain the sentimental affections? A first edition is almost as much the original work of its author as the painting is of an artist. I suppose there are people—I've been told there are intelligent people—who would just as soon have an edition of Keats' Poems, for example, well printed on good paper, in a handsome modern binding, as a first edition in its original boards! I only hope I shall never meet them. Collectors are very ardent on the subject of association copies, or books inscribed or annotated by the authors themselves. To think that John Keats may have held in his slender white fingers your first edition of his Poems; that his luminous eyes, already sunken from the inroads of his fatal illness, may have lingered over the very pages of the copy you possess—this is enough to thrill the devil himself!

Miss Amy Lowell was, as all the world knows, devoted to Keats. She believed herself spiritually attuned to him. I shall never forget the last time I visited at her home near Boston. After a delightful dinner we went into her library, where we lighted our cigars and talked. She told me of her colossal work on Keats, which, fortunately for her peace of mind, she lived to see published. Then followed a silence as the blue haze of smoke enveloped her. Suddenly she leaned toward me and, with an excited brightness in her eyes, said, "Doctor, there is a certain book I want more than anything in the world! Keats' own copy of Shakespeare, with his notes through it."

I put my hand in my pocket and smiled. By one of those unusual chances which really do make truth stranger than fiction, I had that very volume in my pocket. She caught her breath and grew quite pale with joy as I handed it to her.

At the Frederickson Sale in New York, nearly thirty years ago, Mr. Harry B. Smith bought Shelley's own copy of Queen Mab. The poet had presented this to his future wife, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, with the wooing inscription, "You see, Mary, I have not forgotten you." When Mr. Smith was going out of the salesroom, an old gentleman whom he had never seen before stopped him. Brushing tears from his eyes he asked if he could merely hold the book in his hands for a moment. The history of this same copy, I think, is interesting. General Brayton Ives bought it in 1888 from a London dealer for £20—less than $100. Three years afterward it was sold at the dispersal of the general's library to Mr. Frederickson for not quite 100 per cent gain—$190. But when Mr. Smith, the next possessor, bought it, the price jumped to $650. Sometime later I purchased his "Sentimental Library," as he gracefully termed it, and I also trembled when first holding this Queen Mab in my hands. In 1914 I sold it to Mr. William K. Bixby of St. Louis for $12,500. Then it finally passed, as so many of the finest books do, into Mr. Huntington's collection, where it will remain for all time

Mistaken for a Book Collector

WHEN I was in London in 1925 a friend told me a story which he thought something of a joke on me. As he browsed, one fine spring day, through some books in a bookstall, he noticed a young man also reading. Suddenly a clerk from inside the shop came out exhibiting a cheap dog-eared copy of Margot Asquith's autobiography.

"How much?" asked the young man cautiously. The clerk replied, "Four pence."

"Four pence," repeated the other, scandalized. "Who do you think I am—Doctor Rosenbach?"

A few days before, I had bought, in London, at auction, a copy of Richard Baxter's Call to the Unconverted, at the Royal Society's Sale. I had to pay £6800, or about $34,000, for it. It was a beautiful copy printed in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1664, and the only one known. Translated into the Indian language, it was entitled Wehkomaonganoo Asquam Peantogig, and was the painstaking work of that picturesque early missionary, Apostle John Eliot, who a few years before had translated the Bible for the Indians' use too. The auction price of this book—Baxter's Call to the Unconverted—was quick to take hold of the public imagination; of course it was colorful news and English editors made the most of it. The story was cabled over here, and one afternoon

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The Gutenberg Bible for Which Doctor Rosenbach Paid $106,000

The Harry Elkins Widener Memorial Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts

Helen of the Hundred Waves

The Man and the Girl Watched in Silence. There Was a Curious Solemnity About Their Demeanor

The Tale of the Green-Eyed Monsters

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

EVERY year the very old palm tree bowed its head lower, down toward the lagoon it had worshiped all its life long, as palm trees do. In a season or two—its eighty years all told—it would give itself passionately, at last, to the lipping tides and, broken off, would sail—the sea knew where. Now it ran out at an angle incredible, from short grass over pale-green shallow, to the point where blue deep began. Poised like a sea bird at the farther end, in the crown of leaves that had waxed thin and poor, as hair grows thin upon an aged head, was a girl. Some little way behind her, a man, not young, balanced himself astride the palm trunk. Both were looking down at the water of the lagoon, watching something amazing, terrible, within it.

Up on the palm trunk, in the late orange sun, there were life, beauty, safety. Where you might drop a plumb line just below showed, near and plain, the eyes of ugly death. They were green eyes, and horribly intelligent. They looked up at the man and the girl, as people behind a windowpane look at passers-by on the pavement. Sometimes, without perceptible movement, they sank away from view—rose again elsewhere. The bodies in which these eyes were set were pale yellowish and blackish, immensely long, but so flexible that they seemed to be without spines. Once in a way they rose so high that black fins, as large as the sails of a model yacht, flipped shining out of water. There were very many of them.

The man and the girl watched in silence. There was a curious solemnity about their demeanor. Both were white, and each resembled the other, in a puzzling fashion that suggested at first the relationship of father and daughter, and afterward denied it—one knew not why.

The man from the trading schooner, standing below, could not make up his mind about them. He ventured a tentative remark.

"That's a horrible sight, isn't it? Is it common about here?" he asked. His accent was good and he carried himself well; he was a personable fellow, all in white, brilliantly clean from slicked-back hair to taut socks, but his boots might certainly have been better.

No reply came for a moment. The fumbling roar of the reef filled an awkward pause. Then the middle-aged man said shortly, "No."

"What's brought them in?" asked the stranger. He looked about six-and-twenty years of age; he had good teeth, a pleasant, slow half smile, and an expression that seemed to say the world sat lightly on his shoulders. Certainly, during this wandering island voyage, he had found that it did.

To his second question there came no reply at all. A feeling of discomfort, of awkwardness, began to make itself felt in the air, as a drop of ink spreads through water.

"They are queer dummies, though the girl's good-looking," he thought. "I'll make one more try. . . . Can you tell me where Mr. Charles Pentecost's house is?"

At that the man swung round and looked toward the stranger. He pointed to a bungalow not ten yards away.

"That's it," he said in an odd voice; and added, "Perhaps. It may be and it mayn't, now. He's dying. He's my father."

"Oh!" burst out the other. "I beg your pardon. I didn't know." Clearly the only thing to do was to make oneself scarce. "If they're the family," was his thought as he hurried away, "why in Heaven's name are they climbing trees?"

There was silence for a minute after his steps had died away; only the immemorial reef sounded, and the rainy patter of the palms. Up in the crown of the old palm tree you could see a long way; you could see the breadth of the leaf-green lagoon, with brown canoes upon it; far out, the milky crumbling of the reef; farther still, the lines of wave after wave, ruling the open sea into the likeness of a gigantic white-and-blue copy book. They never ceased, those waves of Man-o'-War Island. On the unbroken reef, with its coral spears and knives, they spent themselves, endlessly, in a day-long, century-long combat that had begun before the first of the brown folk of Man-o'-War drifted perilously to land; that would continue after they had died, and the island, exploited, air-serviced, transformed, in some dim future time, had become a mere suburb of Sydney, thousands of miles away.

The girl broke the silence. "Come back," she said, swinging herself out of the palm crown and along the trunk with a movement as light as a bird's. "We've been too long away."

The man slid to earth clumsily. His eyes were reddish-circled, blue in color. His fair graying hair waved unkempt on a well-shaped silly head. "I think they've come," he said in a low voice.

"Did they—when grandfather died?" asked the girl.

"That was fifty years ago. I was only four, but I remember something. There was a great cackling of women, howlin' and death-cryin'; they thought him a bigger chief than even the pater was—or me; but that's —— I remember something about the water at night—shiny things cruisin' up and down in the dark. By gad, it was here too! By gad, I do remember! The old palm was a young 'un then, same as me, and it stood right up; but the place is the same. Yes, they came; and they've come again."

"Let's go back," she said again. They walked across the grass side by side. The man's face, thin and pointed, with loose auburn mustache, rose high above the girl's little determined countenance that was like and unlike his. Helen this girl was named; but with her waved red hair, her gem-hard golden eyes, her fine, keen, clever features, she was every inch of her an Elizabeth—and indeed that was her second name. The Pentecost family did not use Elizabeth as a first name for their girls.

"It's not exactly from Elizabeth we trace," they would explain to an intimate chosen friend or so. "It's from Henry VIII through Elizabeth's aunt—Anne Boleyn's sister, you know." The friends nodded and pursed lips to show they did know. "But the strain shows very clearly sometimes; once in a way, one of our girls looks—oh, but exactly like the portraits of Gloriana! A Boleyn and the Tudor—no wonder." The friends said it was no wonder.

That was long ago. The old Cornish family had died out, save for one branch—a wild, buccaneering, seafaring branch such as Gloriana herself would have loved. For three generations it had been settled on this remote Pacific island; for three generations it had ruled there, forgotten by the world. The first generation was dead, the second was dying, and the third ——

Well, the third was this loose-hung, slack-lipped elderly man and—Helen Elizabeth.

Within the wide dark bungalow it was cool and silent. The house was built of stone, as only rich men's houses, in the Pacific world, are built. High above the great carved bed that stood in an inner room the ghostly mosquito net

was swung away to leave all possible room for life-giving air. An old native woman sat crouched by the master's side, ceaselessly fanning away flies and mosquitoes from the hands, the face that would never feel anything more.

"Him close up pinish," she murmured. "Me tink 'nother two hour. . . . Marster, you been see 'em dat debil-debil s'ark he come?"

"Yes," answered the man, taking the fan from her hand and kneeling down.

Charles Pentecost II had lingered about his dying—like another Charles II, long ago—and in consequence a certain inevitable callousness had crept into the waiting and watching at that bed. Kneeling and fanning, not watching very closely, Charles III told the girl what he knew.

"You can believe," he said. "It's true, as true as—well, the story of the Gortmores in Ireland—Viscount Gortmore and the foxes—you know about that, and the archbishops and other holy folk who saw it and wrote things to the papers. That's a famous instance. Ours never was as well known, because we aren't titled; but the pater said that always in Cornwall, when the head of the house was dyin', a shark or two would turn up sure as d— sure as anything, and cruise about before the stone terrace in the sea; that's what he said. They do come, off Cornwall, sometimes; not very often; but if there hasn't been one seen for ten years it'll turn up when the head's goin'. Lots of old families do have warnings, and that was ours. I always rather wanted ——"

The foolish mouth shut suddenly. Not even to his half sister did Charles Pentecost care to acknowledge that he had always wanted to test the family tradition—to know if it held good out here in the very nursery of the shark, where now three generations of Pentecosts had had their home and kingdom.

If he had wished, he had his wish. The kingdom was almost his; the king lay dying; and there, ten yards below the house, beneath the old palm tree that had been young when the first Pentecost passed away, the sentinel sharks cruised up and down, green-eyed, cruel, terrible, close to land, where never man had seen them come before.

Charles was well educated; he had been home to Harrow, with Cambridge after—for a little. One half his mind, the home half, told him that the sharks, notoriously keen of smell, had scented death. The other half, the half born and bred in Man-o'-War, trembled and—believed.

"When the mater went out," he thought, remembering his English mother's death thirty years ago, "they didn't come along. Nor when Helen's mother, poor little cuss, died. Mater and the stepmother weren't—us. Yes, one could almost think ——"

"Marster!" cried the native woman. A cry from Helen followed. "Charlie—father!" The old man who had been chief and king of Man-o'-War so long, who had outlived his two white wives, and seemed, only a while ago, like to outlive his slack, feeble elderly son, had cheated them all; had not even held on to the last few hours that the native nurse foretold. Charles Pentecost II was dead.

Out beyond the reef, in the blue-and-white-ruled open sea, the trading schooner swung at anchor, reeling with the shock of the billows till she showed nearly the whole extent of her gold-bright copper sheathing. She was a beautiful thing, with bare slender masts that made one think of a water nixie's limbs. To see her thrashed by the bitter seas was to feel—if one had poetry in one's soul—strangely compunctious; a foolish desire to defend the lovely, helpless creature. Her captain, having not so much poetry in his entire composition as one could heap on a threepenny piece, expressed his feelings otherwise. He said it was a—decorated—ugly anchorage, and he would be damned if he'd risk his ship there again.

"All the copra and seed nuts we take here—I don't deny it's plenty—isn't enough to pay for the risk," he said. "A fine property like this is too. Why don't some of those etceteras who own it take and blow up a few 'undred feet of the etceteraed reef?"

There were two men on deck, sitting in chairs lashed to the rail—a tall hearty youth in clean whites and scuffed white boots; a slim man in khaki. The youth was busy lighting a cigarette; he said nothing.

The slim man said very gently, "I mean to."

"You!" exclaimed the captain, turning a teak-hard face upon him. "Did the old chap send for you?"

"Not exactly send for me," answered the slim man, smiling. He had rather a nice face, narrow and clean-shaven, and a very brilliant smile.

The youth in the white suit, nevertheless, found himself saying spitefully to his cigarette, "I suppose that smile that won't come off is about half his capital; bet he works it for what it's worth."

The slim man had joined the ship only three days earlier, at the last island, and in this interminable voyage of months and thousands of miles, three days was nothing; you couldn't get the hang of ——

What was he saying now?

"You see," the slim man was saying, "it's my island."

"The hell it is!" exclaimed, like a chorus, both his listeners. Telford, the youth in the white suit, added protestingly, "Why, man, the whole Pacific says—they told me in a bar in Noumea, and the Cook and Tahiti folk talked about it—they all said it was the Pentecosts' place since the Lord knows when!"

"I suppose the Lord knows when they took it up," coolly replied the other passenger—his name was Griscom on the list. "But I know when they dropped it, and that was four months ago today, when the mortgage fell due and wasn't paid."

"Do you tell me," demanded the captain, round-eyed like a seal, "that Man-o'-War is mortgaged?"

"I don't," said Griscom. "I don't propose to mortgage my property. It was. Old Pentecost got due notice, and never answered the letters. Young Pentecost—not that he's young—made the money fly every time he went to Sydney, and somebody had to pay for his fun. It won't be me. Damn it, man"—to Telford—"you needn't look as if one were the villain in a picture show! Mortgages are business, like everything else."

"Looks are free," replied Telford curtly over his cigarette. He did not like Griscom, though mortgages were undoubtedly business, and life wasn't a picture show. He was thinking of a small slim girl with red hair, up in a tree—what was she doing there?—looking for ships?—a girl who was going to be turned out of her home.

"When shall you tell them?" he asked abruptly.

"Not till the funeral's over; it wouldn't be the thing," answered Griscom with the air of a man for whom etiquette held mysteries. "The old boy died yesterday afternoon; they'll bury him on the cemetery island today."

"Might I see it?" asked Telford eagerly.

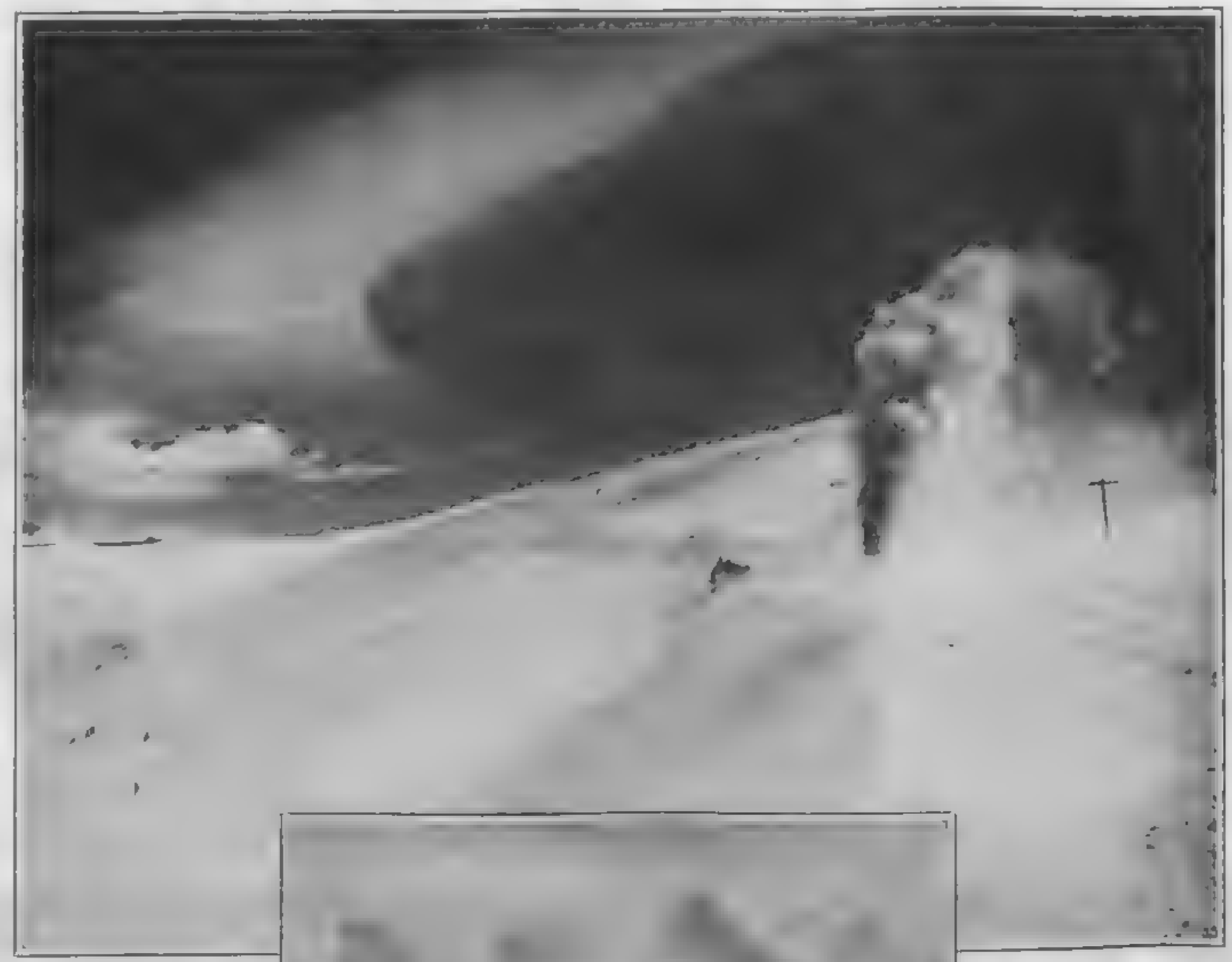
"You're a writing chap, ain't you?" asked Griscom with some scorn. "Couldn't your people do any better for you than that?"

"Not their fault if they didn't," the young man answered. "I broke away and kept away, and there you have it." *(Continued on Page 108)*

"And You Said—Didn't You?—That You'd Find Ways and Means to Make Me Marry You! Well, Find Them! Keep Me Shut Up!"

WHITE SILENCE

By Courtney Ryley Cooper



WE were packing over the Rabbit Ear Range of the Colorado Rockies, homeward bound from Rainbow Lake with our last catch of trout for the season. High above us the ragged peaks bore their primary flutings of snow, warning of what soon was to come in the lesser ranges. About us the world was molten gold, lanes and trails and vistas of it as our heavy-laden horses made their slow way through the aspen patches; delicate green had given place, with the touch of frost, to a world of yellow, broken by spurts of lemon and bursts of flame. There is no other foliage coloration exactly like that of the quaking aspen. Afar off to the left, where lay the rock slides leading to Mad Creek, the ranch dogs were baying in pursuit of a black bear. It was autumn, with all which this season means for the mountaineer and the high-country ranchman.

The Call of the Wild

A TIME of truce, in fact, and of preparation, that one may meet upon a common ground of preparedness an erstwhile friend which has gained one's confidence only that it may more easily fill the rôle of an implacable, remorseless enemy. To us there was more to the excited baying of those dogs than the mere sport of chasing a small, harmless black bear. We knew that in a ranch house somewhere a woman was waiting, hopeful of a bear rug to ease the frigidity of a rough floor, of grease and of tender young meat, which might be processed, then placed in the root cellar with barreled grayling, potted venison, tiny, preserved mountain strawberries, "sarvis" berry jell, canned sage hen, rabbit and other game; the offerings of a pioneer country in its milder moods, husbanded against the time when the nature of the land would turn to viciousness, and civilization, with its provisions, would be far away. Then, to add to our thoughts, a bunch of grouse rose almost from under the feet of suddenly fretting horses and whirred to a resting place in a dead aspen a hundred feet away.

"Did you put down many grouse this year, Fred?" I asked, when we had at last regained the halter rope of a fidgety pack horse. My companion, a homesteader of the Black Mountain country of Northwestern Colorado, shook his head.

"No," he said quietly. "Didn't put down nary one." Then, as if in explanation. "Don't guess I'll eat another grouse as long as I live."

I stared. "You were always a hound for grouse meat."

"I know." Then a queer light came into his eyes. "But they saved my life last winter—and I guess I'll never kill another. You see" he hunched himself over the horn of his saddle—"I bached it last year up by the sawmill. Had six months more to put in on that homestead there and I thought I might as well do it in the winter as not. Well, it was fine in the fall. Got myself a deer and knocked over a bear and I was set just right. Then I'd butchered a couple of hogs, and so I was right on top of the world as far as food was concerned. It's pretty hard to get out of that place up there when the snows come, but I felt I'd be all right. I had Pete with me—the dog, you know. Then there were the horses for company. But along about the first of December, Pete began getting nervous. He'd go out at night and yowl; something that brought the coyotes up from the lower country, and the first thing I knew he'd gone to 'em.

"Every night after that, when I'd hear the pack yelping, I'd stand outside the cabin, whistling and calling, thinking that he'd come back to me, but he wouldn't answer. Then, to make things worse, a bad blizzard broke, and my horses spooked at it. They broke through a fence and hit for the higher country. Funny about horses that way, ain't it? Now a cow critter'll get in a draw, or try to find lower country when there's a storm on. But not a horse—he keeps on going higher and higher until he can't go any longer. That was the way with mine. I found 'em about three weeks later—dead. They'd eaten some quaker trees pretty near through; one or two of 'em had their manes and tails chewed off. Turn kind of like cannibals, don't they?"

PHOTOS BY COURTESY OF THE DENVER TOURIST BUREAU

A Sunshine Blizzard Blowing From the Continental Divide. Above—Snowplows Battling the Drifts of the Divide: Upon This One Railroad Depends a District of More Than 30,000 Square Miles

Saved by the Grouse

"WELL, after that I wanted to quit. But I hung on. Then one day I showed up with cabin fever. You know—it'd gotten me. Just the stillness of everything, and the whiteness and being alone that way. I broke down and cried. Then I got in front of a mirror and screamed at myself—just to hear my own voice, I guess. I wished I was dead. Just from being alone, you know. It kept getting worse. I'd find myself saying it over and over: 'I wish I was dead—I wish I was dead.' I didn't even have enough sense to hit out of there and try to get to the lower country and let the homestead go to blazes. Still I wanted company—I just had to have company! Then one morning when the snow had been crusted for three or four days the grouse showed up!

"I sure was glad to see 'em," said Fred simply. "They were out on the haystack—a bunch of fifteen or twenty of 'em—and I just sat and watched 'em, the tears running down my cheeks; I was that glad to see something around besides the hummocks where the snow'd covered over the bowlders and sarvis brush. I got out my skis and went to the granary and filled a sack with oats. Then I scattered 'em all around, clean up to the door. And do you know," said Fred with a boyish grin, "before that crust went off I had them grouse eating out of my hand! Somehow, since

then," he added as we struck the downward trail toward Mad Creek, "I've kind of lost my taste for grouse. Not that I've turned softy, but—you know."

Because I knew, I made no comment. Many a high-country man has his little peculiarities toward wild life, and no one save a person who has seen the high country of the Rockies in winter can truly appreciate the reasons. Even as I had listened to his story I had failed to picture Fred's homestead in its true, drab light of winter. I had seen it only in the summer, with the snow flowers growing waist high, with great stretches where the wild roses bloomed with a deepness of color that suggested a hothouse instead of a stretch of open aspen ten thousand feet above sea level, of waving larkspur and riotous masses of columbine. It is often thus. Flowers bloom the prettiest where there has been the greatest bitterness in the winter months preceding; luxuriance of summer is often gauged by the deepness of winter's snows. Queer how a land can change!

Beside a Living Emerald

AND perhaps nowhere in America is there a greater metamorphosis than in the high country, when summer has lived its brief span, when the tourists have come and gone, carrying with them a picture of spasms of colors in the high-flung rocks; grassy stretches of deep green where the meadows lie and the native hay waves with the wind from the glaciered crests of the range; soft, winding, backlighted trails, redolent with the aroma of pine and spruce; restful vistas, blue-white streams, murmuring as if with happiness as they strike down into the valleys; for with the swift descent of winter there is a far different picture. Nor is it a metamorphosis which affects only the uninitiated.

High upon the Continental Divide, fourteen miles from my home, is about the most precious thing in the world—an ancient log cabin built beside a living emerald called Chinn's Lake. It is there I go, with pack horses straining against the grades, a portable typewriter, paper, notes and what not tucked in a pannier, ragged and dirty from many a mountain journey, that I may pound out my yarns in the peace of quiet and the joy of fishing at one's elbow.

I know every foot of that country in its summertime moods; the upper lake and the one above that fringed by timber-line willows, where, if one wade far enough, one may sneak a native trout from water where trout is supposed not to exist; the twisted fringes of gnarled pines, making the last stand on the ridge which runs at last into the fierceness of the very backbone of the continent; the rocky ledges, the slides, the crannies and caverns and beetling cliffs; the tumbled rocks where one may watch the comical little conies at their job of gathering hay for the winter, where the woodchuck pipes and the chipmunk practices his gymnastics—a place for glorious wanderings, for lazy study or nervous mutterings as a rainbow rises to the fly, then, changing his mind, drops to the deeper waters that a fisherman may try his every lure in an effort to bring him to the barb. A place to love, if one cares at all for the high places, to know, to court familiarity, a place of friendly curiosity, from the spot where the big black bear holed up last winter just behind my cabin to the ancient log across the lake where, if one use it as a landmark and set himself fifty feet out on an imaginary line running due southeast, one is sure of more strikes than ordinarily when he casts his fly at eventide. But ——

One grows lonely for such places when winter has come to the Rockies. One longs to see just what the little cabin looks like, with only its chimney protruding above the giant drifts, how the inlet presents itself as it cuts its way through a wall of snow fully thirty feet deep well, one longs because one loves. That longing grew too much for a pair of us hill-billies a few years ago. We decided to take a winter journey up to the lake.

Winter in Odessa Gorge, Rocky Mountain National Park

It was January; winter had been our portion for more than three months. The snow had come earlier than usual that year, whitening the backbone of the continent even before the aspens had begun to turn in the lesser ranges. November, even October, had been a month of shrieking blizzards, drifting the roads and piling up the snows, we knew, in the high country in a desert of white. But the urge was upon us. We wanted to see the lake. So we went.

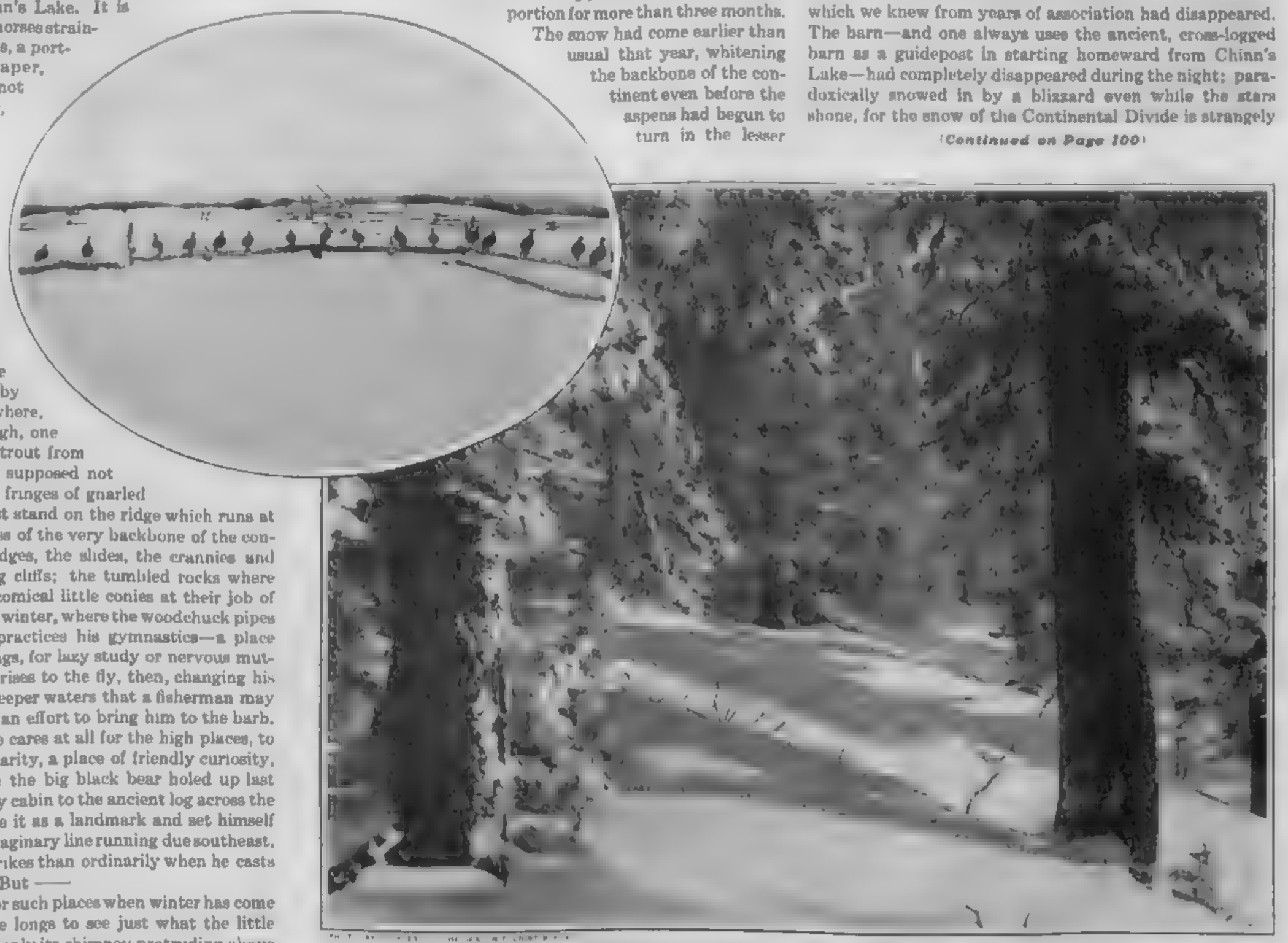
The result was that the swift sunset of a mountain winter found two men, gaunt eyed from fatigue, shoveling briskly at a tunnel which led to the door of a little cabin. Eight hours had been consumed in snowshoeing, wallowing through drifts too soft even to hold our webs, skinning along the edges of icy stretches, our snowshoes on our backs and our heels digging into wind-crusted surfaces so hardened by the gales of the high country as to present almost the consistency of ice a progress which had consumed both time and energy. But now we were here, in a cabin as comfortable—once we had poked the snow out of the chimney and ignited the pitchwood, left beside the ancient cast-iron stove from the previous summer—as a city apartment. The snow, banked deep on the sides and roof afforded an insulation which assured warmth even against a temperature of forty degrees below zero. We enjoyed ourselves thoroughly that night, mainly in talking about how good the fishing would be next summer. Then, the following morning, we started for the lower country, our curiosity satisfied.

The Trackless Snows

THE trail upward had been a comparatively easy thing to follow. Once on the ridge, which began in fairly low country, one could not fail to progress to the flats opening from the last stretch of timber upon the lake itself, from which the cabin could be seen. But when we started homeward all was different.

The incessant wind of the high country, digging at the fields of snow in unceasing restlessness, had wiped out every vestige of our snowshoe tracks. The landmarks which we knew from years of association had disappeared. The barn—and one always uses the ancient, cross-logged barn as a guidepost in starting homeward from Chinn's Lake—had completely disappeared during the night; paradoxically snowed in by a blizzard even while the stars shone, for the snow of the Continental Divide is strangely

(Continued on Page 100)



The Trails That the Tourists Know are Places of Snowy Silence When Winter Comes. In Oval—High-Country Grouse on a Rocky Mountain Ranch, Tamed by the Deep Snows

SOME DAY

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"We'd Been Held Up on the Road and Robbed of Our Jewels"

VII

THE psychology of dread is the most interesting abstract one for men to examine, because it concerns the greatest enemy to the human race, and the most omnipresent one. No man's heart is ever free of some sort of dread, whether of illness, death or loss of those he loves, or poverty, or merely things physical.

And the wonderful feature of this study is that in nine cases out of ten the dread is less an actuality than a point of view. Whether or not the threat exists, the dread of it cannot resist analysis. It disintegrates on examination to leave a residue of something like thoughtful caution or anticipatory effort. But as a bogy, it collapses into a few sticks and a dirty sheet.

With Clive, no philosophic process was required, once his brief review of the situation, the proving up of it, placed him in the logical position of aggressor. It made no difference that the odds were three to one: that he was trapped in a stone house on a lonely moor with no other weapon than a pocket automatic. The mere fact that these three venomous vermin beyond the wall had been led there by himself now presented itself at a point diametrically opposite to the first from which Clive had viewed this fact—that he had been a fatal fool. His present aspect was that he had managed not to lead but to lure the three greatest and perhaps only menaces of Aliste's life here to this lonely spot. So that now all he had to do was to find the means to destroy them, to sink them without trace.

Once the quarry becomes possessed by the idea that there has been an error in his conception of the situation, and that actually he is the logical assailant and the other his prospective prey, wonderful changes may be wrought in the conduct of any chase. One can imagine the havoc to be caused at Fontainebleau if an antlered stag became suddenly obsessed by the idea that it was a Cape buffalo, for instance—that most dangerous of herbivora. What if the stag were to charge back into the pack, attack the hunting field? It could scatter the hounds to right and left, stampede the horses, spike the ladies and gentlemen out of their saddles, fling them to earth and trample them with spiked hoofs. If ever a fox were to be obsessed by the idea that it was actually a jaguar, it might do much to make fox hunting unpopular. It might lead a trail under the low bough of an oak, then double and scramble up and spread out on this limb and, as the first equestrian countess came along, drop on her shoulder and fasten its sharp teeth in her face. Pursuing these tactics with the savagery of the jaguar it believed itself to be, little reynard might get far in spreading fearful havoc of disfigurement. And if all the foxes in that country were to be in the same way possessed by some sort of grouped instinct suggestion, then the report would go round that the foxes had gone mad and were no longer safe to hunt.

Clive, now as he looked at Aliste, appreciating her helplessness and the pity of her, with deep in his heart a tremendous fullness of what was actually the starting upward of the sap that burgeons into love in bud and leaf and blossom—just such a reaction—or better, an action—possessed him.

He became in his own concept not a fugitive but an aggressor out for blood, even more than were the hired assassins, because for Clive the pay was infinitely higher. And as the other emancipation from present fear and future dread suffused him with a stimulating glow, it seemed to Clive that Aliste ought to share in this strong liberation from the tyranny of that archenemy of the human race which is fear, in the abstract or concrete, physical or moral, actual or illusory.

Then, to his amazement, as he formed words to express what had been suddenly shaped in the plastic mold of his mind, Aliste said in her throaty voice: "Clive, here's a chance to knock off these shackles and sink them in the sea, if we can only manage it. The chances are that these three *soyous* are the only ones to know that I'm alive."

Clive stared at her. He might have expected something of this sort from Aliste. He remembered her high courage as a girl, when once they had been riding on a back country road in Greenwich, near Round Hill. Aliste was mounted on a horse that had been fighting her the whole of the way, when a violent thunderstorm came flaring and booming up from over the Palisades across the Hudson. Her horse had bolted, and as Clive followed, with his heart in his mouth, he discovered presently that the girl instead of struggling to rein in the animal was using her whip. They were heading for home, and when they got there, still ahead of the storm and Aliste's horse nearly broken-hearted, she had turned her white set face toward him with a smile and said: "He's been trying to run away with me ever since we started, and now he's got his fill of it. I hate thunderstorms."

Clive said now: "The same thing struck me, Aliste. There might never be another chance like this. All the danger in one spot and nobody to interfere."

He had scarcely spoken when there came against the stout door a heavy but muffled jar. The force applied was not sufficient to threaten bursting it in, but one could not say how long before such shocks might loosen something.

Glancing at Aliste, Clive saw, instead of increased pallor, a flare of red high on her cheeks, and her nearsighted eyes, normally a light, soft fog-gray, appeared to darken. Anger, not fear, was this girl's reaction. One might have said that some importunate visitor whom she disliked and refused to admit was kicking spitefully at the locked door of her privacy.

"Could you imagine such devils existed?" she murmured. "Pure, unadulterated evil. You'd think some sort of divine blotter would come down and sop them up."

"One may," Clive answered. "Give it time. Has this house a cellar?"

Aliste sprang to her feet. "Of course. I hadn't thought of that. The wine caves run under the ruin."

"Does it communicate with that room they're in?"

"No; but the *pressoir* was at the far end. They used to make cider and it ran down through a sluice into the cement tanks, the *cuve*. The entrance was from outside from this end, and now the only one is through the kitchen of this house."

"Could a man squeeze up through the sluice?"

Aliste shook her head. "It is only about a foot square. The cellars are big and vaulted, with rows of wine casks on either side. Fanch told me once that in the old days they brought wine from the coast of Spain and stored it here. I suppose they smuggled it."

Again came the jar on the door. The heavy hinges quivered under the strain, but the stout bar was more than adequate to bear such a shock as three men wielding a beam or the tongue of a cart could deal it.

"All the building was solid in the old days," Aliste said; "especially on an island like this that was exposed to sudden unexpected attacks from corsairs and privateers. Every house had to be its own little fortress."

Clive nodded. "They depended less on their militia than on fireproof houses with stone walls and tiled roofs, doors like that and weapons like those." He looked intently at a huge bell-mouthed blunderbuss on hooks over the mantel, a small cannon, from the tremendous recoil of which the man firing it was saved in part by the weight of metal in the weapon.

Rising quickly he took it down and examined it. Fanch evidently had prized this ancient family heirloom, for it was oiled and polished, and so far as one could see, in working order, even the spring on the hammer stoutly resisting the tug as Clive cocked it.

"If only we had some powder and bullets," Aliste said.

"Are you sure Fanch hasn't any cartridges? Hasn't he a gun of sorts to shoot wild fowl or rabbits?"

"Not that I know of. Fanch dislikes killing things. He's very kind. He told me once that most men who served in the war hate all firearms. Only those who did not fight find pleasure in killing birds and animals for sport."

The thumping on the door ceased. Evidently its stout resistance had discouraged the besiegers' efforts with such means as they had at hand. But no door, Clive reflected, however strong, can long withstand human ingenuity. It was only a question of time before some expedient would be found to force this one. Also that particular point of attack would continue to be the one selected, because it could be worked at unobserved, under cover of the semi-ruin that would also deaden any noise to attract the attention of a chance passer-by

This first attempt was merely tentative to test the strength of the door—possibly to frighten the refugees into a sortie. The chances were, Clive thought, that two men battered while a third kept watch outside. One thing was certain—that now, having trapped Aliste and himself in this lonely spot, they would not give up the siege for hours to come. Even the arrival of a chance visitor might result in no more than his ambush and murder.

"Let's look down in the cellar," Clive said. "We might find something we could use."

Aliste led the way to the kitchen and opened the door to the cellar stairs. They went down into the big vaulted caves that were dimly lighted by small square apertures the size of a building block and furnished with iron bars. Men built for perpetuity in the old days, or at least the limited perpetuity of some few centuries.

There was a small room that served as buttery at the foot of the stairs, damp and cool, and the stone walls green with mold. Clive picked up a cheese knife that was lying on a shelf and scraped some of this paintlike, scaly substance into his hands. He tasted it, Aliste watching him curiously.

"Why that?" she asked.

"Saltpeter rot. Potassium nitrate. Do you ever cook by charcoal?"

"Of course. All housewives do that on Belle Isle, where wood is scarce, and they use it winters in the *chauffe-pieds*. There's a sackful in the kitchen."

"Have you any sulphur?"

"Yes. Fanch uses it to fumigate the apple trees, to burn out the caterpillar nests, and aboard his boat. There should be a box in the storeroom."

"Get a bar and bring it up," Clive said. He took a pan and continued to scrape the niter into it. Then went back up into the kitchen, where he lighted a fire on the hearth. With one of the long-handled frying pans he proceeded to roast the niter over the blaze. Aliste came up with a sulphur bar and watched him curiously.

"What are you doing, Clive?"

"Cooking supper—for our visitors. Pound up that sulphur on the hearthstone, then scrape up the pieces and grind them in the coffee mill, as finely as you can set it. I'll finish it off."

Aliste stared at him in her close-sighted way and nodded. "I see. You're making gunpowder. Do you know how?"

"One doesn't need to be an ordnance expert to know how. Cortés and his band knew how. The Jesuit brothers in charge of Inca missions knew how. Every English schoolboy knows how and practices the art surreptitiously; that and making matches, which art is also well understood by the bad fellow of every French commune, to beat the indirect taxes."

He went into the big room, picked up the blunderbuss and set it in the corner of the fireplace to warm and dry. Then, to the mystification of Aliste, he went out again, to return with the lump of flint he had grabbed up on the edge of the cliff as the only available weapon of defense and carried with him into the house. Laying this on the hearth he cracked it with a sharp blow of the hatchet he had used to split the kindling.

"If you're starting to make arrowheads ——" began Aliste

"Nothing so crude," Clive smiled. "The next important advance in offensive and defensive warfare."

He cracked the flinty fragment again and still again, roughly shaped a morsel of silex; then picking up the blunderbuss, tried it in the slot fashioned to receive it. A little fitting and the adjustment was complete. As in the case of most such ancient weapons preserved as curiosities, the flint of the lock had loosened, fallen out and was lost. Then, with the point of his penknife, Clive scraped out and cleaned the priming pan, blew through it and set the weapon back to warm by the little blaze.

(Continued on Page 88)

"So Far as I Could Gather, They Showed Their Cards to Scare Me Into Doing What an Ordinary Criminal Could Not Have Done"

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 12, 1927

Names and Brains

A MINOR but at the same time truly lamentable feature of much real-estate development consists of the unsuitable or atrocious names so often given to new towns, subdivisions and streets. This is not a failing solely characteristic of the present generation. Our ancestors were not much better. They often showed a deplorable lack of originality in christening their newly laid out settlements, merely repeating west of the Alleghanies the names familiar to them in the older regions, which in turn were so largely taken from the European countries.

It is quite common to give a new town or subdivision a name which has advertising value in another state. There is no postal regulation or other law against this practice, so far as we know, and it has been done time and again by subdividers of high standing, financially and otherwise. But in the light of modern standards of good taste, local traditions and historical knowledge, it smacks too much either of a commonplace mentality or of a rather polite and wholly legal but nevertheless real form of plagiarism, to say the least.

The most honest as well as the most suitable name to give a new town is one that has a distinctly local application and preferably some roots in local history. It may be difficult to find a name for a new automobile or shaving soap without the exercise of great ingenuity. But localities are always so rich in memories and traditions, in what might be called native lore, that no excuse exists for merely grabbing a name which has been successful elsewhere.

A name that fits a town, that smacks of its traditions and surroundings, ought to be worth real money to it even if there were no higher consideration. It may be that people have become so standardized and cheapened that they prefer to see the same familiar titles everywhere. We do not believe it. A distinctive name is part of a distinctive locality, and there is nothing of more value to a country than to have places fittingly named.

A Year of Railway Achievement

THE year 1926 was a banner year for railway management in the United States. Producers and consumers, acting through shippers, passed through the hands of the railway carriers some fifty-three million carloads of revenue freight. Making a loose guess of thirty tons to the carload, that means something like fourteen tons per person per year—more than a ton of goods a month. As the American urchin might remark: Some freight! This was done without shortage of cars and without delays to shippers taking goods from producers to deliver them to consumers. There was a rush for grain cars for the early and heavy Southwestern crop movement; it was met. There was a rush for grain cars to load for Gulf ports; it was met. There was a rush for coal cars to carry fuel to foreign countries under shortage because of the strike in Great Britain; it was met. There was a rush for fruit cars from coast to coast; it was met. From every point of view it was record-breaking service for shippers of freight, none the less notable because of some decline in passenger traffic.

During the year the taxes levied on railroads were increased substantially, so that the total is now near four hundred million dollars. That hardly looks like a reward for superlative service. The net operating income for the year of the Class I railroads was about a billion and a quarter dollars, equal to about five and one-quarter per cent on the property investment, and not much more than the sum annually needed in new capital to keep the roads up in the march of improvements required to maintain service.

The year witnessed new records for efficiency. The average movement per freight car per day rose to more than thirty miles; the average cars per train rose to more than forty-five; the average speed rose to more than twelve miles an hour; and a new high record of 829 tons was made in October for average load of freight per train. For these achievements in dispatch of goods the management, train crews and equipment alike deserve praise.

It is half a dozen years since the railroads were turned back to their owners from government operation. During the war, government operation was inevitable, but it was a choice of evils. The subsequent years have been filled with operative struggles, handicapped by lack of fresh capital, except such as was secured from sale of bonds and of equipment certificates. The present position of the carriers is due to one thing alone: Managerial and employe efficiency. Prosperity helped the railways by giving them tonnage. But the railways contributed to prosperity by reliable and expeditious service. The contrast between the privately owned and operated railways and the government owned and operated merchant marine is striking enough. The railways have earned the respect of the public. Let us hope they have not again incurred the hostility of politicians.

The Hunt for Taxpayers

AS THE costs of state and local government keep on rising, the search for new and additional sources of revenue must of necessity take on more vigor and intensity. As the budgets expand, so must the hunt intensify for new and, as it were, for fatter taxpayers. Each year the escape of any possible contributor to the cost of government becomes a more serious, a less excusable oversight. The piper may be worth his fee, or not, but always he must be paid. In the long run—and not so very long, at that—the extension of state and local activities will prove no more elastic than the ability of property and income to foot the bill.

Yet we are much better off than European countries, where the need for revenue is so great that fiscal ingenuity becomes strangely distorted. An illustration is the tax on bachelors which Mussolini is said to have insisted upon in Italy. It was even talked of in England a few years ago. Nor is the betting-tax idea in England free from an overwrought inventiveness.

If such taxes are intended primarily as social-reform measures, then they must be argued on other than fiscal grounds. But if their chief purpose is to raise revenue they suggest a strained financial condition which we in this country are anxious not to reach. A tax on bachelors might open the way for an Alice-in-Wonderland system of revenue raising, a fantastic set-up in which any disapproved-of class, such as drunken husbands or nagging wives or gossipy old maids, might be required to pay an extra impost.

This suggests, however, one important consideration for our own states and cities to bear in mind as and if the need for revenue continues to grow: Ability to pay must be tapped in broad, deep streams. If commodities are taxed they should be such as are in general and extensive use. The Federal revenue from tobacco and the state taxes upon gasoline are examples of successful imposts along this line.

European countries in the same way have been able to raise large sums from tea and coffee. Fortunately the workman's breakfast table in this country has not been tapped in this particular way in recent time, but these are sources which could be reached if the need should become acute enough. Despite the large Federal revenue from tobacco, there are now eight states with cigarette-sales taxes, and others may adopt similar measures.

The spending of public moneys and the process of obtaining them by means of taxation are unfortunately blurred and confused in the public mind. In reality there are three separate questions, each requiring the most vigilant attention: First, is the state or local budget wise and desirable? Second, is it being expended efficiently? Third, how is the money to be raised with the least economic harm?

Mere ingenuity in devising taxes will never make up for extravagant expenditures, and economy in budget making cannot undo the harm of unfairly placed taxes. Nor is the most devoted and effective public servant of great value if the voters have authorized too many bond issues or the legislature has placed taxes at the wrong point. In other words, responsibility rests squarely upon all three groups—the voters, the executive branch of government and the legislative branch.

One need not reflect upon public officials to state the simple fact that as yet the civic organizations, such as chambers of commerce, city clubs, bureaus of municipal research and taxpayers' associations, have not given to these baffling problems anything like the intensive study and close scrutiny which their importance demands.

Particular industries and trade associations are quick to detect and resent any undue heaping of tax burdens upon them. They fight back to the utmost of their ability. The present lack is of organizations that approach the adjustment of taxes from the broader public viewpoint, seeking the largest possible degree of all-around justice.

A more elusive term than "justice" in respect to revenue raising one would go far to find. But we know that the base must be broad. No one class should be mulcted to the exclusion of others. The tendency has always been to work a good tax to death. Real property, corporation earnings, inheritances—all these have been broached; not always wisely, but at times too well.

But it is not always the rate or amount which hurts. Often these taxes bear down unjustly because of lack of uniformity as between state and state, or from failure to adopt reciprocal provisions, and from headlong, wolflike grabbing among the states, regardless of the ultimate equities of the case. Now as the taxes upon automobile driving are, it is apparent that even in this field there is possibility of something like the same chaos that has characterized inheritance and business taxes.

The gasoline tax has proved very elastic in its production of revenue, and the great majority of people are willing to pay it as a fair measurement of the use of highways. Thus far the lack of uniformity of gasoline taxes has not been felt seriously by the motorist. But confusion is sure to develop as time goes on unless there is a closer approach to uniformity than now exists. Moreover, the gasoline taxes must be studied more than they have been in relation to what the motorist already pays on the property value of his car and in license fees.

Taxes upon automobile owning and driving are proving among the most fertile in the history of government. It has been like finding a great new stream of water in a desert land. But there is danger of repeating the same old error of working a good thing too hard. There is the peril of once again allowing a mere patchwork system to grow up If the states are able to work out a sane, orderly system of taxation in this field, which will be productive without being unjust and oppressive, they will go far in justifying the institutions of self-government.

A CHANCE IN THE CALCUTTA

By E. C. BULEY

TWO days before the Epsom Derby, a few years ago, I had to see the owner of a horse which had been strongly fancied to win the race. Unfortunately, the drastic preparation had told upon the colt, and he was under a cloud. On that day he was to be galloped strongly, so that the stable might find out how he stood, might know the best or the worst. When I was admitted to see the owner, the result of the gallop had just been telephoned through from the track to London.

"He pulled up very lame," I was informed. "And I've just authorized an instruction to strike him out of the race. Bad luck, as you say. For twenty years and more I've been trying for that race, and I doubt if I shall ever have so good a chance if I try for another twenty."

Just then a servant handed him a letter.

"The person is waiting, sir," he said. "He has called three times; and now he refuses to go away until you have read his letter."

"Show him in," ordered the owner, after a glance at the note.

"No, don't you go," he said to me. "We were talking about bad luck, I think. Now you are going to hear a bad-luck story which will make mine ordinary and commonplace."

And then the visitor appeared in the doorway; a little white-faced cockney in shoddy clothes, twisting his hard hat in his hands and quivering with eagerness and anxiety. Without any preliminary, he burst into what was evidently a carefully rehearsed speech.

"I see in the pypers where your colt is a doubtful runner for the Darby, so I come to make a bus'ness prop'sition," he began, all in a breath. "Give 'im a run, guvnor, and I'll pay all the expenses at scale—jockey's fee, an' what not. Ar, an' I'll bet yer 'e don't win; £20,000 I'll bet agen—agen a cigar as good as that what you're smokin' now. An' if he should win, I'll come dahn 'andsome to the trainer, an' the jock, an' the stable lads, an' all. Only let the colt take 'is chanst, guvnor."

"I see," said the owner. "I take it that you've drawn him in the Calcutta sweepstakes?"

"That's abaht it. I've got the pypers 'ere to prove it, an' ——"

"One minute! I fancy you are a bit of a sportsman, and I fancy myself in that line a bit, as well. So this is between man and man. I know how you stand. If I ran the colt you'd get about £1000, even if he finished nowhere; but not half as much, if he does not start. And I suppose the difference is an important one to you."

"It's a proper start in bus'ness—in the greengrocery. Think what it means to a man what never had fifty pahnds in his life."

"I do think of it; but I'd rather pay the difference out of my own pocket than run the colt. There's something due to him as well, isn't there? I'm fond and proud of him, you see, and I've got to play the game with him. If he ran in the Derby, it's long odds he would never race again. And so I've just scratched him. That's bad news for both of us, but there it is."

There was a long pause. I can see the little cockney greengrocer now, with the Adam's apple dancing convulsively in his scraggy throat, as he gulped down his disappointment and tried to be a sportsman.

"'Struth, you're right, guvnor," he said at last. "I get £400 or £500 fer a few shillins, so I'm doing pretty well for meself. But what abaht you? You're fond of the colt, an' prahd of 'im like, an' there's no amount o' money, I suppose —— Why, I'm fair ashimed of myself for tykin' the liberty; so I wish you both good day an' good luck."

"Leave your address with the man," he was directed. "We must think about that greengrocery business."

"That was a new experience to me," the owner said. "He took it well, too, when you think that if the colt's leg had only stood he might have come in for £50,000. I could hardly have missed a place, and there's £25,000 for second and £12,000 for third. But when he was making his offer I was thinking of another side of this sweepstakes business. There will be a big field on Wednesday; nearer thirty runners than twenty. And among them you'll find half a dozen or so with no possible claim to run. And why?"

"The temptation of offers such as our friend has just made," I suggested.

"I'd rather put it as the temptation to be good-natured, when it costs nothing at all. I'm not saying that some owners would turn up their noses at a big bet for nothing, and a clearance of the heavy expense of running a colt in the Derby. But in most cases the inducement would be that which influenced me—the thought of giving some poor devil like that full value in the one big chance ever likely to come his way—and the superstition that luck might attend such good nature. Luck! These sweepstakes runners bring luck into the race, but it is all bad luck. There they are, making all the trouble at the starting post; and if a genuine candidate happens to be left in the confusion, there they are again, shutting him off when he's trying to get clear of them."

"What's to be done about it?"

"Nothing is ever done about the Epsom Derby. It just goes on being what Dizzy called it seventy years ago: 'That paramount and

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MOTHERING THE WRONG BROOD

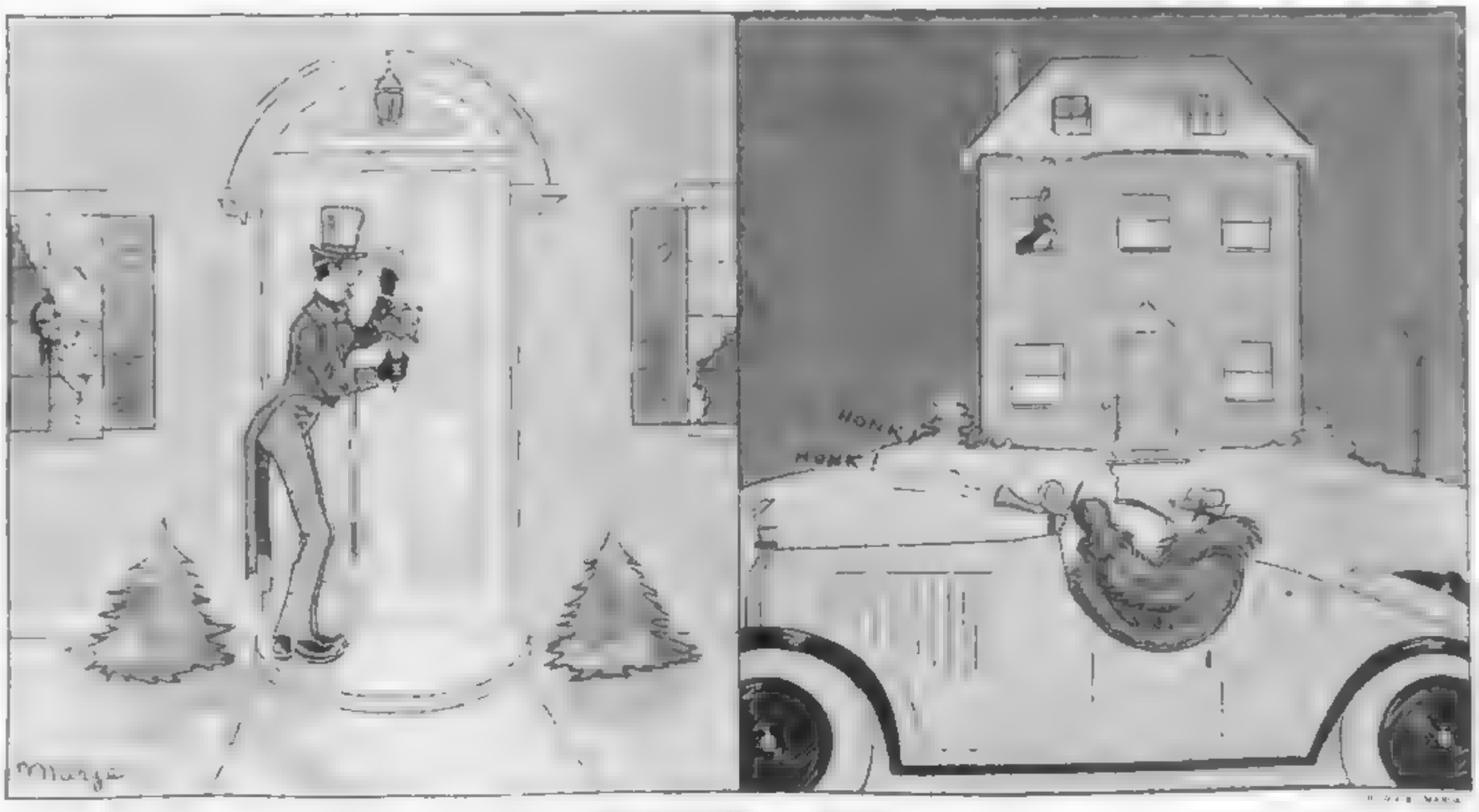
SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Passionate Hollywood

(After Marlowe

COME sign with me and head my bills,
And we'll commercialize the thrills
Of crime, adventure, love and hate,
Of lowly lot and high estate;
We'll ride and fly and golf and swim,
And drive at risk of life and limb;
And you shall leap from craggy places,
Defiant, as the villain chases,
And subtly swerve from grief to bliss,
From scorn to incandescent kiss
Your heaving breast with gems shall gleam,
Your gowns surpass the fairest dream,
While lurid posters spread your fame
And press reports exalt your name.
Your portraits in your gripping scenes
Shall sell the movie magazines,
And rivals, jealous of your charm,
Shall view your bookings with alarm.
If you're the girl I think you are,
You'll sign with me and be my star.

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.



Yes, Times Have Changed

Why Salesmen Look Wild-Eyed

AUTO SALESMAN *(desperately):* "But, madam, if you take this car we will put your initials on it free."

MRS. WILL SAVER: "But my husband says it's not the initial cost that counts, but the upkeep!"

And a Brunette

SHE was a decided peroxide blonde,
The kind her familiars called Cutie and Kiddo.
The chap that she wedded has gone beyond—
She now is a carbon-monoxide widow.

—Strickland Gillilan.

Dining Out

SCENE: *A corner of a cafeteria. Enter* MR. BERTRAM BICKERSTAFF *and* MRS. BICKERSTAFF, *carrying trays.*

MRS. B.: Bertram! Bertram! Let's sit here, where it's quiet! *[A terrible crash of glass and china, and violent ringing of cash register.* MR. *and* MRS. B. *sit down beside* MISS VIOLA GOOCHER

MRS. B.: Why, Viola Goocher!

MISS G.: Why, Gracie Bickerstaff! What are you doing here?

MRS. B.: Oh, we like to eat out at a cafeteria occasionally because it saves so much trouble. Well, I never! If I didn't spill my coffee all over my paper napkin! Darling, won't you run and get me a new one?

MR. B.: Yes, dear. *(He goes out.)*

MISS G.: Does your husband like to dine at cafeterias?

MRS. B.: Oh, he loves it, dear; loves it. It's so nice because you can see what you're going to eat, all spread out before you. Today, for instance, there's candied sweet potatoes, which Bertram loves. He likes it, too, because it saves so much trouble.

[Reënter BERTRAM *with paper napkin. He sits down and prepares to eat.*

MRS. B.: Well, of all things! If I didn't forget to get any butter! Bertram, dear!

MR. B.: Here, take mine.

MRS. B.: Oh, I wouldn't deprive you of your butter, dear, not for anything. I know how you love butter. No,

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Wife Learning to Drive . "Who Said I Couldn't Go From High Into Reverse?"

"Kin I be Your Valentine?" "I'm All Full Up on Comics"

How much of a husband's success is due to his wife?

Read a famous answer

DID YOU ever see the play about Maggie Wylie who knows what every woman knows? She's a plucky little Scotswoman who declares that she hasn't any charm.

"What *is* charm exactly, Maggie?" asks her father.

"Oh, it's—it's a sort of bloom on a woman. If you have it, you don't need to have anything else, and if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have. Some women, the few, have charm for all; and most have charm for one. But some have charm for none."

Then this modest little woman proceeds throughout the rest of the delightful Barrie play, to give as captivating an exhibition of charm as could be imagined. She is not good-looking. But everyone surrenders to her spell. And the most endearing of all Maggie's traits is her delicious power of "management". Quietly, skillfully, unobtrusively, she dominates the household and helps her husband by doing superbly the things that only a capable, loving wife can do.

"Every man who is high up," she says, "loves to think he has done it all himself; and the wife smiles, and lets it go at that. It's our only joke. Every woman knows that."

Management. "The little things" which are really big things, after all. The eagerness to learn and put to use everything that makes the home brighter and happier and more comfortable. All that contributes to cheerfulness and good health and high spirits. This is the true charm which so many women exert as their share in the success of the family. They have the gift of the right touch. You like to visit in their homes. Sitting down to their tables is a real enjoyment. The sparkle is always there.

Have you not noticed that they begin their meals with the warmth and cordiality of delicious, invigorating soup? With their genius for putting everyone in a happy mood, they never miss such an unfailing invitation to the appetite. They know the value of the first glow. They are careful to commence with the irresistible flavor of a splendidly blended soup—piping hot and refreshing. They consider it the first rule for serving a successful meal.

Does this give you a new picture of soup? Some people regard soup as simply a tempting and delightful food which they either serve or omit, as they do with so many other dishes. Fortunately these people are becoming fewer every day. With the increase of sensible information about food values which the dietitians have done so much to foster, the popularity of soup has reached to every nook and corner of the land. "Soup every day" has become an established custom in countless thousands of homes. This is because soup is one of the important parts of a well-selected, well-balanced diet, one that yields the utmost enjoyment from day to day and contains the wholesome, healthful foods everybody should eat.

Relishing a good, hot plate of soup means that you are eating beneficial food readily and quickly assimilated into the body tissues. It also means—and this is very important—that your appetite is stimulated and the digestive juices respond to the hot liquid. Digestion is promoted. All your food tastes better and does you more good.

Consider how easy it is for you to serve the best of soups on your table every day! Campbell's Soups are available to you everywhere for they are sold in every food store in the United States. Money cannot buy better ingredients than are blended in these famous soups. They are within everybody's means and they are so convenient—already cooked by the celebrated Campbell's French chefs.

Thirty-two different ingredients in one soup. How many housewives would care to spend the time and money to make it? Yet Campbell's Vegetable Soup contains all of these ingredients, of highest quality and deliciously blended, at 12 cents a can! Fifteen choice garden vegetables. Invigorating beef broth. Substantial cereals. Flavory herbs and seasoning. A soup so attractive to the taste, so satisfying to the hunger that it is frequently considered enough for a luncheon or supper.

Decide today that soup is to be a regular "fixture" on your table, especially if you have children in the family.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

BACK OF BEYOND

M'bogo Awaited Him Outside the Squatting Circle of the Men. His Ugly Face Was Cast in Lines of Anxiety. "We Make Safari," Mavrouki Answered His Look of Inquiry

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XLII

THREE days out on the journey back—Kits Forrester, Maclyn Keough and the old one-eyed gun bearer, Mavrouki. A tiny fire and a lone figure, drawn-faced, tense, dumb, remote as the world; although by its side, almost touching it, was a vivid glow of color of the girl in her orange silken robe. She could come near to him in physical proximity; but all her understanding and sympathy with him could not carry her across the abyss of remoteness that set his spirit apart, utterly alone. He was not at this moment even aware of her presence. He himself, the essence of him, was back in the forest that included the hopes and joys and companionship which were drooping their wings about Breck's grave.

Maclyn was as yet stunned by the impact of this first really vital blow life had struck at him. Heretofore his had been a joyous world in which existed many bright butterflies for pursuit, but no compelling loadstone of attraction for any serious purpose. Then came Breck; Breck was gone; Maclyn must contemplate that to the practical exclusion of all else.

He was perfectly reasonable and efficient. The preparations for the journey out he made; the necessity for haste he acknowledged; the details of route he discussed with Mavrouki. But these immediate demands attended to, he retired again to that withdrawn inner brooding where the girl could not follow, where barely she could discern the flicker of his spirit. All day long he marched, wrapped in his dumb contemplation, striding ahead so rapidly that she had the greatest difficulty in keeping up. It was then evident that he had forgotten all about her, for he took a pace and a length of day beyond all reason for a woman—even a woman as practiced and enduring as herself. She set her lips and made no complaint. Old Mavrouki watched her anxiously and helped her as best he might. At times he would touch Maclyn on the arm. "The *mem-sahib, bwana*," he would remind him.

Maclyn stared at him with unseeing eyes, slowly returning from that remoteness to the forefront of his consciousness. "Yes, of course," he assented, but still vaguely. For a dozen paces he might slow his gait, but then strode on as mightily as before.

But though in that remoteness Maclyn did, indeed, commune with a grief so profound that it had become integral with every fiber of his spiritual being, something else was gradually forming—an idea, a determination. Something was building, and with this stir as of life his spirit poised and swung back slowly in its orbit toward activity.

Night was falling, and the tiny fire was brighter against the dusk. Three days they had marched, and now they were at last free of the mountains and the foothills, out upon the open veldt. The Mountain of God, for the first time, they were able to see whole. The long frowning rampart of the crater lay like a wall across the east. The cone once more shook from its shoulders the diminishing forest, and in this perspective soared grandly into the crystal-pure rarity of its upper airs.

But on this day, for the first time in months, the brassy brightness of the skies had by imperceptible gradations dimmed and filmed over; and now, near the hour of sunset, with astounding swiftness, silently, as though magically, great tumbled clouds shot with light but with hearts of darkness formed and took possession of the mountain. At first but a trailing few wisps ventured timidly out of nothingness, clinging close in the shadow of the cone. They strengthened, took on substance and the heart of grace, became bolder, became arrogant and usurped the world. And then, having assured their establishment in the solid universe, they called to them from their mysterious abiding place of the invisible the great strength of winds and of gorgeousness, elbowing aside as conquerors the calm golden hotness of tropical noons, swirling a painted upflung sunset splendor against a swelling movement of themselves that mounted and grew until it had exalted the heavens and stricken small the crouching earth.

Mavrouki, watching with canny eye, bestirred himself to gather more of the sparse fuel the desert scantily offered. "The rains have come, *mem-sahib*," he observed. And presently: "Soon it will be cold."

And again, with a certain guarded satisfaction: "There will now be water, *mem-sahib*. The thirst is dead."

She nodded assentingly to each of these remarks, but her attention was fixed on the figure at her side. He was staring at the immense and silent drama of the gathering storm. She wanted desperately to reach him, but she did not know how. He was too far away, and not even the wings of her sympathy could carry her to that distant region where now his spirit dwelt. But she must try. She laid a timid hand on his arm.

"Remember what he told us," she said. "He was so content to go, and so proud of your strength and affection."

For some moments there was no response. It almost seemed as though he had not heard. Then slowly, very slowly, his consciousness seemed to return from some far place, to gather itself again in his body.

"Sorry," he muttered. "Don't worry about me. I'm all right. I'm going to buck up. I was just thinking."

The lurid murkiness was filling the air like an infusion. As the daylight was overwhelmed, the brave little fire took up the resistance, pressing back the darkness, striving its tiny best to exclude the threatening immensities. In the circle of its yellowing light the three human figures took on a new value, and the girl in her flaming robe and with her bright nimbus of hair was rendered fragile as a flower. For a moment he stared at her, and almost his soul was held

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The City of Sunbrite

where cleanliness prevails

THE City of **Sunbrite**! Here a new cleanliness makes homes spotless, shining—the cleanliness that only **Sunbrite's** "*double action*" brings.

Sunbrite has a double power to cleanse. 1. It scours off dirt and stains; it polishes. 2. It sweetens and purifies—destroys all traces of strong odor and flavor.

How much more effective **Sunbrite** cleansing is! So much easier, too—you get double results with just one simple cleansing process. And economical, for **Sunbrite** costs so little. Make your home a **Sunbrite** home! Have a kitchen and bathroom shining and spotless to see. At the same time make them fresh, sweet, sanitary—with **Sunbrite,** the double action cleanser!

Swift & Company

(Continued from Page 32)

fast from its remoteness. Then slowly, as a tide recedes, it began to fade away. She grasped desperately for him.

"There is much we must do for him yet," said she. "Think how much there is to do!" She must enmesh his attention in a net of detail, hold it back from its wandering. "We must plan very carefully the people we tell about this. It won't do to let the news get out in the wrong quarters. That would be fatal, wouldn't it? And the very best people there are to do the work for us. It won't do to get any but the best."

He paused, foot on the threshold. "People?" he asked vaguely. "What people?"

It was her turn to stare. "Why, for the expedition back," she explained at last.

His whole being came to the forefront of consciousness with a snap, charged with the energy of the new thing he had been building, almost unknown to himself, out there in the remoteness where his grief dwelt.

"Expedition back!" he repeated harshly. "There isn't going to be any expedition back."

She caught her breath, completely bewildered. "Why, for the excavation, I mean," she stammered.

"There isn't going to be any." His tone was curt.

"I—I don't understand. Isn't going to be any? Why not?"

"Because I say so."

At the tone her head went up for a flashing moment, and a wave of anger shook her. In normal circumstances, she or any other woman would have let it pass, would have rested the matter for that time and for a better occasion. But the circumstances were far from normal. In spite of her splendid outward appearance of control, she was herself near the edge. Mental torture, physical hardship, long stern repression, the hand of tragedy had had their way with her and must force their expression at the last. All else but the immediate was swept from her mind as his tone broke down the long-held barriers of her restraint.

"Oh, indeed!" she flared. She looked at him a moment; then with a great effort got herself again partly in hand. "Don't be absurd," she admonished in a gentler voice. "You're all tense with misery and can't think straight. Why, he himself intrusted it to us! It's what he wanted. It's—why, just to perpetuate his memory ——"

She was becoming incoherent in the rush of her emotion—an emotion that actually had very little to do with the subject in hand, an emotion dammed back for months which now must force its way.

He broke in on her contemptuously: "Little picayune scratchings and diggings and listings and monographs and balderdash! Digging up a rotten old bygone race that is better dead! That's not my idea of carrying on the memory of a man like Breck!" His voice broke a little as he pronounced the name.

The torrent that shook her forced her to persist—to persist blindly, in spite of her better sense.

"If you'd only stop to think, you'd see it's the only fitting thing."

He sprang to his feet in a sudden passion. Something within him, too, pent back, broke its bounds and flooded from him. "You're crazy!" he cried at her. "Look!" He threw his hand outward toward the Mountain of God. "There it stands, complete in itself—all Africa, with its plains and its jungles and its wild beasts and its birds, and its elephants he loved so—everything Africa has to offer, set apart from men, hidden, lost, forgotten. There Africa led him at the last, the Africa he loved, so that there he could sleep in the wonderful mausoleum she had made for the great soul who had given his life to her. I tell you it is his and no one else's! It is his, his, his, forever and forever!" He drew a deep breath. "And no impertinent, scratching, cataloguing, narrow-minded, thin-blooded scientist is ever going to set foot there! It's his, lost to the world, forever!"

He turned blazing eyes on her, a wild and pathetic and magnificent figure, could she but have seen it. She could not see it. That was too much to expect of one so young and so spirited and so sorely tried. She stared back at him wide-eyed.

"I think you'll feel differently about this when you are yourself again and think it out clearly," she said coldly. "I knew Breck fully as well as you did. He was a scientist. I think I am quite as qualified as you to know what he would have wanted."

"Well, that's the way it's going to be, anyway," he muttered. He was spent with his own vehemence.

This aroused her again. "I might point out that I myself have some slight interest in carrying out his wishes," said she, "however sentimentally you may look at it."

The flaunting colors of the sunset banners had been withdrawn; the piled-up ramparts of the cloud shapes had dimmed. Africa herself had stretched forth her hand, and now across this episode, between these living and that dead, she lowered the gray curtain of the tropical rain. The Mountain of God was gone as though it had never been. Only the endless veldt and the gray curtain across all the world.

"Good-by!" cried Maclyn aloud.

"Until we return," muttered Kits obstinately under her breath.

At just this moment a party of the Eldorot were, awe-stricken and terrified, wandering about at the foot of the platform below the cave, uttering low cries of astonishment and fright as they came upon the freshly made skeletons of men. They whispered to one another under their breath, and they glanced fearfully about them; and at the last they were seized with a great panic and fled breathless up through the pass; for their god was angry, and their priest was killed, and the sacred knife gone, so that they knew that nevermore would they live under the protection of the angry one, and nevermore would their people visit the Mountain of God. So, though it was

(Continued on Page 144)

A Tiny Fire and a Lone Figure, Drawn-Faced, Tense, Dumb, Remote as the World; Although by Its Side, Almost Touching It, Was a Vivid Glow of Color of the Girl in Her Orange Silken Robe

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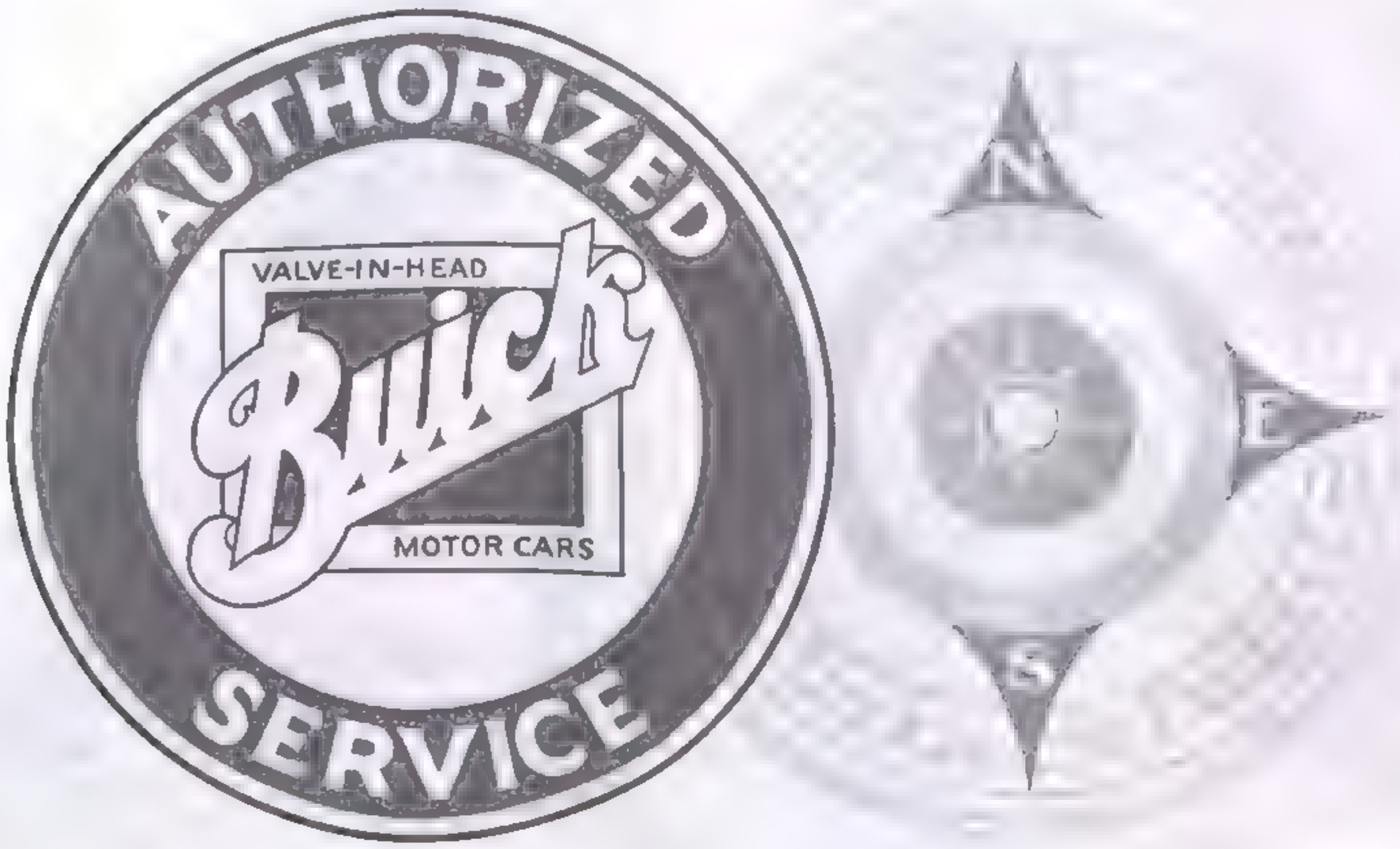

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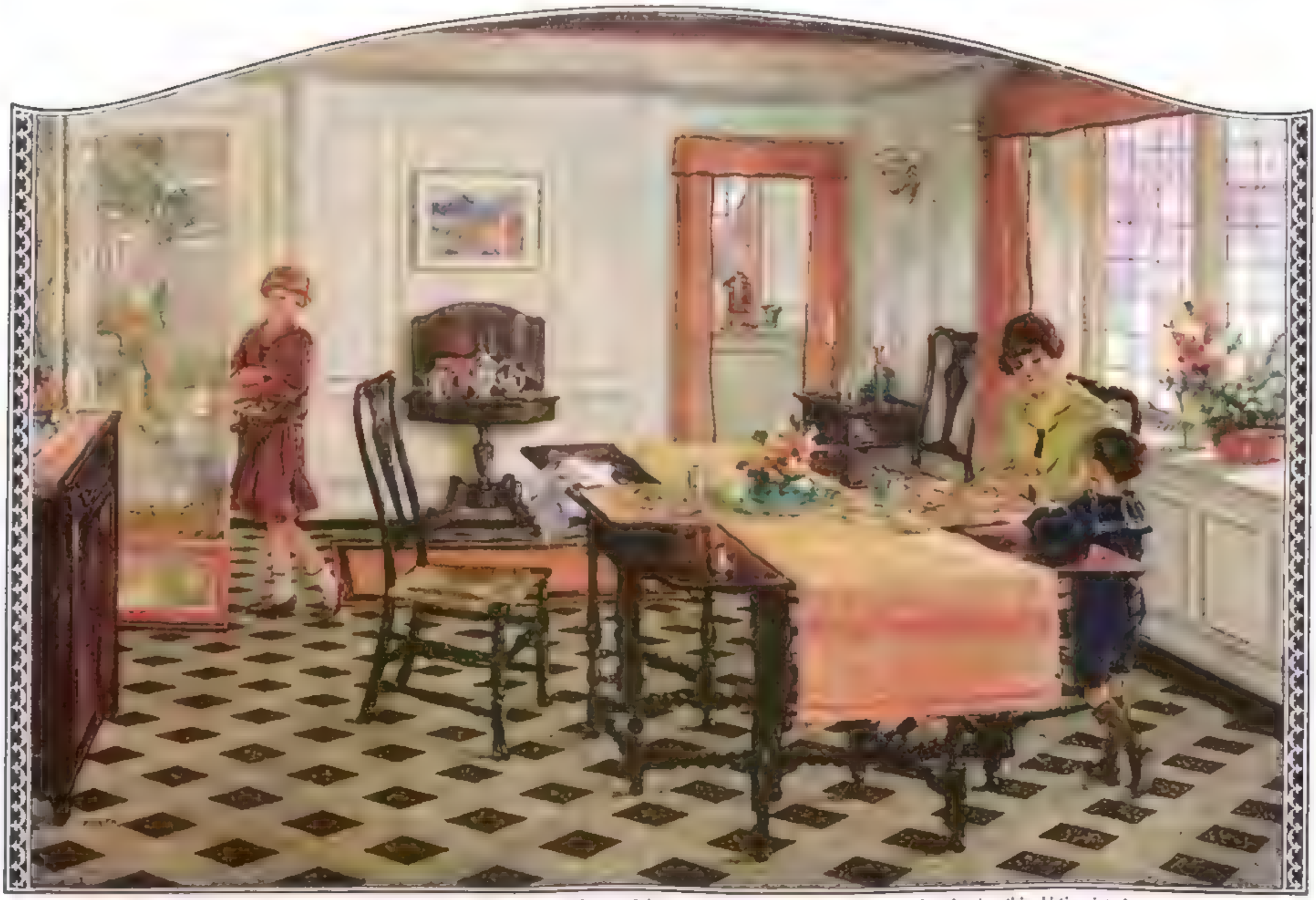

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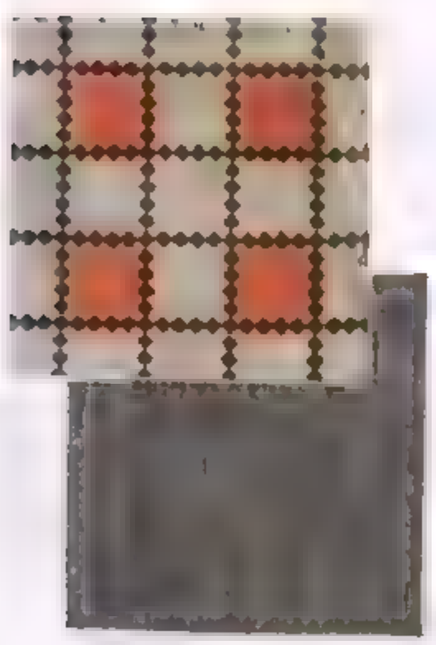

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Below—Gold Seal *Jaspé* Linoleum—Gray

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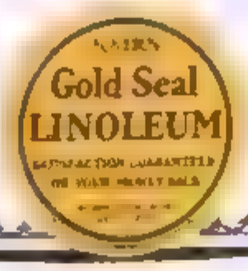

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LINCOLN'S DEATH

By W. J. Ferguson

PICTURES of John Wilkes Booth, in the main, disclose him as saturnine. They show little of his quick excitability, nothing of his love of fun, no trace of his joyousness. For these qualities, which completely concealed from us of Ford's Theater the dark side of his character, in common with all the members of our company I held him in admiration and high esteem. With me the extent of my regard and respect for Booth fell nothing short of hero worship.

Between John T. Ford and Booth there was a warm and close friendship. H. Clay Ford, the treasurer of the theater, John T.'s brother, also was a close friend of Booth

In Baltimore there still stands in Exeter Street, near the site of the old Front Street Theater, the house occupied so long by the elder Booth and his family, in the cellar of which, I heard while I was in the Clipper office, the Booth boys—Junius and Edwin—together with John Sleeper Clarke, a few years before played at acting on an impromptu stage they had erected.

Clarke became a comedian of international repute, and was for years owner of the Walnut Street Theater, Philadelphia; also of the Strand and Haymarket theaters in London, England.

J. Wilkes Booth lies buried in his father's lot in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, Maryland

PHOTOS. FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

Ford's Theater, Washington, Draped in Black for President Lincoln. At Right—The Lincoln Family

Playing Romeo Not Wisely but Too Well

SOME years previous to the beginning of my stage career Mr. Ford advanced Booth from the position he held as an actor of leading parts to that of star. Naturally a number of his star engagements were played in Ford's Theater. The actor was welcomed in the family circle of the manager. In the theater he was free to come and go as he pleased.

I remember hearing Booth once say that he had been a member of the military organization known as the Richmond Grays while he was in the stock company in that city, and had been with them when John Brown was hanged—the John Brown who early was a leader in the movement at Harper's Ferry. The pride he showed in having been one of the group indicated that he had no aversion to violence in connection with matters relating to his political sympathies. In the excitement of Civil War times this trend of his mind passed without attracting particular attention. Its significance became apparent in afterthought.

John Wilkes Booth, 1864

In a similar way I now can trace back through my memories of him and note other tendencies which might have forecast for him the likelihood of eventual wide departure from normal activities, but they were then accepted without analysis, as part and parcel of his high-spirited nature, of the dashing buoyancy I so much admired. Quite probably he was not in full mental control of himself; may have been touched with some hereditary insanity.

If he was insane or bordering on insanity, John Wilkes Booth gave me no such idea at the time I had passed but three years into my teens. To me he was a marvelously clever and amusing demigod. Practical jokes of his invention appealed to me as the quintessence of humor. His verve and fire as an actor made him stand high in the scale of my ideals.

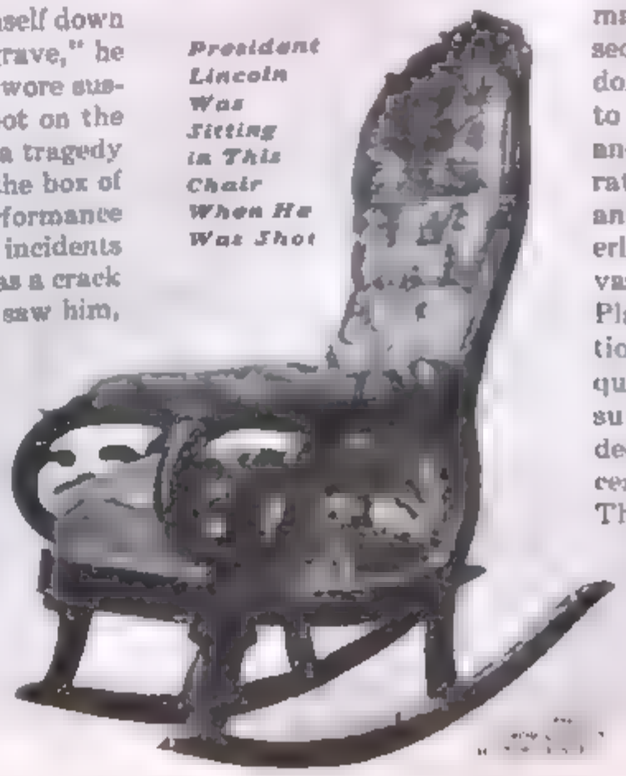
Particularly was I impressed by the sincerity of his acting. Playing Romeo, he so gave himself up to emotion in the cell of Friar Laurence, that when he threw himself down at the line, "taking the measure of an unmade grave," he wounded himself on the point of the dagger he wore suspended from his girdle. It was on the very spot on the stage where he was to fall again, in the course of a tragedy of tragedies, on the night when he leaped from the box of Abraham Lincoln. The accident during the performance of Romeo and Juliet was one of three singular incidents that came under my personal observation. He was a crack shot with firearms, and an expert swordsman. I saw him, after a rehearsal, take on two men at once with the foils and disarm them both within a few seconds. In this encounter Charles Wheatley was the last to lose his foil. It flew upward from his hand, and into the box on the auditor's right side of the balcony, where later the victor in the bout was to commit his great crime. An athlete, Booth often showed us feats of strength and agility. With little effort he once jumped over a piece of scenery standing on edge on the stage, and more than five feet in height. Swift in preparation and delivery, he could throw missiles with almost unerring aim. The prompter was his target on one occasion, or rather a spot above the prompter's head so close to his scalp that he was as much frightened as if he had actually been hit. The prompter was a joker and a wag. Several times he had written absurd things in my call book, which, when delivered in all seriousness to the actors in the greenroom, had convulsed them with laughter at my expense. Naturally I was jubliant when Booth turned the tables on the prompter and I admired him the more.

The Trumpeters' Signal

THE occurrence was during a performance of Richard the Third, Booth playing Richard. To plumb the scenery on the sloping stages, now out of date, wedges were inserted under the flats and wings. They were about six inches long and three or four inches thick at the wide part—solid and weighty pieces of wood. At a certain cue, when Richard was about to exit at center with an escort of soldiers, the business of the play called for a flourish of trumpets. It was the duty of the prompter to give the signal for the flourish to the musicians in the wings.

Booth spoke the line. Silence followed. He gave the cue the second time, but without response. At the moment he was moving, with the soldiers following, to an exit at the rear of the stage, the soldiers forming a screen between him and the audience. Stooping, unseen from the front of the house, he picked up one of the wooden wedges and with a quick jerk of his arm sent it flying against the wall a fraction of an inch above the prompter's head as he stood at the prompt box. The prompter collapsed in fright, and from the floor he frantically waved the signal. My loud laugh was drowned in the fanfare of trumpets, to whose measure Booth strode from the stage quite as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

Once, with others, I was the butt of one of his mischievous pranks. The play was The Taming of the Shrew. Booth was the Petruchio and I was cast as one of the retinue of servants. In the course of the play we were summoned before him to be hauled over the coals, berated and chastised. Before the performance he had arranged secretly with James Maddox, the property man, to discomfit us in still another way. In preparation, Maddox had made an imitation ham, properly painted on the canvas of its upper side. Placed with other imitation viands on the banquet table, it gave no surface indications of decorative features concealed on its underside. The tongue-lashing began and increased in vehemence. At the height of his presumed fury against the servants Booth



President Lincoln Was Sitting in This Chair When He Was Shot

(Continued on Page 39)

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(Continued from Page 37)

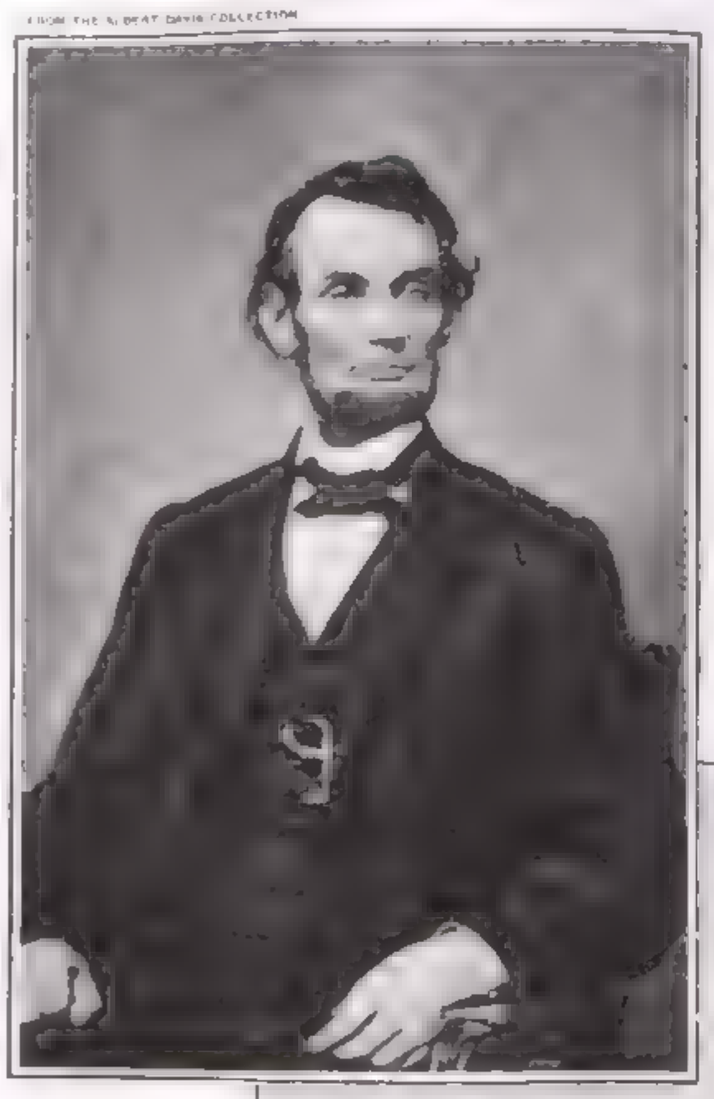
seized the ham and swung it right and left against the cheeks of the actors, constantly twisting it in his hand so that the underside came in contact with our faces. Magically, on one cheek and then on the other, dusky smears appeared until we all looked like darkies. I received full share of the astonishing change of make-up. The audience shrieked with laughter at our appearance, shouts rising louder and louder as each black smudge was added. Booth had instructed Maddox to cover the underside of the ham with moist lampblack.

This love of fun of rather a rough sort sometimes carried Booth to extremes, as in the case of a sudden riot on a small scale I saw him deliberately create. It flared into violence in a billiard hall across the street from the theater: a resort for members of the company —some of whom had rooms overhead—and musicians of our orchestra and the townspeople.

There was a dispute between two billiard players, rather a sharp quarrel. Booth came in. I, descending the stairs, having delivered parts for a play to some of our actors, was about to leave. From Booth's smile I surmised that he had some deviltry in mind, and waited to see what would come of it. Reaching behind an office desk Booth found a bound book of bulky proportions. To egg on the altercation between the billiard players he threw the book at one of them. It reached its mark, square in the middle of the man's back. The victim looked around and accused an onlooker immediately behind him of the assault. The accused was resentful. A free-for-all fight started. The lights were suddenly turned out. In the darkness Booth made off, entirely unsuspected of having started the mêlée, except by myself, and I followed his example in hasty escape to safety.

But behind all the roguery and dash, brilliance and artistry of the man of my boyish hero-worship were craftiness and evil intention. They were revealed to me in a terrible shock when I saw Abraham Lincoln sway backward, stricken by the bullet which ended his life of service in behalf of humanity.

As I arrive at the recountal of incidents relating to the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, I am minded to be exact in statement, and fair. I shall observe the good advice of Shakspere, and "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."



Lincoln's Box

NATURALLY, in my long public career I have been often interviewed. During the life of Edwin Booth I gave out no single line for publication connected with his brother's shame, and in private conversations with him refrained from inflicting my information on his profound grief. Afterward, when I did make public what I know, what I said was, I regret to say, inaccurately reported. What shall be said here has been carefully considered, and each word has been examined by me with a view to an altogether true statement of facts.

I have direct contradictions to make of testimony that has gone into history. I have criticisms to express of the lack of care displayed in certain quarters where inaccurate statements are perpetuated. What I shall have to say is based on close observation and intimate knowledge of what occurred.

There is no desire to be captious with those who have been responsible for incorrect utterances. It is to rectify mistakes and misinformation that I shall point out errors that have been set down as truths. There were circumstances at the time of the tragedy, and just afterward, which clouded true understanding, and inaccurate information has guided latter-day people wrongly in the telling of what actually took place on the night of April 14, 1865, in the box occupied by President Lincoln, on the stage of Ford's Theater, and in the audience. In this article I consider it my duty as an eye witness to give to the world the actual facts.

To make clear a number of things I shall say in regard to the movements of people at the time of the assassination, in denial of certain testimonies and in explanation of my advantageous position for observation, it is necessary to describe the box Lincoln occupied, his position in it, and the nature of structural features connected with it, the auditorium and the stage.

Ford's Theater faced the west. There was no stairway from the level of the main floor, directly under the flooring of the balcony boxes. The upper box on the auditor's right side of the building was the one where Mr. Lincoln sat, its flooring unpierced by any stairway. There was no opening through the proscenium wall to permit passage to and fro between the stage and the box spaces, upper or lower. The stage was entirely cut off from the auditorium.

To reach his box Mr. Lincoln, first entering the theater by its main doorway from Tenth Street, passed through the lobby to the right stairs, which he climbed to the level of the balcony floor; thence down the slope of the aisle next to the right-hand brick side, or south wall, of the building to a door giving into the narrow private hallway, three feet wide, which was part of the box itself. To form this hallway the box was partitioned off by this wooden wall, in which there was a door that let one into the box to the seating space. This partition was made of wood, with two doors in it.

316 10th Street, Washington, the House Where the President Died

W. J. Ferguson

Hidden From the Audience

THE party with him followed the same path, and any visitor or intruder, because of structural conditions, had to do the same. There was no other way to reach the box, except by the obviously improbable course of climbing from the apron of the stage to the railing at the auditorium side.

The door giving into the narrow hallway from the balcony was provided to insure privacy for the people occupying the box. When closed it prevented curious persons from watching the President and his party. The solid wall between the balcony and the box, at its auditorium side, and the curtains of closely woven lace hanging at the front of the box were further obstructions to the vision of the audience. The curtains were of the kind which I think is called Nottingham. Hanging straight from their support at the top, or ceiling of the box, they fell to the floor. Mr. Lincoln sat behind the half curtain, the solid wall just spoken of at his back. In this position he was visible only to the members

President Lincoln, General McClellan and a Group of Officers at the Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, Antietam, Maryland, September, 1862. Above—President Lincoln

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You will be interested to know that Universal has made *"The Wrong Mr. Wright,"* by the famous playwright George Broadhurst, who wrote *"What Happened to Jones,"* which Universal so successfully picturized. JEAN HERSHOLT, ENID BENNETT, WALTER HIERS, and DOROTHY DEVORE are among the players, and Scott Sidney directed.

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(To be continued next week)

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of his own party, to people on the stage, and to people offstage on the prompt, or left, side of the stage as viewed from the audience. Had there been occupants of the boxes on the other side of the house on the Good Friday night of the tragedy, it would have been possible for them to look straight across the twelve-foot apron and into Mr. Lincoln's box. But the boxes were not occupied.

Still further to impress the peculiar isolation of Mr. Lincoln while in his chair in the box, attention is again called to the fact that the boxes, being constructed on the apron, placed Mr. Lincoln and his party in seatings forward of the audience and practically on the stage. With the box wall back of him and the curtain at his left hand concealing him, it was as if he were seated around a corner of a building, in advance of a crowd behind him, and screened from observation of any of the crowd who happened to be in front seats, on his left hand, by the half curtain. He was not visible even to the musicians in the orchestra pit, which was back of him.

During the course of the play, I repeat, he was in sight of his companions in the box, of actors playing scenes on the acting part of the stage and of people in the left front, or our prompt entrance of the stage, but out of sight of all others in the theater.

A peculiar feature of the box was that in this wooden partition there were two doors. These two doors gave from the hall into the box, the reason for them being that at times the box space was divided by a movable cross partition into two boxes, each requiring a separate door of entrance. Whenever Mr. Lincoln or a party visited the theater the partition was removed, as on the night of April fourteenth, and his party and himself enjoyed the convenience of double space.

The walls of the box were of lath-and-plaster construction. They were covered with paper of deep red color, in floral design. The floor was carpeted. There were armchairs, side chairs, a small sofa and a rocking-chair.

For the first time in my recollection the front of the box was decorated on the night of the fatality; an American flag was draped in curved folds across the front side of the railing and a picture of George Washington, about two feet square, was hung at the center of the drapery. The emblem of national unity aided in bringing retribution to the assassin who despised it.

There was particular reason for the unusual decoration; the Civil War was at an end. But a few days before, General Lee had reported to Jefferson Davis that he had surrendered at Appomattox. Throughout the North and at the capital there was intense rejoicing.

In Charge of Tad Lincoln

It is repeatedly stated in published accounts of the evening that when Mr. Lincoln appeared at the box front he was greeted with salvos of applause and prolonged cheers, and that the orchestra, according to different testimonies, played Hail to the Chief and See, the Conquering Hero Comes. Though at this time I was on the stage, along with other characters, I heard neither great expressions of enthusiasm nor martial music. It is true, there was applause in honor of Mr. Lincoln when he showed himself to the audience, but to my ears it was mild, only a ripple of hand clapping. Mr. Lincoln had enemies then—many of them. Even his cabinet was split into factions opposing and supporting him. He had not attained the world-wide acclaim now justly bestowed on his memory.

Although the President had often come to Ford's Theater, I recall no previous night when he stepped in front of the screening lace curtains to the rail of the box and showed himself to the audience. His departure from custom was in recognition of the end of the war. Having shown himself, bowing gravely, Mr. Lincoln stepped back of the curtains and seated himself out of sight of all, and none, save those I have indicated, could continue to see him.

I had the honor once of shaking the hand of President Lincoln. It was on the stage of the theater, where he came one night with his son Tad, who had a toy theater of his own at the White House. For this reason Mr. Lincoln brought the lad to be looked after while he witnessed the performance from the front of the house. Young Tad Lincoln was left particularly in my charge, probably because I was nearer his age than anyone else on the stage. It was no arduous duty. I cannot remember that it interfered with the performance of my duties in any way. The lad just stayed around, quietly observing the activities behind the scenes. Possibly I should have been impressed with my responsibility and the notable significance of having the son of the Chief Magistrate under my guardianship, but I was not oppressed with seriousness.

Without a Bodyguard

Where Mrs. Lincoln was on this occasion, I do not know, but in all likelihood she was somewhere in the front of the house; for it was her custom to accompany the President to the theater. On the night of the assassination he was also accompanied by Maj. H. R. Rathbone and his fiancée, the daughter of Senator Harris.

I have no recollection of ever seeing a bodyguard with President Lincoln at the time of his visits to Ford's, even though I often saw the presidential party enter the box from the hall at the back. From my post at the prompter's desk, in full view of the box, I was in a position to note what was done by the distinguished visitors on the occasions of their visits. There is a detailed history in existence, written by William H. Crook, one of the four special guards appointed by William B. Webb, chief of police at Washington in 1865, which explicitly states that a guard was with Mr. Lincoln when he entered the theater, by name John Parker. I quote from Mr. Crook's published statement. He said:

> It was the custom of the guard who accompanied the President to the theater to remain in the little passageway outside the box—that passageway through which Booth entered. Mr. Buckingham, who was the doorkeeper at Ford's Theater, remembers that a chair was placed there for the guard on the evening of April fourteenth. Whether Parker occupied it at all, I do not know; Mr. Buckingham is of the impression that he did. If he did, he left it almost immediately, for he confessed to me the next day that he went to a seat at the front gallery, so that he could see the play. The door of the President's box was shut; probably Mr. Lincoln never knew that the guard had left his post.

According to Mr. Crook's statement no one seems to be certain that there was a bodyguard at any time near that box.

Mr. Lincoln customarily sat in a rocking-chair, with his back turned to the wall, next the audience, and at an angle away from the partition with the two doors, the wall supporting his head above the rather high back of the rocking-chair. Watching him there on different occasions, I saw the changing play of his expression when grave scenes and gay were acted. His face lighted with almost childlike delight when humor appealed to him, its furrow deepened when the meaning was tragic. Always he was dignified and considerate of those who were there to entertain him. Never did I see him obtrude himself to take attention from the actors. His bows to the audience on the night of the assault were deeper in significance than his personality.

Actors came before him with varied manners. At one time James H. Hackett, entering as Sir Pertinax MacSycophant, paused and made a profoundly respectful obeisance. He was an enthusiastic admirer of the President. In contrast was Edwin Forrest's attitude. He did not hold views in accord with those of Mr. Lincoln in regard to the war. The night I remember seeing him show his disapprobation he played Richelieu in Bulwer Lytton's drama of the same name. His entrance was made without the least recognition of the presence of the distinguished personage. When the time came for him to speak the lines, "Take away the sword; states may be saved without it," he pointedly altered the text.

"Take away the sword; states must be saved without it," he declaimed, looking directly at the President.

The bill of the last night of Ford's as a theater was Our American Cousin. In it appeared the regular members of the company and Laura Keene, the star, and Harry Hawk. He was Miss Keene's principal comedian and stage manager, traveling with her.

At the rehearsal held on April fourteenth, Courtland V. Hess, one of our regular members, was not present. He was cast to play the part of Lieutenant Vernon. It being ascertained that he was ill and could not come to the night's performance, there was some trouble in filling his part. Even the prompter was cast in the long list of characters. I was selected to fill the gap, and hastily learned the two lines of the first act and the eight of the second scene of the third act. This latter was the scene that was being played when the President was stricken.

Miss Keene also was absent from the rehearsal, and knew nothing of the change in the cast until she came to the theater at night. She would not go on without first rehearsing the short scenes of Lieutenant Vernon with me, because I was a novice and she feared I would not assist her as she desired.

The early part of my performance was gone through without mishap. During the third act Miss Keene came to the prompt entrance to run over with me the lines of the scene about to be played. The prompter insisted on her coming to me, instead of me going to her, as she had requested, for the reason that in my regular post as call boy I had to remain in the first entrance to hold the book of the play, the prompter being required in scenes, to act the part for which he was cast.

The Fatal Shot

The prompt space of the first entrance was about four feet wide, and was between the tormentor and the proscenium wall. The prompt desk, about two feet square, with a cupboard under it, stood against the proscenium wall, and only a foot from the open stage; and then a little farther along the wall from the desk was what was known as the gas box, a wooden protection, breast-high, about four feet long and two feet wide, which inclosed all the mechanism for controlling the raising and lowering of gas lights throughout the building. In it were four wheels of about the diameter of a man's head, the entire equipment for management of the lighting; vastly, yet meagerly different from the elaborate and big switchboards and dimmer devices now common. In inaccurate description of the gas box and equipment there are frequent references to a lever, or levers, on the wall. Whatever is said of them or of efforts by John Wilkes Booth and people on the stage to manipulate levers to shut off lights before or after the shot, is incorrect. There were no levers, not even one.

A gas man stood on duty by this box. Beyond him, the farther distance to the side, or north, wall of the theater was about ten feet. Coming from the acting part of the stage and passing through the first entrance, one turned to his right hand to go to the back of the stage; the rear wall being thirty, perhaps thirty-five, feet from the tormentor. Between the scenery on the side of the stage and the wall of the building the space was clear. It was always clear during performances, a point of importance to be understood in view of claims subsequently made that, through connivance in the theater, Booth had had the stage cleared behind the scenes to facilitate his escape.

Miss Keene stood with me in the first entrance, close to the acting part of the stage. Her back was turned to the tormentor; thus she faced the audience. My back

(Continued on Page 42)

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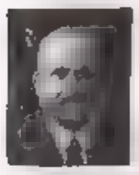
Milton C. Work, New York, dealer, South—
Spades K J 8, 5
Hearts 7, 5 2
Diamonds A, 9 4
Clubs J 5, 2



Walter C. Whitehead, New York, West—
Spades 10, 4
Hearts Q 6 4
Diamonds K, Q, 10
Clubs Q 9, 8, 7 3

Dr. Maurice J. Lewi, New York, North
Spades A Q 9, 3
Hearts K 10 9
Diamonds J, 7, 2
Clubs A, K, 6

Mrs. Florence C. Douglass, Pittsburgh, East—
Spades 7, 6, 2
Hearts A, J, 8, 3
Diamonds 8, 6, 5, 3
Clubs 10, 4

Tues., Feb. 15, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WWJ, WRC, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WJAR, WOC, WCSH, WTAG, WTAM.

See papers for broadcasting time of following:

WGY	Gen'l Elec. Co.	Schenectady
WPG	Municipal Station	Atlantic City
KPRC	Houston Post Dispatch	Houston
WFAA	Dallas News	Dallas
WSMB	Saenger Amusement Co.	New Orleans
WSB	Atlanta Journal	Atlanta
WMC	Memphis Commercial Appeal	Memphis
KTHS	New Arlington Hotel	Hot Springs, Ark.
WDBO	Rollins College	Winter Park, Fla.
WDAE	Tampa Daily Times	Tampa
WJAX	City of Jacksonville	Jacksonville, Fla.
WSOE	Wisconsin News	Milwaukee
WOAW	Woodmen of the World	Omaha
WDAF	Kansas City Star	Kansas City, Mo.
KOA	General Electric Co.	Denver
KGW	Portland Oregonian	Portland
KPO	Hale Bros. & The Chronicle	San Francisco
KHJ	Los Angeles Times	Los Angeles
KFOA	Seattle Times	Seattle
KHQ	Louis Wasmer, Inc.	Spokane
CHXC	J. R. Booth, Jr.	Ottawa, Can.
CKNC	Can. Nat. Carbon Co., Ltd.	Toronto
CKAC	La Presse	Montreal
CKY	Manitoba Tel. System	Winnipeg
CFQC	The Electric Shop	Saskatoon
CFAC	Calgary Herald	Calgary
CJCA	Edmonton Journal	Edmonton
CKCD	Vancouver Daily Province	Vancouver
CJGC	London Free Press	London, Ont.
CFLC	Radio Assn. of Prescott	Prescott, Ont.
CHNS	Northern Electric Co.	Halifax

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(Continued from Page 40)

was turned to the prompt desk. By merely moving our heads to my right hand, we were in position to look directly across the apron and into Mr. Lincoln's box.

The shot was heard.

I saw Mr. Lincoln lean back in his rocking-chair, his head coming to rest against the wall which stood between him and the audience. He was well inside the curtains.

With the sole exception of John Wilkes Booth, I believe I am the one person in the world, other than those in that box, who saw Abraham Lincoln the instant after he was shot. I am sure I am the only one living now. Miss Keene, who alone might have seen the movement of Mr. Lincoln, besides Booth and myself, was so upset, that I do not think she saw clearly what I witnessed.

Mr. Lincoln did not struggle or move, save in the slight backward sway. I saw no blood flowing from the President's body then, or afterward when I was close beside him. This again is a point to be understood, when I come to the discussion of certain assertions.

Mrs. Lincoln arose. The President stayed perfectly still.

Booth's Escape

The stage was set with a front scene, in which was a center door with curtains. Mrs. Muzzy, the "old woman" of the company, had just made an exit through the curtains. Harry Hawk, playing the part of Asa Trenchard, was left alone on the stage and about to leave it, following Mrs. Muzzy. With Miss Keene, I would have made an entrance after the slight pause Miss Keene would have held to give time for the laugh which was expected after the comedian's exit. Booth, I am confident, knew the stage would be untenanted for a moment, and chose it to carry through his intention.

Booth fired the shot with not more than five feet separating him from Mr. Lincoln. An instant afterward he was at the box railing, mounting it in preparation for jumping to the stage. Major Rathbone seized him by the coat from behind. The assassin wore a sack suit of dark-colored material. Feeling himself held back, he slashed behind him with his knife. Major Rathbone's wrist was cut, as I learned within a few minutes.

Booth leaped. One of his spurs caught in the folds of the draped American flag on the front of the box, throwing him out of control of his movements. He fell to the stage, landing on his left knee. The next day I saw the semicircular indentation made by one of his spurs in the floor of the apron where he struck. Already I have noted the coincidence of his having been wounded previously at this very spot.

Almost without pause he recovered himself and arose, in spite of the compound fracture of his ankle that it was later known he had suffered. Apparently unhurt, three feet to a stride, he rushed across the stage toward the point in the first entrance where Miss Keene and I were standing. Less than half a minute, I judge, had passed since the pistol shot. He came on when once he started, without the least pause or hesitation, and reaching the prompt entrance, ran between Miss Keene and myself, so close that I felt his breath on my face.

I stepped back into the prompter's space, a mere foot or so. Immediately after he passed me I followed a few feet to the offstage end of the tormentor and watched him till he disappeared. He was not out of my sight three seconds. Without pausing he ran through the first entrance angle of the north wall, ten feet on, and followed it thirty feet to the little door in the back wall communicating with the alley, and opened it. Outside was revealed the yellow mare I had often seen him ride. Peanut John, the basket boy, was holding the reins. Booth kicked the boy, mounted, and I heard the beat of his horse's hoofs on the cobblestones of the alley. In all, possibly a minute had passed between the time of the pistol report and the moment when he rode out of sight.

I think I have made it clear that there was no time for the slightest delay in Booth's progress from the time of his fall to his disappearance in the alley, the distance on the stage level, about seventy-five feet, having been covered, at a running space, in not more than half a minute. Yet set down in history as facts are testimonies that, in those thirty seconds, two sensational incidents, requiring much time for accomplishment, occurred, in addition to what I have told. First, there is the story that Booth stopped at the center of the stage, raised a hand aloft holding a dagger, and shouted "*Sic semper tyrannis!*"

Major Rathbone testified afterward in the course of the official investigation that Booth hissed the words in his ear while still in the box. He probably did so, either in passing Major Rathbone or when he was on his way to jump over the box rail. It is the only fact on which to base the fable and pictures which have been printed in so many schoolbooks. I have seen a copy of the New York Herald of the day after the assassination which says there are rumors to the effect that Booth shouted the words while crossing the stage. In the same column it is twice said that the assassin was thought to be Booth, but that no one had identified him positively. The doubt shows how unreliable were early reports of the catastrophe. At a time later than the first official investigation, a writer on the staff of a Washington newspaper mishandled the testimony given by Major Rathbone and turned it into the tale that has been so widely printed in books of instruction and reference; making definite assertion that Booth stopped deliberately at the center of the stage to deliver the defiance with melodramatic effect. Anniversaries of the birthday of the martyred President annually bring to sight in newspapers pictures of Booth standing in the attitude created in this writer's imagination, and an inaccurate historical statement is yearly given renewed life.

It is also untrue that Booth was halted in the wings on his way to escape. In one story the leader of the orchestra, William Withers, Jr., is said to have engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter with Booth in heroic effort to stay him from flight. I have seen a picture which depicts Mr. Withers lying on the stage with Booth kneeling on his body with a knife raised to strike. The leader did not struggle with Booth, and his flesh was not touched by the knife, all accounts of a three-inch scar on Mr. Withers' neck to the contrary.

No Levers to Pull

It is a fact that the leader of the orchestra was on the stage, standing in the third entrance, when Booth ran by to the alley. He had come there, out of his usual station, to talk about some matter connected with a new song, written by his assistant, which was to have been sung for the first time during the evening. As I looked after Booth I saw the leader in conversation with a lady of our company. Booth brushed against Withers as he ran past him, with his hand thrust out as if to oppose any movement made to delay him or to push the leader out of his way. Mr. Withers afterward displayed a knife cut in the cloth of his coat. I can account for it only as having been accidentally slashed as the murderer rushed by. Certain it is that the leader did not fall to the stage and that Booth did not raise his hand to strike a blow. There was no time, I repeat, for the shortest of conflicts before Booth rode away.

Even if the orchestra leader had made an attempt to stay Booth's flight, I believe it would have been futile. It is as doubtful as would have been any effort on my boyish part to halt him in his rush for liberty.

I had no positive proof that the President had received the bullet; nor, as I turned again to look to the President, had anyone in the house, with the exception of the three people in the box with Mr. Lincoln. The accuracy of this statement will appear in what I have to relate in a sequence of what I observed.

Always impetuous, strong and agile, in his desperation despite his injury, Booth's rush and determination to get away were so swift and absolute that he would have been little less than irresistible to anyone not possessing unusual strength. In his mind there was no room for heroics. His one thought, I believe, was to escape in the least possible time, else, with his shattered leg, he was indeed done for. But so sudden and so little understood at the moment was the significance of events that the gas man, stationed two feet from me, and almost brushed against by Booth, did not move. I recall him clearly, standing impassive at his post as I turned back into the prompt entrance. And yet there is testimony printed in detail of how Booth paused at the gas box to pull down a lever—which did not exist—to plunge the house in darkness.

The Two Sets of Programs

Before continuing the narrative of what came under my personal observation following the disappearance of Booth, it appears necessary for full understanding of various matters that I should carefully explain a part of what has been deduced regarding the movements of the murderer during the day preceding the crime, when, presumably, he made his preparations for the assault. There are known facts which give a clear idea of how he planned to carry through his purpose. Also, I have an incident to tell which never before has been related. I shall confine myself to consideration of his probable movements within the theater, excepting a surmise of how he obtained information of Mr. Lincoln's intended visit, and to a statement, from actual knowledge, of the incident to which I have just referred.

It was not until afternoon that word was received at the theater of Mr. Lincoln's intentions to be present at the performance of the night. The regular programs for the bill of the evening had been printed. In recognition of the visit of the President and of the notability of the days of rejoicing over the termination of the war, a second set of programs was struck off. They carried, in addition to what was printed on the original set, a verse of a new song—All Honor to Our Soldiers. There was an implied compliment to General U. S. Grant, who was to have been one of the party with the President, but who left Washington even while announcements were appearing in the papers; his plans changed because of important personal affairs.

Explanation of these two sets of programs will, I think, settle controversies concerning the authenticity of copies preserved as souvenirs in collections. Both copies were from a house issue of the day. The copies with the verse are from the set used at night.

Some time after noon it is probable that Booth heard of the second set of programs, and the reason for its issue. He knew everybody in the theater and frequented resorts and lodgings in the neighborhood where members of the company and the orchestra gathered or lived. As has been said, he was free to come and go in the theater as he pleased.

The rehearsal of the play was held from a morning hour until about two o'clock in the afternoon. The performance was scheduled to begin at a quarter to eight in the evening—the regular hour. In all likelihood Booth's preparations inside the theater for the assassination were made between half-past three o'clock and half-past six. This is guesswork, of course, but has reasonable foundation. I set the limit of the later hour, because activities usually recommenced on the stage and in the auditorium about that time—stage and house employes returning then, or thereabouts, to

(Continued on Page 44)

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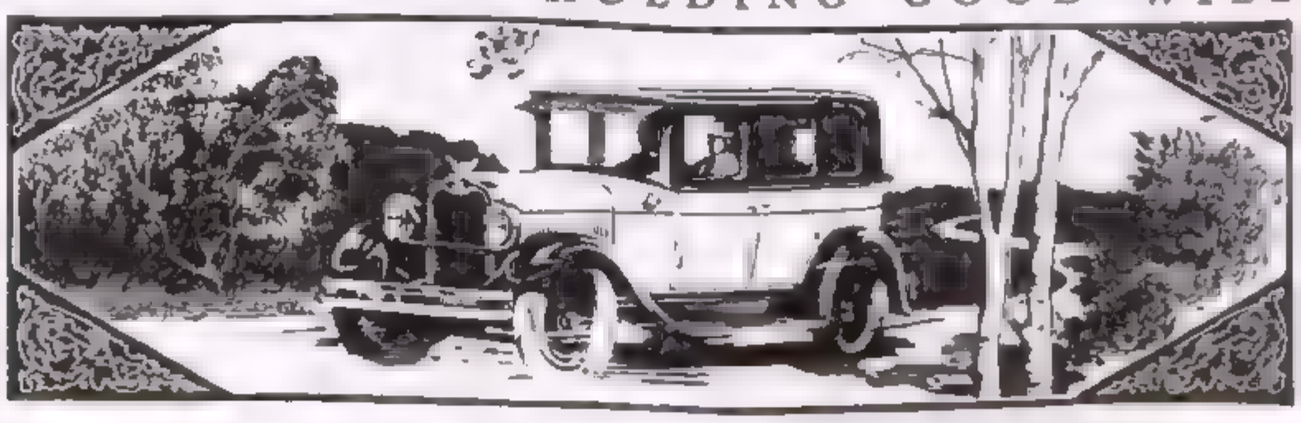

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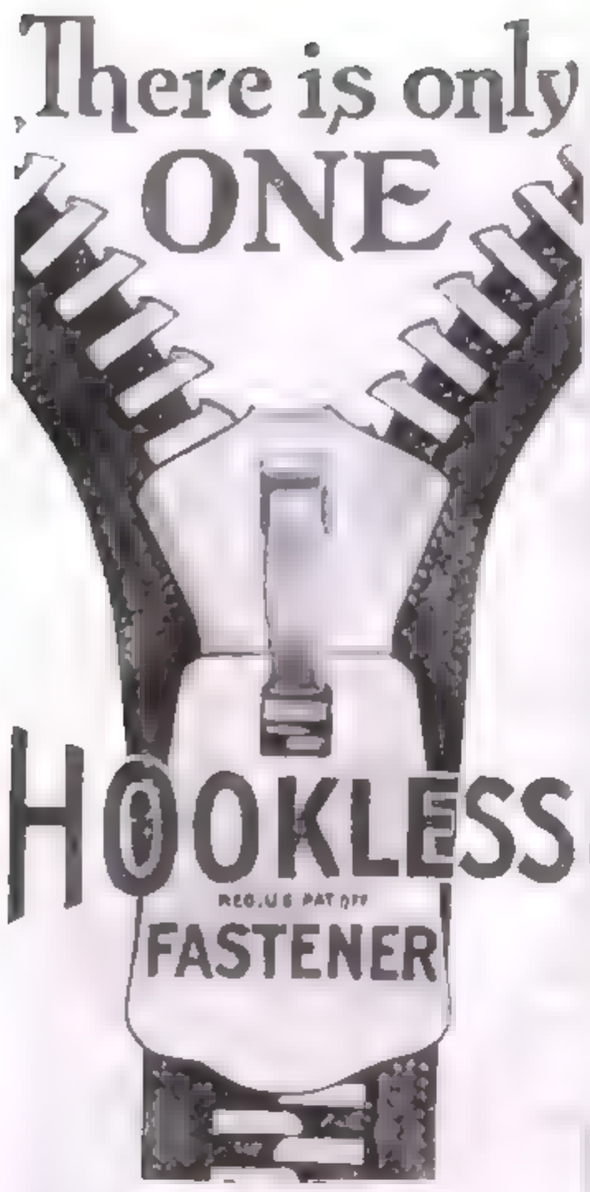

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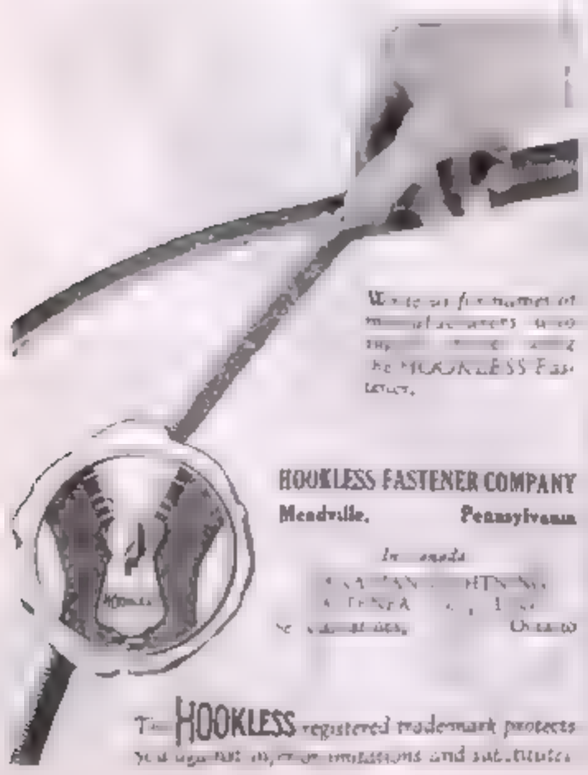

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set things to rights for the evening. The actors customarily reported shortly afterward.

The earlier limit of time I arrive at by recollection at that hour, of the particular incident in my personal knowledge which I have mentioned. Between this hour and the later one of half-past six, the theater, as usual, was unoccupied.

Following the rehearsal of the day, I sat at the prompter's rehearsal table, writing copies of the scenery, gas and effect plots. The table was placed at the footlights' edge of the apron. The work was part of my regular routine of duties, done each day after other members of the company left the theater. The plots detailed mechanical arrangements for the performances, and were hung at specified places to be read and followed by the stage employes. Sometimes members of the stage crew stayed in the theater as long as I did, getting ready for the night. On the fourteenth of April, James Maddox, the property man, remained on the stage with me. My work was finished at a few minutes before three o'clock. Maddox and I were about to leave the theater.

The Mysterious Silent Toast

Booth appeared on the stage. He must have come from the back alley or through the stage door in the south-side wall, for, as I have shown, there was no means of easy communication between the stage and the front of the house, no way to get to the stage from the orchestra or auditorium, except by climbing over the footlights. Booth did not do that, for, seated at the prompt table, I could not have failed to see him. It is not improbable that he came directly from the stable on the alley, where he housed his yellow mare. Booth joined Maddox, who was starting toward the stage entrance. I followed them. Maddox suggested to Booth that they should have a drink in the saloon next door to the theater, on Tenth Street.

"No, thanks," Booth answered. "I've a touch of pleurisy, and I don't think I'll drink anything."

We went through the stage-entrance passageway to Tenth Street. Booth accompanied us into the saloon. There Maddox met a friend—a William Hammond, of California—and invited him to join our party. What drink he ordered I do not remember. Maddox asked for a glass of beer. My selection was a glass of sarsaparilla

"I think I'll reconsider and have a glass of ale," said Booth.

The drinks were served. I cannot recall the conversation between quaffs from our glasses.

In the course of the subsequent official investigation, there was much made of a "silent toast," which detectives testified was drunk by Booth and a group of fellow conspirators during the afternoon preceding the crime. Maddox was questioned on the point and answered: "Silent toast? I know nothing about any such toast."

If the occasion of our drinking with Booth was the significant incident referred to, I was party to it. But as to a secret understanding—well, I would not now be telling the story.

If Booth thought to make use of Maddox in carrying out his plans, Maddox, I am sure, had no realization of Booth's intentions. This appears to have proof in the openness of the conversation which took place immediately after the glasses were emptied and we went from the saloon to the street.

"Have you got the key?" Booth said.

Maddox replied, but I did not catch his short answer. I think he said or indicated, "No."

"All right," said Booth, leaving us and walking toward E Street, then west, uptown.

The key he asked for may have been a key to the alley stable, or to something Maddox may have made, or was making for Booth or for any of a number of innocent purposes in line with a property man's helpful activities. Yet it may have been a key to the door between the balcony and the narrow hall back of the box the President was to occupy. If it was the last, it is extremely doubtful that Booth would have asked for it publicly of a man connected with him in a conspiracy. The key to the door between the balcony and the hallway back of the box may have been referred to, but I am confident Booth alone knew why it was wanted.

This incident, now told for the first time, has point in relation to the preparations Booth made to prevent interference while he was getting ready to shoot Mr. Lincoln, and in his plan of escape. Some time after he left us he must have returned to the theater, after half-past three o'clock, probably late in the afternoon, and entered unobserved.

What he did there could have been completed in fifteen minutes or so.

He cut away two square inches of the plaster from the brick wall of the hallway, close to the door connecting with the balcony, and arranged to insert a stout though slender bar of wood from the cut-away place into a panel of the door. The bar was about three feet in length and an inch and a half square. It could have been concealed under Booth's clothing when he returned at night to the theater, or it may have been secreted earlier in the dimly lighted hallway, in anticipation of a visit of the President. It is a reasonable surmise that Booth thought of the bar when he found himself uncertain of securing a key to lock the door. Possibly he had asked Maddox to get the key from the box office, where it was kept with other keys seldom if ever used, fearing to take it himself and attract attention in the doing of an unusual thing. If this was so he must have given Maddox some pretext for wanting it, cautious not to awaken suspicion in Maddox that he had some ulterior motive. I surmise Booth went directly from us to find the bar of wood he used in lieu of a key.

Booth's Preliminary Plan

Besides arranging to barricade the hall door, Booth bored a gimlet hole through one of the two doors giving from the hall to the box—the one on the audience side of the space, nearest to where Mr. Lincoln was accustomed to sit. The hole was so located that Booth could look through it from the hall, to observe the movements of Mr. Lincoln, to watch the companions of the President and be sure their attention was directed to the stage when it came time for him to open the door of the box, and to note the progress of the play to the moment when he knew the stage would be clear of people in the second scene of the third act.

As to his entrance to the theater at night, the ticket taker, Mr. Buckingham, saw him come in, and allowed him to pass without question. In a book written by Mr. Buckingham there is a reproduction of a photograph made of the keys and rack in the box office. I have a copy of the picture, but I have never read the book. One chance and another have prevented. Possibly it contains a theory different from mine regarding the special key to the hall door. Whatever is written cannot correspond exactly to the substance of what I have for the first time just publicly related as an eyewitness.

Explanation of why I have not given my testimony regarding this key incident and other matters before now, I leave till the end of this general statement.

To return to the description of what I saw inside the theater.

I heard the receding hoof beats of Booth's horse after he rode away north, toward F Street, and noted the presence back on the stage, in the third entrance, of the leader of the orchestra. He was talking with a lady of the company. Before turning back I saw Edward Spangler, the second hand of the carpenter's division of stage employes. He was standing in the second entrance, near the end of the tormentor, when I moved a foot or two to watch Booth. Spangler was almost within the reach of my right hand. I saw him make no movement either in the direction of Booth, with whom he was accused of being a fellow conspirator, or toward the gas box at my left hand, which, according to one account, he approached with the intention of turning off the gas.

Rejoining Miss Keene, and my eyes turning again to Mr. Lincoln's box, I know now that I took note of Miss Keene standing as one in a trance. My thoughts at the time naturally were not so ordered as they appear now in words, after long reflection on what I witnessed.

Mrs. Lincoln was advancing to the front of the box in great excitement and evident anguish. This fact confirms my statements regarding the extremely short time between the pistol shot and Booth's disappearance.

Mrs. Lincoln was calling to the audience. I did not know what she was trying to say, nor did the audience. She exclaimed incoherently rather than spoke in words. Her efforts at appeal or explanation made no immediate impression on her hearers. So completely hidden had been the tragedy that the hundreds in the house had not the least idea of the profound seriousness of the happening.

A man had been seen to leap from the box, fall, and rush away.

Realization and Confusion

Booth was well on his way before those who crowded the stage fell to asking each other "Who was it?" Some thought they recognized the man as John Wilkes Booth, others did not identify him.

It seems to me now, as then, that Mrs. Lincoln continued to call for a long time before the audience as a body was roused. I have distinct recollection of absolute quiet, except for the voice of the President's wife. My own comprehension was just becoming clear as to the awful realization of the commission of a crime of crimes.

Major Rathbone joined Mrs. Lincoln at the front of the box. It was testified that he called out, "Stop that man! Stop him!"

Suddenly there was realization. It came to the audience and all with inflaming demand for retribution. In an instant there was great confusion. Practically as one, the audience stood up. A few persons rushed to the lobby to ascend to the box. Scores climbed over the footlights and poured onto the stage. Pistols were drawn. Search for Booth then commenced.

Miss Keene and I stood where we could see everything, and for some short moments she held her place by my side. I saw her start toward the footlights. Following, I assisted her over them to the floor of the orchestra pit. We went rapidly to the lobby stairs, and thence up to the box, arriving as Major Rathbone was opening the hall door, after pulling away the obstructing bar placed by Booth.

We pushed our way to the front of the small group gathered before the door, and on into the hall and into the box. Someone called for a doctor. Soon several medical men were around Mr. Lincoln, who remained seated, as when I saw him from the stage, his head leaning forward on his chest. I stood close to the doctors and saw the wounded President plainly.

Noises from the main auditorium and stage broke in on the profound gravity of the group about Mr. Lincoln. I well remember the almost silent solemnity with which the medical men noted the dangerous location of the wound. Mrs. Lincoln, I recall, sat on a sofa with her arms outstretched in an attitude of astounded despair. Miss Harris sat beside her, speechless.

Miss Keene stood near by, silently watching, as I was. Mr. Lincoln remained in the rocking-chair, and was lifted in it and carried past me by the doctors. I saw what they had been examining so gravely—a little dark spot no larger than the head of a

(Continued on Page 46)

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Sunset Route

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

Continued from Page 44)

lead pencil, just under the right ear. I saw no blood issuing from the wound.

Through the theater, out onto the street, and across to a house with which I was very familiar, which was occupied by Mr. William Petersen, I followed the doctors carrying Mr. Lincoln. They entered the front door and went up the front stairs. I joined Mr. Petersen's son—a lad with whom I chummed, but whose first name I do not now remember—and went with him through the basement of the house to other stairs in the rear. Climbing them, we came to the floor of the room where Mr. Lincoln had been taken. It was a room formerly rented by a Mr. Matthews, a member of our company at one time. I had delivered parts during the season to him and others in the room. In singular coincidence, the second I had to note, on the occasion of one of these visits I saw John Wilkes Booth lying and smoking a pipe on the same bed in which Mr. Lincoln died.

Looking into the room at Mr. Lincoln, I still saw no signs of blood on his body. Later, about daybreak of the next day, I understood blood did seep from the wound. Previous to that time the hemorrhage was internal. At twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock in the morning of April fifteenth, Mr. Lincoln passed from mortal existence. I was at the Petersen house again at nine o'clock. My boy friend came down into the kitchen from above stairs with a part of Mr. Lincoln's shirt. It was torn—had been torn, I was told, when taken from its wearer—and was blood-stained. The Petersen boy gave me a strip of the blood-stained linen. What I did with it I do not know. It was soon lost. I had not then the right estimation of its sacred worth.

There are programs of the performances of the night, carefully preserved in collections with spots on them said to be from the blood of Mr. Lincoln. I believe it is an impossibility. Major Rathbone's wrist, cut by Booth's knife when the murderer slashed behind him, may have shed blood on the treasured relics. But his blood alone was outwardly shed in the box that night.

Relics of the Tragedy

I did not until a considerably later time see the pistol used by Booth. What disposition was made of it at the time I was in the box, I do not know. Since then I have seen it at Washington, where, with other relics of the assassination, it is kept among government archives. Before I was taken to see it I was able to describe it accurately from information I gained soon after it was found. It was a derringer—a short single-barreled pistol of a type much favored in the South. It had a musket bore. Its size permitted it to be hidden in the palm of a hand or to be carried in a coat pocket without revealing itself by bulkiness.

A few years ago the officials connected with the archives at Washington took me down into the depths of the Army and Navy Building. While preparing to open a wooden box they said to me rather incredulously, "There is a cavalry boot inside worn by Booth." "Yes," said I, "and it is for the left foot, because when he leaped from the box I saw his left foot crumple under him." Inspection of it proved it so, and before they brought out the bar that was on the door of the box at Ford's, I described it as being three feet long and two inches square, and finished by saying, "And if you have Booth's knife in there, you'll find it is a small bowie." Two photographs of *carte de visite* type were also in the chest, between leaves of Booth's diary.

In one motion picture of Lincoln's death the assassin is depicted as armed with a heavy, long-barreled revolver. I well know how on the stage it is often necessary to exaggerate indefinite details to bring them to visual values of effectiveness. The same is true of effect in motion pictures. Excuse for such exaggeration lies in the truism that there would be no effect if no cause were visible. In the case of this picture I do not think the excuse is valid. The true type of pistol would readily create the desired illusion. The use of a cumbersome weapon appears only to be evidence of failure to make proper research to acquire accuracy.

The same lack of accuracy is displayed in the picture when the assassin is shown creeping upstairs directly under the box occupied by Mr. Lincoln. There were no such stairs. Here again the truth, reconstructed within actual structural conditions, would have been quite as effective. Indeed, the stealthy movement of Booth down the balcony aisle at the side of absorbed and unsuspicious spectators, as must have been the true action preceding the shooting, would be more intense than what is shown.

As for the moving-pictured presence of the President's bodyguard in the hall back of the box, his opportune withdrawal to permit the actor playing Booth to steal upstairs which never existed, and the guard being shown as seated in a comfortably wide anteroom, I have but to refer back to the confession of Parker to Crook, and to repeat that the box was backed by a narrow hall.

For the company gathered in Ford's Theater the end had come. There were no more performances in the house. The United States Government bought it from Mr. Ford. The building was later turned into a museum. Its construction was not secure. The night of Edwin Booth's funeral the front of the building collapsed with deadly effect—another coincidence. The structure was repaired and still stood when last I was in Washington.

The night of the assassination was murky. The morning of April fifteenth broke gray and cloudy. There was much animosity shown against the actors and employes of the theater, it being supposed that they were implicated in the murder. Some of them were arrested. Manager John T. Ford was among the number. He was imprisoned for forty days, and then released, entirely exonerated.

A Wall-Paper Souvenir

A shopkeeper whose place of business was near the theater vigorously defended our people, and was with difficulty rescued from the intensely angered crowd that assailed him. A rope was actually tied about his neck.

I stayed about the scene of my earliest days in the theater, so abruptly and tragically closed against the continuation of my career within its walls. It came under the supervision of the Government, and while alterations were being made I gained access, after a few days, to the box in which the President was shot. Realization of the world-wide significance of the event was increasing. From the wall where I saw Mr. Lincoln rest his head I stripped away a length of the red-flowered wall paper. A piece of this I gave, within a few days, to a doctor who was among those who attended the President. Another piece of paper I long afterward gave to the custodian of the Lincoln Monument, at Springfield, Illinois. A third piece of the wall paper—small, about three inches square—I still have. It is my sole material souvenir of the night.

I have heard much of testimonies given by supposed eyewitnesses of the President at the time of the shot, some of them made under oath. What I have said no doubt will be contradicted, as I have contradicted the statements of others. I stand by my assertions, confident that the vivid impressions made on my young brain cannot be wrong, however much I have gained in after knowledge and from hearsay. On what I have reconstructed I merely lay stress of its agreement with known facts.

(Continued on Page 49)

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

(Continued from Page 46)

My own individual evidence, I maintain, is absolutely correct.

A few things more that came under my observation remain to be told. Edward Spangler, who stood in the second entrance when Booth ran to the alley door, was tried for complicity in the crime and sentenced for a term of years to Dry Tortugas. He was pardoned after he had served part of his term. It was said that he cleared the stage for Booth's escape. I again say that the stage was always kept clear between the wings and the side walls during performances, on account of shifting scenery on stage level, and was no different that particular night than at any performance time. It was also said that he conspired to turn off the gas to assist Booth to escape. He assuredly showed no such intention at the time when Booth was most in danger in the theater. But there was another incident of the evening, in which he took part, that may be construed as showing he had an understanding of a kind with Booth.

At nine o'clock, when I came downstairs to the stage from announcing at dressing-room doors the rising of the curtain of an act, previous to the shooting, Spangler was standing out in the alley holding Booth's yellow mare. This may have been according to plans for the murder, in which case he was a conspirator with Booth, or he may merely have done a favor for Booth, bringing the mare to the alley door at Booth's request, without knowledge of Booth's intentions.

When I reached the bottom of the stairs I heard Spangler calling Peanut John to hold the horse for him. There was no secrecy in his manner, and his voice, naturally high-pitched, was not lowered. These appear to be points in Spangler's favor. I was on the point of offering to hold the animal when I remembered I had more calls to make. Most fortunately, I barely escaped putting myself in jeopardy of being suspected of association with the conspiracy. Peanut John appeared opportunely and took the reins from Spangler's hands. Undoubtedly he had no true knowledge of why the horse was there.

After the return, about two weeks later, of the squad of cavalry that captured Booth, I talked with its sergeant while seated on the steps outside the theater. He gave me the impression that Booth shot himself with the carbine he held in his hand, and was not shot by Boston Corbett from outside the barn where Booth was brought to bay. The fatal wound was under Booth's right ear, almost in the identical location where the ball from his pistol entered Mr. Lincoln's body. Yet another peculiar coincidence.

Why did I not tell what I know at the time? Everybody else told all they knew—and more. Actors who were in the green-room and knew nothing of what had happened until practically all was over came forward with striking testimonies of what they said they had seen. One answer is that I was not questioned. An official cross-examined everybody on the stage but me. In the discipline of the theater I had learned not to speak until spoken to. I was not counted of enough importance to be questioned. I was a boy—only the call boy.

Another answer is that I had what I still consider right discretion. Suspicions were rife. The merest shadows of truth were being materialized into incriminating facts. I did not then believe my daily companions were guilty of connivance in the crime, and to this day I doubt that even those who suffered for doing favors for Booth were guilty as they were judged to be. They had every reason to trust him. He was, as I early said about him, everybody's friend up to the moment of his revelation of sinister motives. In other words, it is my firm belief that whoever was in Booth's secret was not among members of the company or in the list of employes, and at Mr. Ford's request I spent an entire week at Colonel Ewing's law office copying the briefs in Spangler's case.

Fifty-four years after the tragic night, in 1919, I was asked to tell the story of what I saw to The Lambs, on their stage, at one of the private gambols in the clubhouse. As I began my description all the circumstances came back to me with the utmost vividness. My acquaintance with dramatic values, gained through more than half a century, no doubt inspired me to the complete reliving of the short and overfilled minutes of the actual occurrences. When I finished speaking the body of club members rose as one and cheered. I went from the clubhouse bowed under the weight of the emotion I had felt—still was feeling—racking me acutely. I have never since gone into the club. In some way it has become to me as if it is a place where I must again, as on the night of the story, witness a horror I would give my all to avert. Without avail—as on the real night, I was powerless. That real night, the memory of which I would like to blot out—the memory of that night of April 14, 1865, when I rang down the curtain of Ford's Theater, Washington, D. C., for the last time.

INNOCENT BYSTANDER

(Continued from Page 9)

The authorities released Hurley and arrested Arnold Shaw. Presently he was placed on trial. It was a case to the liking of the public and the newspapers—a story, sordid but full of the juice of drama. Many a fine tree gave up its life to supply paper pulp to make the newspapers which, with special editions, kept their readers fully informed of the progress of the trial of Arnold Shaw for the murder of Simon Ware. The facts were black against Shaw. A woman was involved, and the prosecution was able to bring out a malodorous story of intrigue and blackmail—a dark business which reflected credit on neither man. Shaw, it was clearly established, was a rascal with an unsavory past. Bit by bit the district attorney drew the net more tightly around him. Witnesses had seen him walking with Ware the night of the murder. The flimsy alibi he tried to set up was speedily punctured.

It was the testimony of Willard Mead, however, that was the final and most important link in the chain of evidence which seemed certain to hang Shaw. Placed on the witness stand by the district attorney, Willard Mead told his story clearly and simply. Yes, he had heard Shaw's name mentioned in the woods that night. Yes, he could positively identify Shaw as the man who rushed past him. With Mead's testimoney the district attorney closed his case.

It remained for Mr. Jardine, the lawyer for Shaw, to cross-examine the witness, Mr. Jardine was a smallish man with a peppery manner and a voice like the bark of a terrier. He had a way of looking first at the witness and then at the jury, and then shrugging his shoulders, which said, more effectively than any words could, "Gentlemen, you and I know just how much value to attach to the testimony of that scoundrel sitting there." He had a dramatic habit of snorting out, "Ah-ha!" as he pounced upon some important bit of evidence and rent and tore it. He began by fixing on Willard Mead a long contemptuous stare. Then he opened fire:

Q.: What is your name? A.: Willard Mead.

Q.: Is that your real name? A. *(rather embarrassedly):* Well, no, sir. I was christened Ethelbert Willard Mead.

Q.: Ah-ha! Living under an alias, eh? Why? A.: Why, no, sir. I dropped the "Ethelbert" when I was a boy.

Q.: What had you done that you should want to conceal your identity? A.: Nothing, sir. I just didn't like the "Ethelbert."

Q.: M'm, when did you change your name? A.: About sixteen years ago, when I first came to this town from Cairo.

Q.: Ah-ha! You're not an American citizen, then? A.: I was born in Cairo, Illinois.

Q.: Why did you have to leave Cairo? A.: I didn't have to, sir. My parents moved here.

Q.: M'm, so on coming to a new town you changed your name? A.: I dropped the "Ethelbert."

Q.: Don't quibble. You changed your name? Yes or no. A.: Well—yes.

Q.: So for the past sixteen years you have been living under an assumed name? A.: I wouldn't say that.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: Your Honor, I object to this line of questioning. It has no bearing on the case.

MR. JARDINE: I submit to the court that it has a very direct bearing on the case. The district attorney has built his case on the evidence of this witness. It is my right to impeach the credibility of this Ethelbert Willard Mead and to show the jury the sort of man he is and thus demonstrate that his statements are not worthy of belief.

THE JUDGE: Objection overruled.

With a satisfied glance at the jury, Mr. Jardine continued his examination of Willard Mead, who had now begun to perspire and to play with the buttons on his vest:

Q.: Are you married? A.: Yes, sir.
Q.: How many times? A.: Only once.
Q.: Are you sure? A.: Why, of course!

Mr. Jardine leveled a finger at Mead:

Q.: Where is your marriage certificate? A. *(with spirit):* I don't carry it with me.

Q.: Where is it? A.: At home, I guess.
Q.: Ah-ha! You guess! You're not sure, though? A. *(in an aggrieved tone):* How many people could lay their hands on their marriage papers in a hurry, if they had to?

Mr. Jardine bristled. "Kindly answer my questions," he said, "without evasion or comment. You say you guess you have a marriage certificate, but you can't produce any tangible evidence that you are legally married. Yes or no."

"Well—yes."

Mr. Jardine bestowed an insinuating leer on the jury and then faced Willard Mead again.

Q.: Do you know a Miss Rose Furlong? A.: Yes.

Q.: Rather well, as a matter of fact? A.: Fairly well.

Q.: You see her frequently, don't you? *(There were subtly suggestive overtones in Mr. Jardine's voice as he said this.)* A.: Nearly every day.

Q.: Ah-ha! Now, then, Mr. Mead —— A. *(interrupting):* I see her at the bank. She works there.

Mr. Jardine glowered at the witness. "I didn't ask you that," he barked. "You've seen Miss Furlong outside the bank, haven't you?"

"A few times."

Q.: Where were you on the evening of August 10, 1925? A.: I haven't the least idea. That is more than a year ago.

Q.: I'll refresh your memory. Will you deny that on the aforesaid evening you were in the M. H. & W. railroad station with this Miss Rose Furlong, carrying her suitcase? A.: I don't know. It's possible that I was.

Q.: Suppose I tell you that she admits it? A.: There's nothing to admit

Q.: Do you mean to make light of your intimacy? A.: Intimacy? Why, there was no such thing! She was going on her vacation, and her suitcase was heavy, so I carried it to the station for her—that's all.

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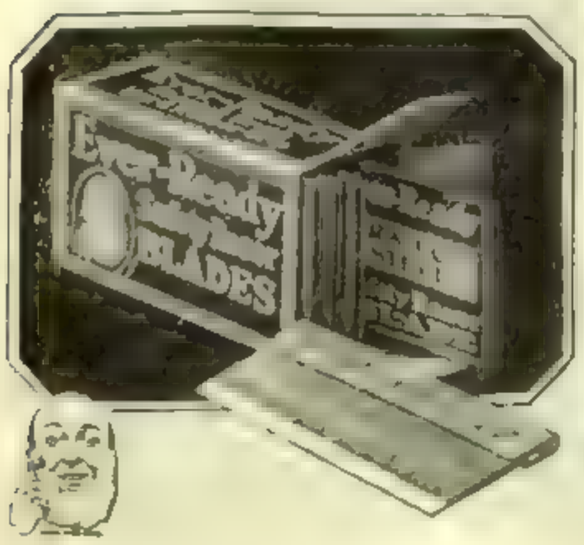

Q.: That's your story, is it? A.: It's the truth.

Mr. Jardine cast a wink at the jury which said, "We men of the world know how much of that to believe." After a long basilisk stare at the shrinking Mead, Mr. Jardine resumed his attack:

Q.: Do you know a Mrs. Effie Peterson? A.: Yes.

Q.: Visit her? A.: Yes.

Q.: Often? A.: Quite often. She's a neighbor of ours.

Q.: Rather more than a neighbor, isn't she? A.: Well, a friend.

Q.: Rather more than a friend? A. *(hotly)*: That's a mean, false insinuation. My wife and I know Mrs. Peterson and her husband very well, and we sort of play around together.

Q.: Ah-ha! Play around! Where were you on the night of September second, of this year? A.: I don't know.

Q.: You appear to have a convenient memory, Mr. Mead. I'll help you. If I said you were seen climbing out of a window of Mrs. Peterson's house just before midnight on September second, and dashing away in scanty attire, would you deny it? A.: I don't remember doing any such thing.

Q. *(ironically)*: Indeed? Was it such a common occurrence it made no impression on you?

Willard Mead was red with rage. "What are you driving at?" he demanded.

Mr. Jardine assumed a sweetly patient, rather pained air. "Please control your temper," he said. "I am asking you questions solely in the interest of justice. I am not to blame if a sense of guilt makes you fly off the handle."

"I have no sense of guilt," Willard Mead cried. He turned appealingly to the judge. "Your Honor," he said, "I'm not supposed to be on trial. I just happened to be a witness to something connected with this case. I came forward out of a sense of duty. This lawyer is trying to make me out a—a—a—I don't know what."

"A man is on trial for his life," said the judge, with immense gravity. "His counsel is entitled to try to upset your testimony if he can. You may continue, Mr. Jardine."

Mr. Jardine did:

Q.: You admit, then, Mr. Ethelbert Mead, that you left the house of Mrs. Peterson in circumstances which I think can fairly be described as highly suspicious? A.: I never did.

Smiling at the jury, Mr. Jardine picked up a legal-looking paper. "I have here," he said, "an affidavit signed by Miss Hope Bunnell, of Wood Street, Oakhurst, which states that she saw the witness leaving the home of Mrs. Peterson, which adjoins hers, on the aforesaid night and in the aforesaid circumstances."

Q.: What do you say to that, Mr. Mead? A.: I say that Hope Bunnell is a lying gossip and everybody knows it. She's always putting a false construction on things.

Q.: Please don't slander Miss Bunnell. Are the facts as she has stated them, or are they not? A.: I went to Mrs. Peterson's house to get lemons ——

Q.: Answer my question. A.: She and her husband were playing bridge with me and my wife. It was a hot night. We wanted some lemonade. Mrs. Peterson said, "Run down to my house and get some lemons out of the ice box." I couldn't open the door, so I came through the window. I was wearing a soft shirt and white flannel trousers ——

"Stop!" said Mr. Jardine. "Do you write fiction, Mr. Mead?"

"No, sir."

Q.: What do you do? A.: I'm paying teller in a bank.

Q.: What bank? A.: Tenth National.

Q.: Ah-ha! Weren't there a series of mysterious thefts at that bank about five years ago? A.: Yes.

Q.: Were you not questioned by detectives in regard to those thefts? A.: I was, as a matter of course. Everybody from the president down was questioned.

Q.: And you were let off? A. *(with great warmth)*: There never was any question of my being let off. Naturally, a thorough examination of all departments of the bank was made.

Q.: And the thief *(Mr. Jardine paused and looked narrowly at Mead)* was never caught? A.: He never was.

Mr. Jardine gave a shrug, slight but pregnant.

Q.: You live rather well, don't you, Mr. Mead? A.: Comfortably.

Q.: M'm, ever have trouble with your wife? A.: Never.

Q.: What were the loud, violent sounds which Miss Hope Bunnell says she has heard issuing from your house? A.: Radio.

Q.: Mr. Mead, did you not offer to take Mrs. Effie Peterson to Paris with you? A.: I certainly never did.

Q.: Do you deny that you said at a church supper in the Oakhurst Church on October third, in the presence of Miss Bunnell and others, "Effie, how would you like to go to Paris?" A.: I guess maybe I may have said something like that—in fun.

Q.: Is it your idea of fun to suggest to a married woman that she elope to Paris with you? A. *(earnestly)*: Why, I never suggested any such thing! I might say that to any lady I knew—or even to you, Mr. Jardine.

Q.: To any lady, eh? Ever hear of Don Juan? A.: No, sir.

Q.: Were you ever known as the Don Juan of Oakhurst? A.: No.

At this point the court was adjourned for luncheon. The public, avid for further details of the case, seized the noon editions of the papers. The more colorful papers had pictures, rather smudged, of Willard Mead, and his features had been touched up to give him a rather sinister look; also of Mrs. Peterson. One headline read:

WAS ETHELBERT A SUBURBAN DON JUAN?
JARDINE HINTS

The more staid papers informed their readers:

DEFENSE RIDDLES REPUTATION
OF WITNESS MEAD

Shaken, bewildered, Willard Mead returned to the witness stand after eating a luncheon he did not taste. Mr. Jardine had lunched well and was full of high spirits and energy. Hardly was Mead seated in the witness chair when Mr. Jardine bounded at him:

Q.: What was the cat's name? A.: What cat?

Q.: Ah-ha! Forgotten the cat already, eh? A.: Oh, you mean the cat I was hunting for?

Q.: Yes—if there ever was such a cat. What was its name? A.: I don't know.

Q.: M'm, how old was it? A.: I don't know.

Q.: What color? A.: Black, I think.

Q.: You're not sure? A.: To be honest, I'm not. It was a darkish sort of cat.

Q.: Where is it? A.: I don't know.

Q.: Can you produce it in court? A.: No, sir.

Q.: Do you like cats? A.: No.

Q.: What was the weather like on the night of November twenty-ninth? A.: Very cold. Zero. Windy too.

Q.: M'm, so you would have the jury believe that on a windy zero night you, a confessed hater of cats, went out of your warm house for no other reason than to look for a cat, name, age and color unknown? A.: Yes, sir, I did just that.

Q.: A habit of yours? A.: No, sir.

Q.: Do you consider such an action compatible with complete sanity? A.: Why, yes. I was afraid she might freeze.

Q.: If you don't know the cat's name, age or color, how do you know its gender? A.: I always think of cats as "she."

Mr. Jardine gazed meaningly at the jury and tapped his forehead thrice.

Q.: You say you crawled about in the underbrush on your hands and knees? A.: Yes, sir.

Q.: And emitted certain sounds while so doing? A.: Yes, sir.

Q.: What sounds? A.: Meow, meow, meow, meow.

The judge declared that further laughter from the spectators would not be tolerated.

"Show the jury exactly what you did and said," continued the lawyer.

Willard Mead looked for help toward the judge. "Must I?" he asked. The judge nodded. Flushing, Willard Mead got down on all fours and crawled along the courtroom floor, pushing aside imaginary underbrush and in a falsetto voice crying, "Meow, meow, meow, meow."

He was thus engaged when an enterprising photographer whipped a camera from under his coat, aimed it, snapped it.

"You may return to the witness stand," said the judge.

Willard Mead did so. He was not settled in his chair before Mr. Jardine flew at him:

Q.: Ever have fits? A.: No, sir.

Q.: Spasms? A.: No, sir.

Q.: Ever play football? A.: Yes, a little, as a boy.

Q.: Were you ever kicked in the head? A.: Why, yes. I guess so.

Q.: Ah-ha! Have headaches? A.: Once in a while.

Q.: Hear voices? A.: Only when people speak.

Q.: I mean when you are alone. A.: No, sir.

The district attorney intervened: "I object. The sanity of the witness, a respectable, useful citizen, may be presumed."

"Not by me," barked Mr. Jardine. "I maintain that any man who goes prowling about the woods in zero weather, crying, 'Meow, meow, meow, meow' may—indeed, must—be considered a pathological case, and as such, cannot be considered a competent witness."

THE JUDGE: Objection overruled.

Q.: Mr. Mead, while you were engaged in your curious nocturnal pastime of playing hide and seek with an imaginary cat ——

"It was a real cat, I tell you," broke in Willard Mead.

The lawyer gave him a look at once withering and pitying. "If it was a real cat, produce it."

"I can't."

"Then it does not exist."

"My wife saw it too."

"No doubt," said Mr. Jardine, "she humors you in your hallucinations. Now let me continue."

Q.: While you were crawling about, making cat sounds, did you not, as a matter of fact, believe that you yourself were a cat? A.: I certainly did not.

Q.: You mean to say that you never, in your private fantasies, thought yourself a cat? A. *(choking with rage)*: I never did.

Q.: Anybody ever refer to you as the cat man? A.: Certainly not.

Q.: They wouldn't, I suppose, in your hearing. Still, they may have said it, may they not have? A.: How should I know?

Q.: While you were playing cat, you say you heard voices in the woods? A.: Yes. I testified to that.

Q.: Windy night, wasn't it? A.: Yes, very.

Q.: Didn't the wind moan through the pines? A.: Yes.

(Continued on Page 52)

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(Continued from Page 50)

Q.: And you were deeply engrossed in your cat game? A.: I was busy looking for the cat.

Q.: Yet you say you heard voices? A.: Yes.

Q.: Believe in ghosts? A.: No.

Q.: You were intoxicated that night, were you not? A.: I was not.

Q.: But you had been drinking, I suppose? A.: No.

Q.: You allege you saw the defendant, Mr. Shaw, pass you? A. Yes.

Q.: It was a very dark night, was it not? A.: Yes. . . . I had a flash light.

Q.: Where is it? A.: I lost it in the woods that night.

Q.: Ah-ha! Haven't there been some burglaries in your neighborhood recently? A.: Yes.

Q.: Were they near your house? A.: Not far away.

Q.: Did not the burglar climb up water pipes and perform unusual feats of agility in committing his crimes? A.: So the papers said.

Q.: Was it not suggested that the burglar's climbing ability was comparable to a cat's? A.: Some of the papers said something of the sort, I believe.

Q.: In several of his jobs, was not the burglar seen, and did he not have a flash light? A.: So the papers said.

Q.: He was described, was he not, as a man of medium size and about your build, Mr. Mead? A.: Maybe. It was all in the papers.

Q.: What were you really doing in the woods that night? A.: Looking for a cat, as I said.

Q.: If you had no sense of guilt about your presence in the woods, why did you not stop the man you allege was Mr. Shaw and ask him if he had seen the cat you say you were looking for? A.: He ran past me. I didn't have a chance.

Q.: After he passed—or you imagined someone passed—what did you do? A.: Continued to hunt for the cat.

Q.: You mean you continued to crawl about and cry Meow, meow, meow, meow? A.: That's what I did.

Q.: Did you find the alleged cat? A.: I did.

Q.: What did you do with it? A.: Put it in my cellar.

Q.: Then, where is it now? A.: I tell you I don't know.

Q.: When did you next go out in the woods and play cat? A.: Never again.

Q.: Let me hear you say Meow again. A.: Meow.

Q.: Do you mean to say you haven't had considerable practice making that sound? A.: I do.

Q.: Have you, as yet, been confined in an institution for the mentally unbalanced? A.: No.

"That's all," said Mr. Jardine, and smiled at the jury.

That evening, with pallid features and quivering fingers, Willard Mead bent over the late editions of the papers. His worst fears were justified. The enterprising photographer, with the aid of what is known as the art department, had turned the snapshot into a full-page picture of the sort known as a composite photograph. It showed Willard Mead, on all fours, an expression on his face at once feline and foolish, pawing about in underbrush, adroitly painted in, while from his mouth, in white print, issued the words, "Meow, meow, meow, meow."

Across the entire page of the paper a bold, black headline spread. It read:

"MEOW," CRIED MEAD THE CAT MAN

Strange Antics of Ware
Case Witness

The jury was out all night. There was little doubt in the minds of all who had followed the case, that Arnold Shaw had killed Simon Ware and that a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree would be a just one.

However, juries, as the district attorney remarked afterward, are queer, and their ways are beyond all understanding. This particular jury appeared to have agreed with Mr. Jardine that a man who fancied himself a cat, could not be believed. Its verdict was Not guilty. Shaw, by the fantastic laws which govern the psychology of crowds, was changed by the verdict from a villain into something of a popular hero. Strangers wrung his hand. One, in particular, was most cordial and congratulatory.

"I'd like to have a talk—a business talk—with you, Mr. Shaw," he said. "My name's Morkin—Max Morkin."

Mr. Shaw emerged from his conference with Mr. Morkin, smiling widely. In Mr. Shaw's pocket was a contract calling for his appearance in vaudeville for twenty-four weeks, over the Max Morkin Circuit, at seven hundred dollars a week.

When Willard Mead left his bungalow the morning after the verdict to go to work at the bank, he saw Fred Peterson kissing Effie his wife good-by on the porch of the Peterson bungalow. Willard Mead called out his usual cheerful morning greeting. The Petersons stared coldly at him and pointedly turned their backs. Somewhat stunned, he went on his way. He saw the troutlike face of Miss Hope Bunnell at her front window, and there was spite in her smile.

It seemed to Willard Mead that as he passed the window she made a sound like "Meow" after him. Down the street he met some of the neighborhood children on their way to school. They drew aside as he passed, and when he was a safe distance away, they meowed and caterwauled loudly at him.

He reached the bank. His associates seemed distant, formal. Presently the president sent for him. The president was regretful but firm:

"The bank's reputation must be considered. . . . Yes, I know; nothing in those stories. But still —— Well, you see how it is, Mead. Very sorry, indeed, to have to lose you ——"

One week later Willard Mead sold his bungalow and moved to New York. He lives there under the name of Edmund Willard and works in Fulton Street, in the little shop of a taxidermist.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

you keep your butter and I'll go and stand in line again. It won't take me very long. *(She does not rise.)*

MR. B.: I'll get it, dear. *Exit.)*

MISS G.: Funny, lots of men won't eat in cafeterias.

MRS. B.: Well, Bertram knows perfectly well that I'm not one of these old-fashioned drudges. And after I've been playing bridge from lunchtime right through until six o'clock, I'm in no condition to stand and slave over a hot stove. Not that we have a hot stove; as a matter of fact, we just have an electric grill.

MISS G.: Bertram is very obliging.

MRS. B.: Yes, but kind of thoughtless. I think it was a little stupid of him not to notice when we were filling our trays that I didn't have any butter.

MISS G.: Men are so unobservant about little things.

MRS. B.: Yes, and it's the little things that make all the difference, I often say. *(Enter* MR. B. *with butter.)* I often tell Bertram that I believe it wouldn't make any difference to me if he did some terrible crime, like if he were an embezzler and embezzled money year after year so as to have more money, and finally shot himself when the bank examiners finally found out; but if he should get careless about little things like standing up when I came into the room or picking up things I dropped, why then all would be over between us and love would be dead. Don't I say that, cunning?

MR. B.: Um-m, candied sweet potatoes.

MRS. B.: What?

MR. B.: Yes, dear.

MRS. B.: Well, goodness gracious me! If I didn't forget to get a glass of water! Bertram, why didn't you remind me when we came by the water place?

MR. B.: It's unhealthy to drink water with your meals.

MRS. B.: Rubbish, Bertram, dear.

MR. B.: Yes, dear. *(He goes out.)*

MRS. B.: Men are awfully queer. They get prejudices. Now I'm afraid Bertram has got some sort of a prejudice against cafeterias. I'm sure I see no reason why. *(Bus boy picks up* MR. B.'s *tray and carries it off.)* I think they're so convenient and they save so much trouble and annoyance. *(Enter* MR. B. *with glass of water.*

MR. B.: Where's my dinner?

MRS. B.: Why, gracious heavens, where is your dinner? Are you sure you hadn't finished?

MR. B.: I hadn't begun!

MISS G.: The bus boy must have carried it off. Did you tip up your chair?

MRS. B.: That's it! You didn't tip up your chair. Of course the boy took it off. Well, if that isn't the funniest thing! My dear, the face on him when he came back and found his dinner gone! I don't know when I've seen anything so comical. Now I suppose you'll just have to go back and get yourself another dinner. The line isn't nearly so long now. *(Exit* BERTRAM.)

MISS G.: I'm afraid I must be going now.

MRS. B.: Must you, dear? It's been awfully nice to see you. One of the nicest things about a cafeteria is that you meet such nice people who you can exchange opinions with, so instructive and all that. *(Exit* MISS G. *Enter* MIKE PANICEK, *carrying a tray. He is rough, unshaven, collarless, dressed in a sweater and old trousers. He sits down at* MISS G.'s *place, transfers part of a piece of pie to his tray from* MISS G.'s, *before pushing it aside.*

MRS. B.: I beg your pardon—that place is taken.

MIKE: You bet.

MRS. B.: I mean, someone else is occupying it.

MIKE: No chair tip up.

MRS. B.: My husband wouldn't like to have you sitting there.

MIKE: Maybe my wife don't like me sit here neither. Hey, cutie? Ha-ha-ha! *(Enter* MR. B.)

MRS. B.: Here's my husband now.

MIKE: Pleased to meet you.

MRS. B.: Did you get a nice dinner, lovey?

MR. B.: All the candied sweet potatoes were gone.

MIKE: Take some my sweeppatat. *(Attempts to scrape some on* MR. B.'s *plate.)*

MR. B.: I don't want your sweet potatoes. I want some sweet potatoes of my own.

MIKE: Go ahead. Ain't no good anyhow. *(*MRS. B. *tries to prevent* MIKE *from transferring food to* MR. B.'s *plate. She tips over* MIKE'S *glass of water on* MR. B.'s *dinner.)*

MRS. B.: Oh, gracious! I've spilled this gentleman's glass of water all over your dinner! Bertram, you must run and get this gentleman another glass of water.

*(*MR. B. *rises, takes his tray of food, and throws it to the floor with a crash. He stamps out of room.*

MRS. B.: My, aren't men queer! He gave me such a shock! I really must have some coffee to settle my nerves. I beg your pardon, Mr.—ah—I wonder if you would mind —— *(*MIKE *carries his tray to another table.)*

—*Morris Bishop.*

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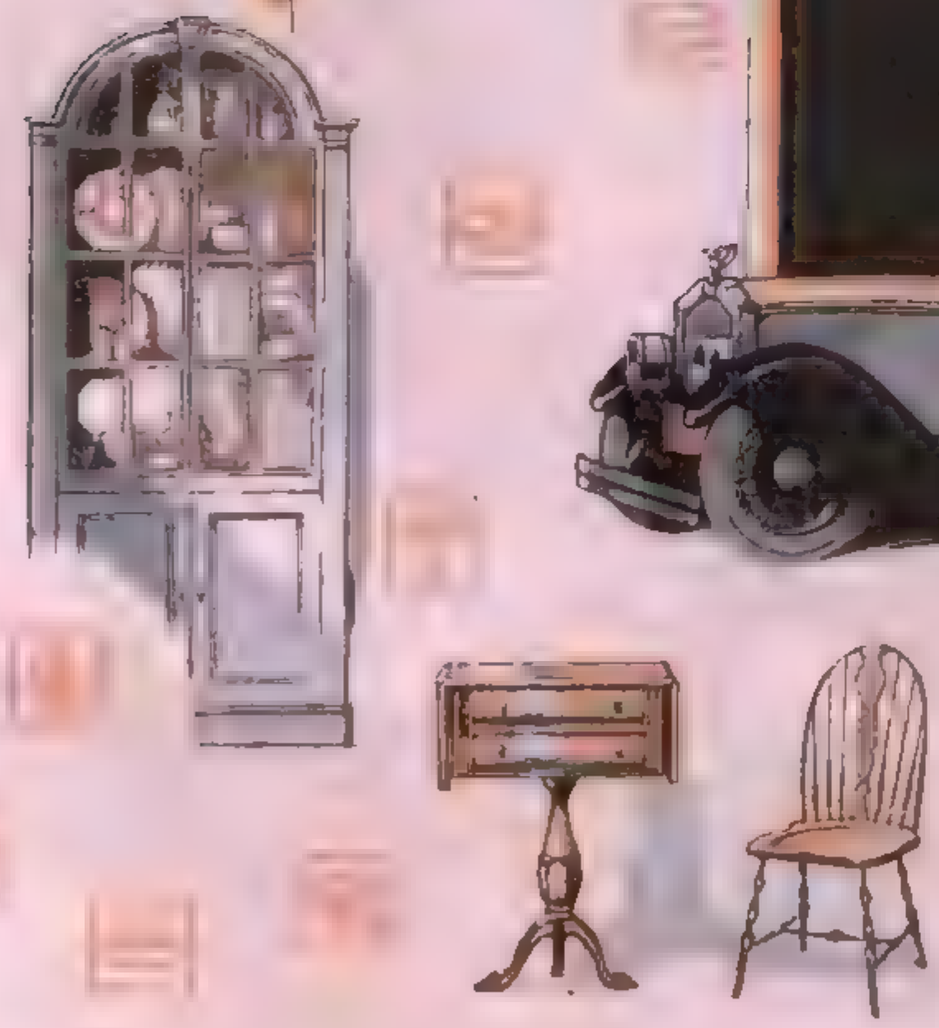

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BEHOLD THE SHEIK

(Continued from Page 19

away in the shadows of Pyramid Number 1, which is a stock shot obtained from the news weeklies and gives the scene a note of authenticity. He easily distances pursuit and is very brutal with the terrorized female. At this point we come to an important bit of detail.

In the early sheik photoplays the ruffian galloped all the way to his desert tent, or kafia, without stopping to marry the girl; and though this was all right enough with the pop-eyed seat holders, it scandalized the various boards of censors, with the result that they seized their scissors and snipped out large breezy sections and left entirely too much to the imagination.

You observed, in these censored versions, the sheik as he kidnaped the frightened lady and galloped away over the sands, and there the censors cut. You did not see the sheik and his victim again until both of them arrived in England, or America, by which time they had been married four years and had two lovely blue-eyed children; and the sheik had long since given up his throat cutting and was with a large bond house in Wall Street, or Trafalgar Square, as the case might be.

This somewhat destroyed the interest for the younger element in the audience and so the fault was corrected. In all the later sheik films the villainous fellow gallops part of the way to his tent, about thirty land miles, stops and marries the girl on the desert with the aid of a passing Sahara notary public, or warida, and resumes cantering with his victim, who is now also respectably his wife, or hamsam. Thus did the producers solve a knotty problem and leave the censors high and dry, with nothing to do but remove cuss words, such as Rotterdam, or change it to Rotterdarn.

After the brutal hellion drags the lady, now his girl wife, into the tent, he treats her as no gentleman would treat a lady—threatens to cut her head off, makes her get his breakfast and fills her life with general misery. The tent episodes in the story always go over strong with the customers out in front; and at the finish the sheik is either stabbed or shot by a traitorous friend. This happens as the wife slips out a back door, intending to mount her white horse and escape. She pauses. She stands in the flap of the tent and looks down upon her wounded husband, or giero, and discovers then and there that she loves him, brute that he is; discovers in fact that she has loved him all the time.

She does not flee to England. She remains, takes off her hat, and nurses the sheik back to health, and they depart happily from the tent in a later sequence, at the head of a caravan three miles long, return to Bar Harbor or London and settle down to peaceful matrimony in a marble palace with seventy-five front steps, and fountains splashing in the sitting room.

This is the regular time-tried sheik photoplay, as anyone will recognize, and you can see how silly it would be to tamper with the plot. This was the story hewed out by Baron Ward in his Continuity Number 1, approved by the studio before the company departed for Algiers.

When the desert-seeking unit, led by Director Sims, arrived in Algiers, the members of the company were pleasantly housed for a few days at the Splendid Hotel, and James gave himself over to a thorough examination of Continuity Number 2, which contained the authentic picture of desert life, the tale he intended to tell.

"This is the right stuff," he remarked to Baron. "We will go back to America with a red-blooded he-man knock-out."

"You said it, boss," answered Baron Ward, enormously pleased to know that at last, after twelve years of honest toil, he was to have a scenario transferred to the silver sheet *in toto*.

"Send for Aubrey Aubrien," was Jimmy's first command on African soil; and forthwith the leading man appeared, clad in a purple suit of clothes, white shoes of doeskin and a striped vest that had thrown all West Algiers into a tumult. Aubrien paused languidly in the doorway of the directorial bedroom, which overlooked the teeming city, or jehiad.

"Let your whiskers grow," ordered Jimmy in his usual voice of authority, glancing at his star.

"Who?" asked Aubrey, not believing his ears.

"You," said Jimmy.

"What for? Me—let my whiskers grow? What for?"

"Because I say so."

"In the first place," rejoined Mr. Aubrien in a freezing tone, "I don't know whether they would grow if I wanted them to, and in the second place, I don't want them to and won't stand for it."

"Oh, yes, you will! You'll grow your whiskers or you'll go home. Do you know what a sheik looks like?"

"I ought to. And you know I know."

"You do not. You have been playing drug-store sheiks for a long time, and now you change. If you are in this picture at all, which I doubt, you are going to look like a real, honest-to-Absalom sheik, and not any mamma's darling."

Mr. Aubrien sneered. "Have you gone insane?" he inquired. "Who do you think you are, to be telling me how to play a sheik? I played them before you came and I'll be playing them after you're gone. And what about my public? Do you think my admirers want to see me on the screen looking like a hobo?"

The director remained calm. "No matter what they want or what you want, they are going to get a real sheik. No studio can stop me this time, for they can't reach me, and I am going to give the people of America an authentic piece of work."

"And disgrace me—make a fool out of Aubrey Aubrien!"

"A sheik," continued the director gently, "is a dirty-faced desert rat who wears defunct overalls, steals discarded food, never takes a bath, and sleeps with his camel. And that's you, Mr. Aubrien, if you will pardon my saying so."

"Not in a thousand years!" hotly replied the man who has thrilled young girls everywhere, and who was the first male to wear a red sash in California in lieu of a leather belt.

"You refuse to obey my orders?" Jimmy inquired.

"Certainly, because you've gone crazy. Do you think See & Kay will stand for such nonsense?"

"Too late for See & Kay. I'm doing this on my own. And you are through with the job, hereby and now. I have no further use for you in Behold the Sheik, so you can return to America on the next boat, loiter about Algiers, if you desire, or hang yourself to the first lamp-post."

Mr. Aubrien retired from the scene, slightly disgruntled, and Director Sims went happily about the business of making his first motion picture free from studio interference. Baron Ward concluded his epic Continuity Number 2 and conferred with his leader regarding details.

"We'll have to hunt us up a sheik somewhere," he said.

"Don't worry about that. We'll get one, and the more murderous he is, the better. See if they've got any employment agencies in this town."

Mr. Ward found that Algiers, West Algiers and Algiers Junction were all without agencies of any sort; but in the end, and within the week, it was Baron who strode into the lobby of the Splendid Hotel, leading by the arm a gentleman named Hadji-el-Salim, a soiled, bewhiskered and faintly odorous son of the desert. In prowling about Algiers with an open eye, Baron had chanced into the Splendid Theater, or what would be the Gem Movies in America, and following a brisk Western drama and three short comics, a news reel and some jokes in Arabic, Baron emerged into the sunlight, where he could breathe. Standing in the lobby of the theater, or zepatam, and looking over the Algerians for interesting types, Baron Ward's eye fell upon the tough customer in the corner.

"Pardon me," said he, with the easy nonchalance of a Californian anywhere, "but I am looking about for a good guide. I want a man who knows his desert. You strike me as being a man who would know deserts."

Mr. El-Salim looked surprised through his whiskers. Few people openly spoke to him, especially if they knew him.

"You came to the right shop if you're looking for a guide," he declared, lighting a cigarette, or inna. "I was born on the desert. I know every grain of sand in it. What are you looking for and where are we going?"

Baron hastily sketched the situation up at the hotel and the need for immediate action. "What we require most," he said, "is a sheik. We are completely out of sheiks at this time and need an A-Number-1 emir."

"You got him," returned the Hadji, whose father, the Sheik Adar-el-Syam, one of the leading pillagers and murderers of his day, had looked after Hadji's education, and in fact sent him abroad. "If you want a sheik, say no more. I am a sheik."

"No!" said Baron, in delight.

"Absolutely!"

Mr. Ward asked several more questions and satisfied himself that the Hadji was the real thing and not a mere bob-up. He took El-Salim by the arm, or eanif, and led him rapidly down the main street of Algiers, avoiding flivvers with Iowa license plates and brought the new guide and sheik into the presence of Jimmy Sims, who was giving the script a final reading and learning to smoke a native desert pipe, or bassourab.

"Here is your sheik," Baron announced proudly. "He hasn't had a bath since Boston won the pennant, and he has personally pillaged caravans and murdered the inmates."

"Baron," said Jimmy, rising with a smile and looking hard at Hadji, "you have done a big day's work today. This man is exactly the type I had in mind. What is your name, fellow?"

Hadji recited his full name, which was Hadji-el-Salim-el-Ehwar-el-Beaselem, a distinguished and ancient Bedouin family, which in the States would roughly translate into Smith. Sims shook hands heartily.

"You want this job?" he asked.

"Sure," replied the Hadji. "How much?"

"What about ten dollars a day for you and five dollars for your men?" The Hadji considered and nodded slowly. "Have you got any men?"

"Fifty," said the sheik.

"Where are they?"

"Exercising the camels," the fellow replied; but he neglected to add that virtually all his men were, at the instant, in a virulent state of inebriety, over in an East Algiers barroom, or fondouk. He likewise omitted other salient and interesting facts about himself and his faithful Arabs—facts which would have perturbed the director and frightened the lady members into conniption fits.

Mr. El-Salim was not only a notorious brigand and desert rat but his henchmen, or cabais, were as murderous a crew of dusty cutthroats as ever pillaged a camel train. In truth, the outfit had just finished up a campaign of murder and rapine and had cameled into Algiers to spend the loot in Bedouinistic debauchery, after which all hands would be ready to sally forth into the Sahara and slit throats.

Never suspecting the true deviishness of his sheik, Mr. Sims ordered immediate progress. He revealed to Hadji the general

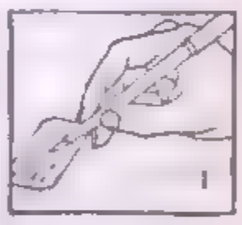
Keys can't tangle in this sturdy Key Tainer Price $1 00

Only a Buxton

offers you These Conveniences

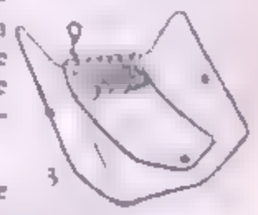
MILLIONS of people now carry keys this safe way—in a Buxton Key-Tainer, flat, compact, convenient. Keys always in order, with sharp edges encased in protective leather.

But only Buxton Key-Tainer owners enjoy the privilege of the Buxton Free Key Return Service (1) by which lost keys are returned. Ask the salesman to explain how this service operates.



Only the Buxton Key-Tainer has one-piece revolving hooks of tempered steel (2). Keys can't cross or tangle—hooks won't come apart, break or bend.

Only the Buxton Key-Tainer has a leather reinforcing pocket flap (3) that keeps the Key-Tainer in shape—prevents keys from spilling out of the case and doubles the life of the Key-Tainer.



Made in all the popular leathers. Exquisite hand workmanship throughout. Prices from 50 cents up, with a wide assortment around one dollar. Sizes to accommodate from 4 to 16 keys.

Leading jewelers, department stores, leather goods and stationery stores carry Buxton Key-Tainers.

If you don't find what you want, write us and we will tell you where you can get it. Address BUXTON, INC., 330 Main Street, Springfield, Mass., or if in Canada, *The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.*

BUXTON

Key-Tainer

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right down where the razor does its work.

This "small-bubble" lather *softens every whisker*

It penetrates to the base of each hair—makes it soft and pliable, banishes pulling and dragging

LATHERS that pile up thick at the top of the beard do not always penetrate to the base of the beard—and it's at the base that the razor does its work. Naturally that's where the softening should take place. The softening *does* take place, close down at the base of the beard, when you shave with Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream.

The radical difference between Colgate's and other lathers is in the bubbles. Colgate bubbles are far smaller. They contain more water—much less air, as the lather-pictures shown above prove. And science has said that it is the water in the lather that really softens beards.

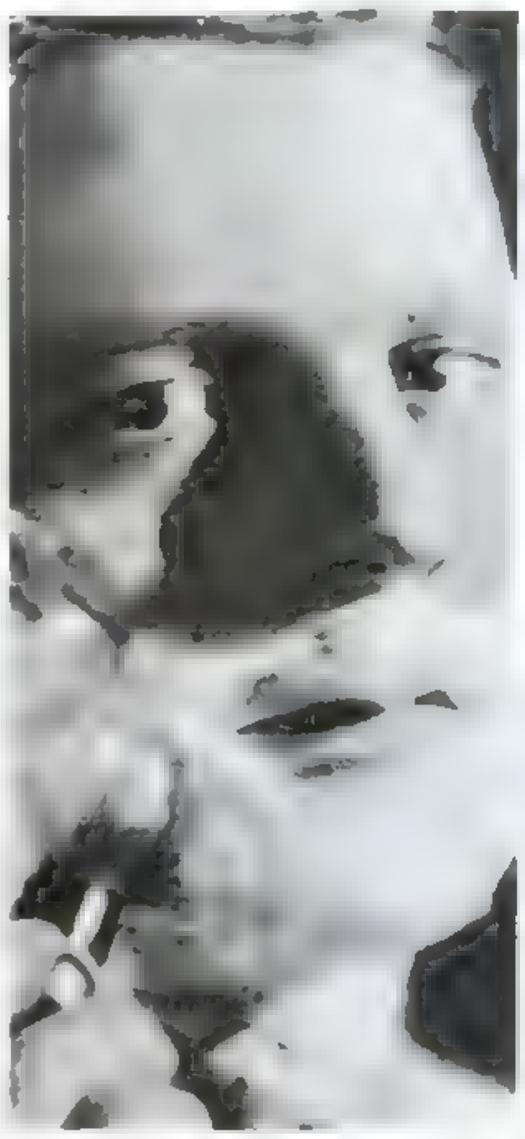
How Colgate lather works

The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair, and floats it away.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

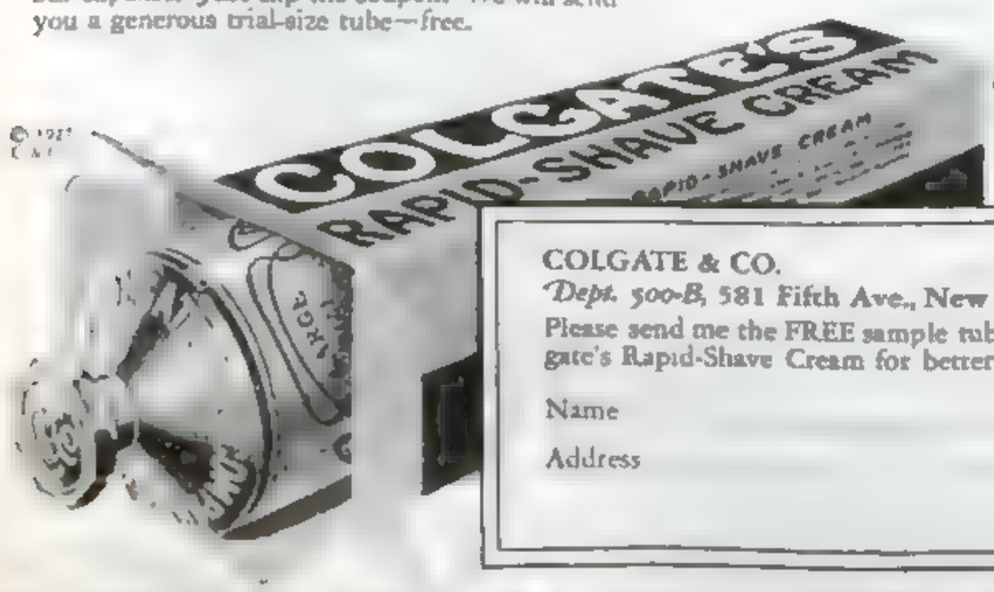
Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. The keen blade glides smoothly *through* the toughest whiskers—not over them. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.



A week's better shaves—FREE

Once you try this unique "small-bubble" lather, we believe you will never go back to ordinary shaving methods. Prove this for yourself—at our expense. Just clip the coupon. We will send you a generous trial-size tube—free.

Colgate & Co.
Est. 1806
NEW YORK



In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd. 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 500-B, 581 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving.

Name

Address

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

character of the enterprise—a motion picture, or djikki, to be made amid the dunes of the desert, a rough, true photoplay of sheik life as it is, and not the frilly passementerie concoction usually dished out to the fans.

"Perfectly plain to me," replied Hadji, "and I know just where to go."

Willie Hupp, the assistant director, rounded up the members of the cast, who had spent the time in Algiers piously buying slave bracelets, camel's-hair rugs, water pipes, perfumes, blue veils, teacups and goatskin hats, all of which could have been purchased under the Stars and Stripes for less money.

Hadji summoned his merry men and gave orders to sober up and behave, as the future seemed to look bright for little Arab boys.

Four days after Baron had stumbled upon El-Salim the film caravan headed down Emir Avenue, Algiers, and out into the trackless Sahara, in the general direction of Oasis Number 31, which, as described by the sheik, was an ideal spot for the shooting of a motion picture or anything else. Oasis 31 lay four hundred miles across the burning sands, or it may have been two hundred, in as much as an Arab mile is only half a mile and sometimes not that.

"This places us safely out of reach by cable," Sims said. "We ought to produce a fine photo drama."

"It will be the making of the both of us," agreed Baron Ward.

It was without question a colorful, excited and slightly scared column that wended its way into the sandy silences. None of the Hollywood persons had ever ridden into a genuine desert before, and the more timid ones left word with the hotel clerk in Algiers, in case anything happened. Those of the Americans that could ride camels rode them; and those that could not, fell off and were prodded back on board by annoyed Bedouins.

Sheik Hadji-el-Salim silently led the parade, and his evil-eyed crew of desperadoes flanked the column and saw that nobody escaped. And so, with their faces blistered by the Sahara sun, and sand in their ears, the intrepid makers of genuine movies proceeded apace toward Oasis 31, so-called because it contained sixteen palm trees.

The long trek across the desert was accomplished without casualty and Oasis 31 was reached at ten minutes after noon on a bright day. Camp was pitched just beyond the water hole, or hezaam. Jimmy swung into immediate action, assisted by Willie Hupp and advised by Baron Ward, whose optimism grew day by day. Cameras were cocked and mounted. The script, Continuity Number 2, reeking with red-blooded action, was opened at Scene 1, where a Bedouin sentinel, or jezail, is brutally shot down and kicked off his parapet.

Someone handed Jimmy his megaphone and a short conference was held to decide whether it would be night or day.

"Where is our sheik?" the director inquired, glancing about him.

All present wondered where their sheik was, for he had been seen a few minutes before taking a long drink of desert whisky, or fatta. Hadji-el-Salim had then drifted slowly toward the sixteen palm trees, where he and his murderers had isolated themselves, preferring to camp a fair distance away from the white people, or rabahs.

"He was here a while ago," said Willie Hupp.

"Yes, but where is he now?" demanded Jimmy. "He will have to learn to be where I want him when I want him."

"There he comes," someone announced. "Isn't that him?"

Jimmy looked up from his scenes. "No," he said, "that is not him."

"Oh, yes, it is."

"Oh, no, it isn't."

"Don't kid me."

"I'm not kidding you."

While this debate was held the Hadji advanced slowly through the sand, for it was the Hadji.

"That's him," said Willie Hupp. "My goodness!" He did not literally say "My goodness," but gave the Hollywood assistant directorial translation.

Short as the time had been, with Jimmy Sims waiting, the son of the desert had shaved. Of all his abundant and clinging hirsute foliage, not a single strand remained. He strode forward, pleased with himself, wearing a pair of baggy red pants, a pink sash, a silk shirt open at the throat and an Arab hat, or harka.

"Well, I'll be a this and a that!" exclaimed the director, glaring angrily at his new leading man. "What did you go and shave for?"

"To get the whiskers off," said El-Salim pleasantly. "Why not? Are we not about to begin on this movie?"

"Certainly we are, and we need your whiskers. The main thing we wanted from you was whiskers. You're a sheik—a dirty, smelly outcast!"

"Tut-tut!" replied the Hadji, raising a finger. "Careful with your talk, Mr. Sims. You are not on a set now. It is true that I am a sheik, and we are going to make a sheik picture, but if you believe for a single instant that you are going to make a public show of me"—here he recited his full name—"and exhibit me to untold millions in the guise of a seedy bum, you are mistaken. I know my bilhanna"—onions—"and I know how a sheik looks in the movies, because heaven knows I have seen enough of them in Algiers at the Splendid Theater."

He paused and looked stern. Baron Ward groaned suddenly.

"This is a rough epic of desert life," snapped the director. "You are a bloodthirsty villain, fearing neither man nor devil, a Sahara scavenger, the mere sight of whom would throw a young girl into spasms."

"Cease," said the sheik, "and let us be on with the task. I know more about sheiks than you do, for I am one. Now where are all the lovely costumes?"

"We are not going to use the lovely costumes," Sims protested.

"All of them," said El-Salim. "One by one, I wear them all, and some of my own."

"Never! Not a chance!"

"Listen!" said Hadji, momentarily losing his friendly smile and removing from his sash a dagger two feet long and extremely pointed. "Are you going to argue with me? Do you wish me to slit your gizzard open and bury you without pomp? Or do you want to do this job as I command, me being a sheik on his home grounds?"

The director turned pale and glanced toward Baron Ward. "Putting it that way," said Jimmy, "I believe we will do as you say."

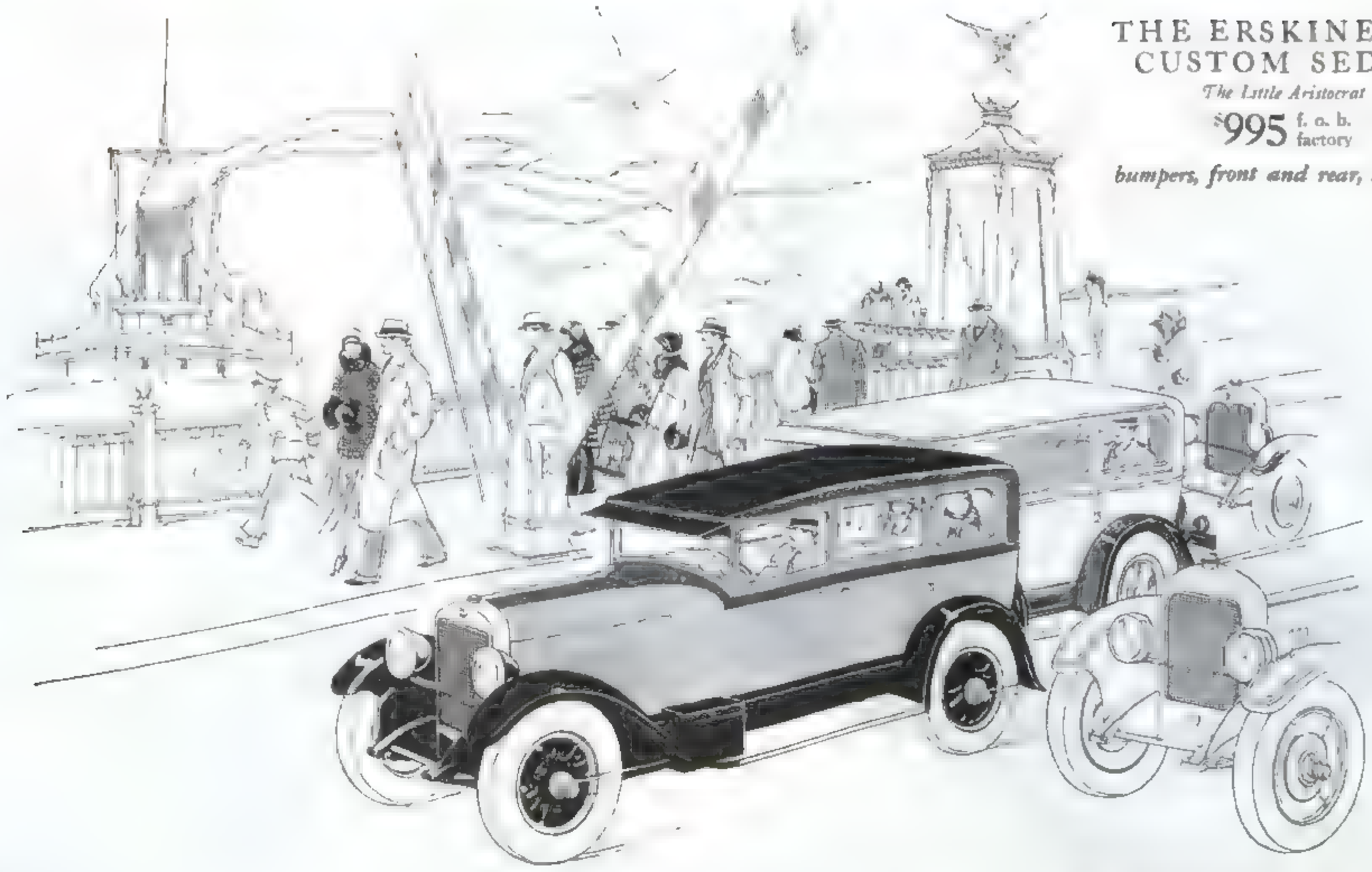
"That's the spirit," smiled the sheik. "Now get your men ready and we'll produce a movie."

He replaced his dagger and all present looked relieved. The motion picture got under way and proceeded at full speed, with Hadji-el-Salim in complete charge, Mr. Sims being a mere assistant with no authority whatever.

Naturally a villainous fellow, the sheik corrected his faulty externals in his own fashion, plastered himself with make-up, forced Willie Hupp to cut his hair and goose-grease it in the conventional mode, and even touched up his facial high spots with Number 3 Rouge. And once made sleek, Hadji looked not unlike any other sheik of motion-picture repute. He was not a particularly good actor, and this increased the resemblance. He ransacked the costumes supply and took what he desired of garments intended to glorify Aubrey Aubrien, and he further insisted that his dissolute Bedouins be appareled properly.

The entourage was decked out in white pants, golf shoes, silk shirts, bow ties and haberdashery hats, and took on the general appearance of badly sunburned extra men. The supply of wardrobe running short on

(Continued on Page 58



THE ERSKINE SIX
CUSTOM SEDAN
The Little Aristocrat
$995 f. o. b. factory
bumpers, front and rear, included

Changing your ideals of motor car performance

AT THE New York automobile show, the Erskine Six—Studebaker's new-type car—was a sensation. New York echoed the enthusiasm of Paris and London—for this car is new . . . it is evolutionary . . . it is advanced!

Here is a car with a six-cylinder engine which develops 60 miles per hour effortlessly.

Here is acceleration that puts you ahead of traffic on thronged boulevards the instant the green light flashes—5 to 25 miles per hour in 8½ seconds!

Here is economy of upkeep never before approached in a car of 6-cylinder construction—25-30 miles to the gallon of gasoline—1000 miles to the gallon of oil!

And such ease of handling! The Erskine Six turns in a radius of 18 feet—slips through traffic like a motorcycle—parks in spaces you've always had to pass up before.

Thrilling Six-Cylinder Performance

It takes an 11% grade in high gear.

It possesses riding comfort of an entirely new order—the Erskine Six is cradled in a spring-base equal to 82% of its entire wheelbase—the longest springbase for its size of any car built in America!

The Erskine Six is a newcomer as a car, but it is built and backed by a 75-year young concern and has been perfected by extreme road tests on the Studebaker proving ground. From the lustrous lacquer finish to the heart of the chassis, every part of the car is designed to give long, lasting service.

The Erskine Six is a revelation of custom car beauty. The fleet, buoyant lines of its body were designed by a great artist—Dietrich, whose custom bodies are identified with the world's highest priced cars. His design for the Erskine Six won a competition in which the leading carrossiers of America participated.

The graceful lines of the Erskine Six Custom Sedan, the handsome crown fenders, the embossed panel on the hood, are characteristic of the finest custom body practice.

Richly upholstered in broadcloth with broadlace trim; hardware of bright silver finish; dome light; robe rail and silken curtains. Compartments for gloves or cigarettes at each end of the instrument board. Complete in every detail—new-type, one-piece windshield, automatic windshield cleaner; rear-vision mirror; hydrostatic gasoline gauge on the dash; coincidental lock to ignition and steering.

The Little Aristocrat

Be prepared for a surprise when first you see the Erskine Six. You will find it a distinct evolution in automobile building—an American fine car of the European type. You will likely want one for your own, personal use—regardless of how many cars you own—the moment you take the wheel and discover how deftly it handles, how smooth and effortless is the going.

* * *

Equipment—Erskine Six Custom Sedan (illustrated): 4-wheel brakes; full size balloon tires; bumpers, front and rear; two-beam headlights; oil filter; rear traffic signal light; cowl ventilator; one-piece windshield; thief-proof coincidental lock to ignition and steering; automatic windshield cleaner; rear-vision mirror; hydrostatic gasoline gauge on dash; instrument board compartments; dome light; robe rail; broadcloth upholstery with broadlace trim.

ERSKINE SIX

Studebaker's New
2⅓ Litre Car

An aid to

Speedy Recovery *from* Colds and Influenza

Now from Switzerland a safe, natural way to build up new resistance and stamina—puts you on your feet and brings you new-found Pep and Energy

We offer you a 3-day Test

One of the most dangerous periods of any illness is the first stage of convalescence. Eager to "get back in the harness" you over-tax your drained vitality. A relapse follows—often of more serious consequence than the original illness.

Your doctor will bear this out. Statistics prove it. For seven out of ten persons who have pneumonia were supposedly "over" a cold, La Grippe or Influenza.

Now modern science has found a natural way (a way without drugs) to speed convalescence, this dangerous after-illness period—to quickly build up resistance and stamina.

It is the delicious new Swiss food-drink called Ovaltine. A cup three times a day (and at bedtime) puts you on your feet quickly. Restores your old-time pep and energy.

That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.

The 3-day test we offer here will show you. We urge you to make it. It is well worth while.

How Ovaltine speeds recuperation

FIRST—Ovaltine digests very quickly. Even following a serious illness. It combines vitalizing and building-up food essentials so necessary for speedy recuperation. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

SECOND—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods which you eat. Thus, soon after drinking it is turning itself and other foods into rich, red blood.

This action is restoring to the body. Digestion is speeded up. Quick assimilation follows. You gather new strength and energy. Your vitality is quickly brought to par.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food-drink. In use in Switzerland for 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was included as a standard ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for convalescence, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for sleeplessness, nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children and the aged.

Just make a test of Ovaltine. Note the difference—how new life and energy flow through your body. How soon your vigor and ardor return. How speedy your recovery.

Now more than 20,000 doctors recommend Ovaltine

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we'll send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10 cents.

OVALTINE

Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

© 1926 T. W. Co

I had LaGrippe and decided to try Ovaltine. I did and experienced very good results. I find Ovaltine a fine builder for health and sleep.

Miss M. Rohdenburg, New Jersey

I used Ovaltine as a tonic after pleurisy and bronchitis and gained at the rate of half a pound a day.

I am well pleased with the results.

Will Weyler, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. 1212
37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name

Street

City State

One package to a person

Send for 3-day test

(Continued from Page 56)

the fourth day of shooting, the sheik canceled camera work for the day, summoned his Arabs, put them back into their working clothes and galloped off into the desert, where he waylaid an inoffensive caravan, shot up the defenders and returned to Oasis 31 with miscellaneous loot, including London clothing, prayer rugs and two saxophones.

In the process of filming The Bronze God under forced conditions, five caravans in all were held up, and news of the outrages filtered into the world's press, causing international complications and annoying European powers which had signed peace treaties with all bandits and naturally expected a quiet summer on the Sahara. At one tense stage it looked like war between the U. S. A. and somebody else, but that was fortunately smoothed out.

Meantime, in far-away America, a solitary figure might have been observed dropping from a train in California. It was Aubrey Aubrien, formerly in the sheik business. He hurried out to the See & Kay Studios and went into conference with four leading officials, including George Lawson, the manager.

"Jimmy Sims," he announced to the astounded executives, "has gone completely hay-wire. He dismissed me from the cast. He has gone into the desert to make what he calls an epic, using an army of dirty thieves and emirs."

The numb officials demanded details and Aubrey explained.

"Cable him," shouted the fourth vice president, who is forever cabling someone.

"Useless," said Aubrey. "Sims is now far out on the Sahara, making a brutal photo drama of blood and bones."

The demoted leading man continued to narrate discouraging facts and the gentlemen of the studio looked at one another in bewilderment and asked what the business was coming to. Nothing like this had ever before happened to See & Kay.

"After all," remarked the general manager, "he may get something. A roaring melodrama, showing the Arab butchers in their crimes, might be a hit."

Thinking this over, the officials went into another conference about something else.

"Now," said Hadji-el-Salim, "we get ready for the kidnaping."

"What kidnaping?" asked the director, who had been reduced to a mere rag by the heat of the sun and the disrespect of Hadji's nomads. "Is there a kidnaping in this?"

"Oh, yes," answered the sheik heartily. "I know my movies. We will go out first and steal a white horse from a passing caravan. Then I kidnap Miss Henley and ride off to my tent upon the desert, and, believe me, the boys are fixing me up a tent the public will love. I am going to have everything in that tent but an elevator."

"You insist?" faltered Sims.

"I do," said the sheik; and before that day's sun had set, Miss Henley, frightened speechless, had been kidnaped and carried off to the tent of the oily-haired scoundrel. Thus advanced the photo drama from day to day.

The tent scenes, it was admitted, were peppery, but could be toned down in the cutting; and anyhow, as Mr. Sims indicated to Mr. Ward, the two principals were married; and when you are married in the movies, you can get away with virtually anything up to murder.

In due time The Bronze God was finished. There had been plenty of excellent fighting on the desert sands, with the sheik's hairy oafs stealing canned goods, horses and phonographs from resisting caravans; but not an inch of this ever crept into the films, for, as the sheik said to Jimmy, fighting was only part of the day's work for a nomad and there was no sense in giving the Sahara a bad name and scaring off tourists.

Strangely enough, Mr. El-Salim refrained from murdering employes of See & Kay. When the last shot was in the can all souls were alive. True, the sheik took as payment what loose change there was, but he treated the ladies and gentlemen with genuine consideration, keeping nothing but the costumes. He escorted the makers of a real movie back to Algiers, where all took a bath, or heza, and where Jimmy Sims sent a pathetic cablegram to California, stating that he had finished The Bronze God, such as it was, and would somebody be good enough to cable cash to bring the company and its cans of film home to America. Sheik Hadji-El-Salim shook hands warmly with the dispirited director and tried to cheer him up, offering to help again any time he came to Africa.

"You've got a high-grade movie, my boy," he said cheerily. "I am not a perfect actor, to be sure, but there are worse drawing pay in many a studio. Good-by and good luck."

The Sims unit, having been financially rescued, proceeded at once to New York. Mr. Sims and Mr. Ward paced the deck of the liner and tried to console each other for the miscarriage of as ambitious an enterprise as ever two movie gentlemen planned.

"It only goes to show," mourned the director, "that you cannot do anything new in the movies. When you can't do it in Africa, four hundred miles from a cable, you can't do it anywhere."

"If he had only let us shoot some of those caravan assaults!" groaned Mr. Ward. "A couple of those fights were peaches. We might just as well have shot this thing in the suburbs of Los Angeles."

"Better," said Jimmy. "I hope his camel throws him. This is my last African picture, and maybe my last one anywhere."

In New York City there was a delay of a week before the See & Kay travelers started for sunny California, and Jimmy Sims sat in a borrowed projection room, looked sadly at his epic and cut it into story form. He assembled the episodes, pieced them together and eventually had a sheik story—another Bronze God, with a slick-haired gentleman kidnaping a beautiful American girl and galloping off to his tent on the desert, where, as always, he treated the lady with marked discourtesy until she eventually fell in love with him and saved him from death, after he had been shot by a traitorous caliph.

Jimmy and his assistant viewed the finished product glumly. "It isn't so awful," affirmed the director, "but it's the old familiar song, another pea in the same old pod."

"Anyhow," said Mr. Ward, "we have a new sheik."

Thereupon Mr. Sims went back to his hotel and came down with a hard New York cold, so that when his company started for home he was unable to go. He remained behind, taking medicine and swearing, and the sheik outfit rushed into the gallant West, where officials of See & Kay were waiting. The picture had cost the firm a small fortune and plenty had been spent upon the exploitation and advertising of the new Bronze God. It was announced to the trade as a true picture of Arab life, a portrayal of the Sahara as it is, and not as it is usually painted.

"This photoplay," See & Kay informed the world, "is a startling innovation, a grisly novelty, an epic of the sands and oases, with a real sheik playing the lead, a veritable devil of the desert, steeped in his own infamy and wanted for pillage by three governments."

General Manager Lawson sent for Aubrey Aubrien and that speckless person appeared.

"Let your whiskers grow," commanded Mr. Lawson, just as Sims had said weeks and weeks before in Algiers.

Mr. Aubrien again betrayed astonishment. "Why?" he asked.

"Because you'll need them. Sims has come through with a sheik story and the chances are a thousand to one it will be a sensation because of its novelty. We wish to follow it with a sequel, which I shall probably call The Nephew of the Sheik. You are the nephew, and you ought to look dirtier and more vicious than this present sheik." (Continued on Page 60)

"GASSED in St. Mihiel Drive. Later came down with pneumonia. After recovery I became constipated, and although I tried all kinds of medicines I could get no relief. Finally I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast, and my constipation has entirely disappeared."

EVERETT VER HAGE, Paterson, N. J.

RIGHT

"I WISH TO STATE that, after taking for several years every day a cake of your Yeast, I have absolutely convinced myself that I solely owe my clear skin and complexion as well as my perfectly regulated constitution to your Fleischmann's Yeast."

MARGUERITA SYLVA, New York City

"I WAS DISCOURAGED. Indigestion forced me to give up swimming, my favorite sport. Thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, however, my indigestion has entirely left me and I am now in perfect health and enjoying my swimming more than ever." HELEN STYLES, Winnipeg, Man.

"THE CHRISTMAS SEASON had meant absolutely nothing to me—for I was completely run down from overwork and worry. My nights were sleepless, my meals were a burden—I feared I was near a nervous collapse. Throwing myself on the couch one evening I read about Fleischmann's Yeast. I began eating three cakes a day. The results were these: good sleep, good appetite, good digestion and a daily increase in strength." J. M. DAVIS, Hollywood, Calif.

MME. MARGUERITA SYLVA, *prima donna mezzo soprano. "The World's Greatest Carmen."*

"I FINISHED High School as Valedictorian. But I had worked hard to acquire that honor, and after graduation I was almost a physical wreck—nervous, no appetite, and my face covered with eruptions. I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast and the first week showed amazing results. In two months I was my old self again, and my complexion was absolutely clear." ESTHER GELMAN, Greenwood, Miss.

Half-sick - - Utterly miserable

They found the easy, simple way to banish their ills, to regain the health *that Nature meant them to have*

"*OVER-WORK, worry—I was near a nervous collapse*"—"*Could get no relief from constipation*"—"*Nervous, no appetite—my face covered with eruptions*" . . . *and then* . . .

The difference! to them—to their families—when their ills began to disappear, their old health and strength to return.

Fleischmann's Yeast is not a medicine—it is a fresh corrective food. The millions of tiny active yeast plants in each cake aid digestion, clear the skin, tone up the whole system.

Taken regularly, Fleischmann's Yeast brings complete release from constipation. Unlike dangerous cathartics, yeast actually strengthens weak intestinal muscles. It checks intestinal putrefaction. It prevents the absorption of poisons by the body.

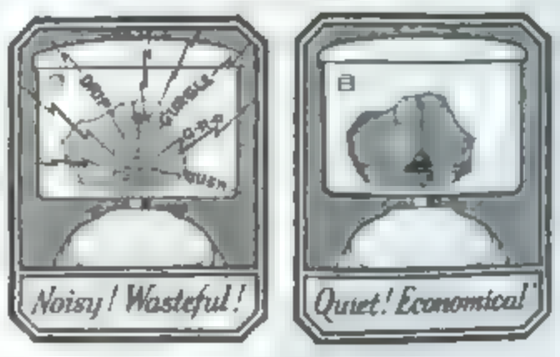
THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

Eat three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers; in fruit juice, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. *For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime*

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Send for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-30, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

WOODWARD WANGER HOUSEHOLD SERVICE

Take a look!



THAT nerve-racking gurgle and gush in your closet tank won't stop of its own accord. Take a look and see if it isn't caused by some trouble with that rubber ball down at the bottom of your closet tank. It usually is. Want it stopped—and stopped for good? Then call your plumber and tell him to put in a

WOODWARD-WANGER
MUSHROOM
Parabal
and stop that leak

With this patented tank ball he can, and will, guarantee to put an end to the noise and waste for a full three years. That's worth a lot—but Mushroom Parabal costs only $1.25!

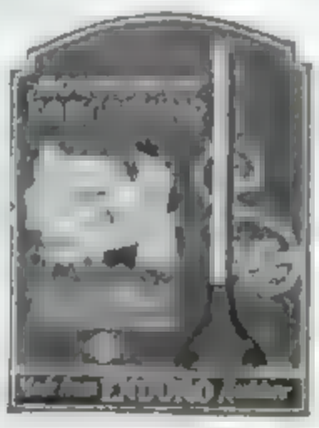
The picture at the left shows what goes on when an old style tank ball has "gone bad" and refuses to close the valve. Disturbing noises—wasted water! At the right you see how Mushroom Parabal fits right down into the valve like a cork and forms a perfect seal all the way round. Quiet, economical—and it stays that way indefinitely.

Sold and used by good plumbers everywhere

Here's First Aid for "Run-Down" Bathrooms

Replace Those Worn Seat Bumpers

If you own a screw-driver you can do it yourself. Just drop in at your plumber's shop and ask for Woodward-Wanger bumpers—they're live, resilient and made from long-lasting Enduro rubber.



For Speeding Up Those Sluggish Drains

A stopped-up waste pipe is an insanitary nuisance. Here's a handy, efficient little force pump that will clear it with a few strokes daily. Note the short handle! You find that only on the Woodward-Wanger Household Force Pump. At your plumber's only.

New Stoppers and Chains Make a Big Difference

And they cost so little that there's no excuse for a shabby basin or tub in the whole house. Your plumber carries the right sizes for every drain—equipped with bright nickel chains. Ask for Woodward-Wanger and get the best.

Woodward-Wanger Co.
Philadelphia
Oakland, California Chicago, Illinois Orlando, Florida

(Continued from Page 58)

Mr. Aubrien concealed his disgust, walked out and began at once the cultivation of a set of whiskers.

On time to the minute, the travel-stained wayfarers arrived in the home town, minus Sims, and automobiles carried the company out to the studio of See & Kay, where a brief reception followed. Willie Hupp delivered the cans of precious film to Mr. Lawson. Baron Ward went dismally to his office, merely stating, in answer to questions, that he believed they had a commercial picture.

At two in the afternoon the organization officially viewed the result of four months' work away from home and the projection room was filled. Everyone connected with See & Kay hurried to behold the wonders of the Sahara and to see for the first time a brutal tale of Bedouin adventure, a thriller with actual nomads.

Baron Ward remained away from the viewing. "I don't feel any too good," he said. "You get a fever over there, and it leaves you shaky." So when the machine began to hum in the dim light of the projection room, Baron Ward went quietly home to see if his radio batteries had died in his absence.

Seating themselves in the comfortable leather chairs for which projection rooms are renowned, the executives of See & Kay murmured in polite anticipation. President See sat beside Vice President Kay, with Mr. Lawson near by. Directors, cameramen, script writers, cutters, supervisors, gag men and others hurried in and sat down, waiting to see for the first time on American soil what a sheik looked like in the pursuit of his daily affairs.

The first gasp of astonishment escaped from persons present at four minutes after two, Pacific time, when Sheik Hadji-el-Salim rode into the picture and was introduced in a temporary title. The spectators beheld a handsome swarthy person, about thirty-five, with jet-black hair and make-up under his eyes. His costume seemed vaguely familiar to all.

"Would that be the sheik?" inquired President See.

"It says he is," replied Vice President Kay.

"Well, I'll be dog-goned!" said the president. "So this is the homicidal bandit that nearly got us into a war! He looks like an extra man."

The photo drama unwound itself.

"When does the murdering begin?" officials asked one another. "Where is this pillage and rapine?"

"Thirty thousand dollars wasted in advertising," announced Mr. Kay. "Look at the position it puts us in with the trade!"

A subdued audience watched The Bronze God for its entire length, and saw the dauntless sheik gallop away with his innocent victim and rush through a complete standard photo drama, beloved by the public, but not new. The showing ended at 3:45.

"It isn't so bad," they agreed. "It's just fair. Thank heavens the oasis is new, anyhow."

"It will get over," the general manager predicted. "But I can see now that we did not need to send to Africa for such stuff. We could get all this up at Oxnard and save a hundred thousand dollars."

They filed out solemnly into the pleasant sunshine, talking over the revision of certain plans. A lone figure hurried down the long walk from the gateway. It was Aubrey Aubrien and his cultivated beard, ready to play the sheik's nephew.

"Pardon me," he said to the president. "I just received your message. What was it you wanted?"

The president stared grimly at the star, who had begun to look like an Airedale.

"Go home and shave," he said. "You look terrible."

"Or as the Arabs would say," added Willie Hupp, who never liked Aubrien anyhow, "get rid of them bum faddhlings."

A CHANCE IN THE CALCUTTA

(Continued from Page 29)

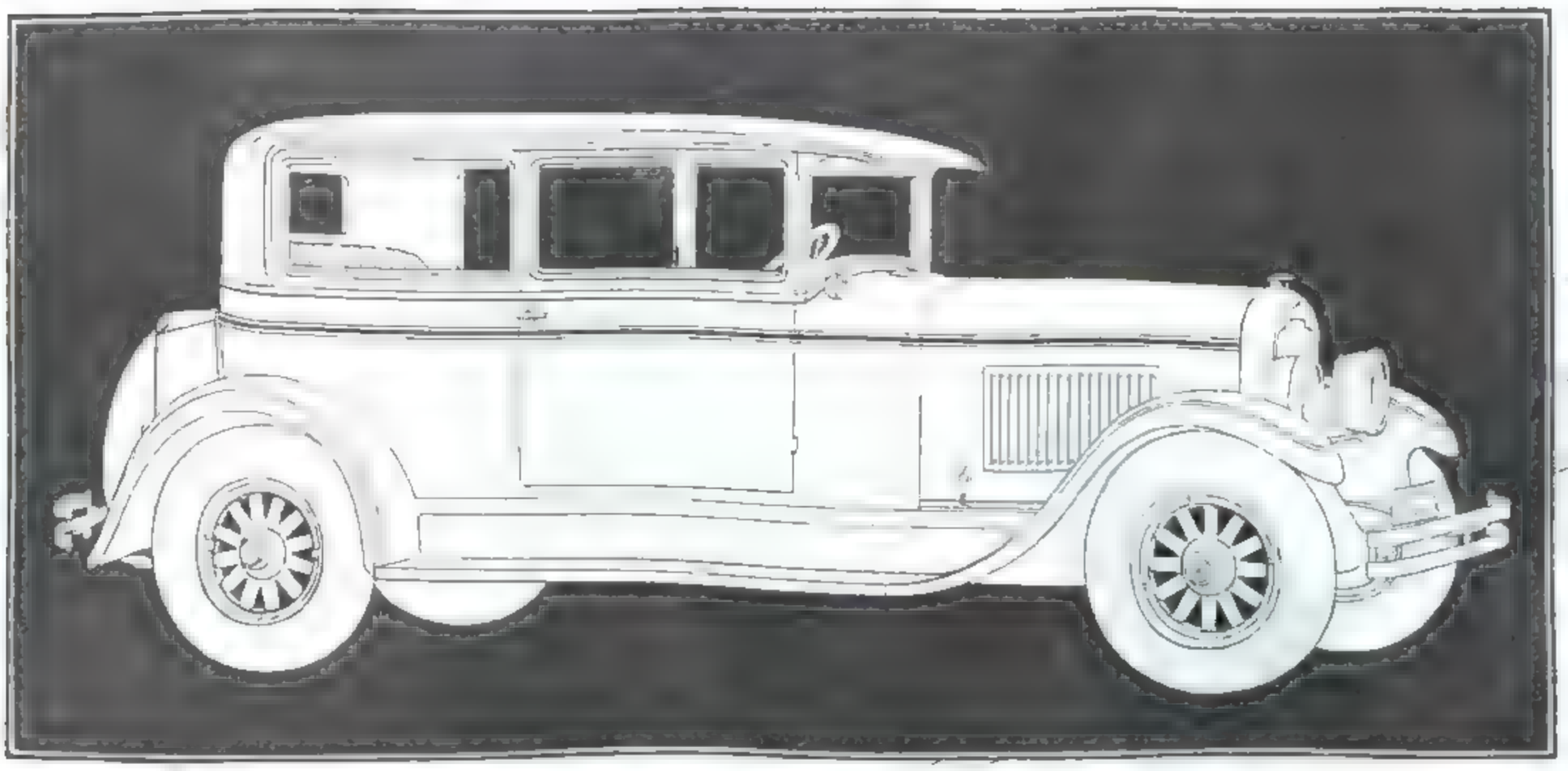
Olympian prize—the Blue Riband of the turf.' Even in my time it has survived the most revolutionary changes. When the American jockeys established the custom of riding at top speed from post to box, they knocked ten seconds off the time record in as many years; they converted the race into a knock-out. It's against all reason to ask young three-year-olds to carry 126 pounds over such a track, as races are ridden now. But we all do it, and we are converting the Thoroughbred into an infant prodigy, good for two seasons of racing at the most. And the old traditions have gone, with the old landowning families which have been squeezed out of it by death duties and taxes. The winning strains of blood have passed into the hands of men who breed for public auction instead of their own racing stables. So you buy your Derby winner at the sales. And now come these huge sweepstakes prizes, changing the whole character of the betting. I am quite prepared to see the Calcutta prize reach £100,000 one day, and I hardly like to think what that might mean."

The forecast was realized much sooner than the owner could ever have dreamed. The lucky man who drew Coronach, winner of the Epsom Derby of 1926, in the Calcutta sweepstakes, received a check for more than $500,000, and his chance had cost him no more than four dollars. On the same race two pools were conducted by the London Stock Exchange, each paying a first prize of $250,000. The Baltic Exchange, mainly concerned with lumber, had also a $250,000 prize; and on a smaller scale there were scores and hundreds of substantial prizes won in the race. Further along the diminishing line of money value, every club and pub and office building and factory had its own little pool, with subscribers who would not think of betting with a bookmaker, and would not know how. It is the literal truth that millions of persons obtained a personal and financial interest in the Epsom Derby through these sweepstakes. Which explains why the race is more than ever the Darby, while all other Derbies are no more than Durbies.

One point my owner had overlooked, not being a newspaper man; namely, that the sweepstakes prizes have provided the race for the Derby with a new type of romance, just when all the traditional romances attached to the race in the nineteenth century seemed to have evaporated. But before going into that, it may be as well to make clear what he meant when he prophesied that the sweepstakes prizes would change the whole character of the Derby betting. On the eve of a recent Derby I received a telephone message from a newspaper to which I was contributing with some regularity, to the effect that somebody had called at the office desiring most urgently to see me, and would I ring him up at his hotel? The name was unknown to me, but I got in touch with him, and finally went to his hotel. He was a Yorkshireman, a sturdy old farmer with a flower in his buttonhole and a burr in his speech, and he knew of me by reading some of my writings. He had drawn the favorite in the Calcutta sweep, and some local oracle had told him that he could profitably hedge some part of his interest. He himself knew nothing of such matters, and was acquainted with nobody who did; moreover, he had a profound distrust of Londoners. But I had pleased him with some writing about the Doncaster St. Leger in which I had knocked the Epsom Derby into a cocked hat, and perhaps I would help an old chap with a bit of advice, like.

His horse stood in the betting lists at odds of 3 to 1, and it was estimated that the

(Continued on Page 62)



Another Beautiful Flying Cloud

The BROUGHAM

TODAY the Reo Flying Cloud Brougham is on display—new from stem to stern, proved from wheels to top.

It is built for those who want the unforgettable brilliance of Flying Cloud performance, the unescapable beauty of Flying Cloud design, the length of life that only Reo standards of construction provide, and all at a very moderate price.

Completely equipped from front bumpers to rear trunk, lavishly appointed, generously roomy, it is easy to ride in, easy to drive. And the standard Flying Cloud chassis, which, after 100,000 miles of use, has *in every part* set a new standard of durability for Reo—America's Longest Lasting Car.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Michigan*

Among many other items of equipment and features of construction are: Single piece windshield opening outward, rear traffic signal, transmission lock, automatic windshield cleaner, cowl ventilator, parking lights, genuine full balloon tires, integral sun visor, rear-view mirror, light switch on steering wheel.

Four hydraulic shock absorbers

As indication of the completeness and expensiveness of the equipment furnished, the Reo FLYING CLOUD is regularly equipped with four hydraulic shock absorbers, of a type heretofore found only on the most expensive cars.

Finger Tip Control. Simple, single disc clutch, engaging easily, quietly and without jerking.

Torsion Vibration Absorber.

Seven-Bearing Crankshaft.

Front and rear bumpers.

Finger Tip Steering, modern cam and lever type.

Double filament controlled beam lights, non-glare lenses.

Motor, full rubber floated at *four* suspension points.

Automatic, positive action, crankcase ventilator.

Thermostatic heat control to insure quick starting and uniform performance.

Newly designed hydraulic four-wheel brakes

Internal, not external—providing. Equally effective braking under all weather conditions, wet or dry, hot or cold. As effective braking in reverse as in going forward.

Bodies of the exclusive Flying Cloud design, clear vision, lowered height.

Rear trunk.

Speed like a storm cloud before a hurricane.

Tornado-like acceleration.

Air cleaner functioning freely at low as well as high speeds.

Longer wheel base.

New model oil filter.

Cellini pattern fittings.

Gasoline gauge on the instrument board.

Parking Brake on transmission shaft.

Thermostatically controlled generator preventing battery overcharging.

REO
Flying Cloud
BROUGHAM

© R. M. C. Co., 1927

NO OTHER AMERICAN CAR LASTS AS LONG AS REO — NOT ONE

'though the weather be wintry your welcome is warm

PATRONS often use, to describe The Benjamin Franklin, such good, old-fashioned terms as friendly and homelike. Here they find warm, personal welcome; a cheerful, genial atmosphere; a spirit of willing service; an at-home comfort and restfulness.

Some good friends say that our greatest achievement is the maintaining of this rare, traditional hospitality in a hotel so large and so modern.

Patrons are always impressed as well with all that their money will purchase here. Room rates commence at four dollars, and every room has its own bath.

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
PHILADELPHIA
Chestnut at Ninth Street

Horace Leland Wiggins
Managing Director

DIRECTION HOTELS OF AMERICA

Operating the largest chain of modern, fireproof hotels in the world

(Continued from Page 60

Calcutta prize would be $300,000. He was ready to sell half his chance if he could get a fair price. Obviously, the first thing to ascertain was the amount such a share was worth, and I took him to an actuary to find out. The question propounded was something like this: "Here is a ticket entitling the owner to $300,000 if the favorite should win the Derby, to $150,000 if he is second, and to $75,000 if he is third. The betting is 3 to 1 against his winning, and even money against his filling either of the minor places. Estimated on that basis, what is the cash value of one-half the ticket?"

While the actuary was making his calculations I managed to get on the wire to the owner of the favorite, but he was not in the market for what we had to sell. At his suggestion, I switched to one of the leading firms in the bookmaking line; and was informed that they often laid off sweepstake money, but did their business with a financial agent who dealt with ticket holders. To this agent I took my Yorkshireman, who was now provided with the actuary's estimate. And the first, last and only offer we got was approximately one-third of the estimated value of our goods.

"Let me tell you what your position is," the agent said, when we demurred. "You are like a man with an outsize diamond and only twenty-four hours in which to sell it. The odds are a million to one against his finding a customer for that sort of thing in time. His only course is to go to the man who knows how to handle such a deal, and take what he can get. Especially as, in your case, the odds are that in twenty-four hours the thing will turn out no diamond at all, but just a hunk of worthless glass."

For some reason that made the Yorkshireman boil over. "Dommed if I don't ask a blessing over the whole leg of mutton!" he roared. "I'll stand pat, Mister Whoozit; so take me where we can have summat to drink, and get the taste of this chap out of our mouths."

His resolution once taken, nothing could move him from it. He had a pound or two laid by against a rainy day, he said, and he wasn't going to be bilked by any Londoner with a dial like six o'clock. He went down to Epsom with me to see the race—a ghastly business. The favorite behaved like a mad horse, delaying the start a full twenty minutes; and was not only badly off, but declined to go near the leaders at any stage of the race. I could only regret the actuary, without whose intervention some decent stake might have been saved from the wreckage.

New Style Derby Romances

But: "Let's find summat to drink," said the man from Yorkshire; and having mopped up a large tumbler of champagne, he passed his only comment upon the tragedy. "So that's the so-called Epsom Da-a-arby!" he sneered, and shaking me by the hand, stumped out of the stand, intent on catching the first northward train.

The facilities for marketing what may be either a giant diamond or a hunk of glass have been widely extended since then. The holder of the lucky number in the 1926 Calcutta sweepstakes had more than $50,000 salted away on the morning of the race, having disposed of three-fourths of his interest for that sum. He added another $125,000 when his horse won, and would have done quite well had he got only second or third place. But if his horse had finished in the rear of the field, he was still $50,000 ahead of the game. The speculators who bought from him purchased interests in other horses also, buying in at prices which gave them a liberal margin over the odds of the betting market, into which they proceeded to throw their money. One big bookmaker estimated that anything up to $500,000 of sweep money, on each of the most fancied Derby runners, came into the betting ring to be parceled out in small lots to the general public. It was too much, and prices extended as the race drew nearer. Three minutes before the start longer odds were on offer against most of the field than could have been obtained three months before. Backers of the winner, who had bet in the winter months, only got odds of 3 to 1, while on the day of the race his backers could be obliged with 11 to 2. Winter betting on the Derby of 1927 is a dead letter, though dummy quotations are paraded. Owing to the big sweepstakes prizes there is nothing whatever to be gained now by anticipating the day of the race.

But the public owes a big debt to the sweepstakes for supplying a new style in Derby romances, just when all the old traditional ones has petered out. Gone are the young squire and his foal colt from the old mare, the last of the famous strain which had been in the family for generations. The young squire can no longer enter him as a yearling, and back him in the yearling books at the long odds of 100 to 1, and so save the dear old home. The yearling books are a thing of the past, like the sinister person who steals into the stable and clumps the favorite on the knee bone with a coke hammer. It wouldn't be worth the while of the evil bookmaker to pay a five-pound note for the service. Five out of every six Derbies in this twentieth century go to business millionaires, few of whom bet; and the public heart does not leap, even when a millionaire adds a little to his pile by a raid on the betting ring.

A 125,000 to 1 Shot

Recent Derbies have only provided an occasional purple spot, as when King Edward's Minoru was greeted with the greatest shout I ever heard, or when Lord Derby broke a family run of ill luck in the family race, after more than a century of Derby failures. There was romance when the pretty filly Signorinetta won at 100 to 1, and the Chevalier Ginistrelli, the lovable old Italian nobleman who bred, owned and trained her himself, went out to lead her in, dressed in an astonishing baggy tweed suit, crowned with a straw gardening hat. King Edward sent for him promptly, and in that astonishing get-up the fine old gentleman received the royal congratulations with perfect self-possession, while hundreds of thousands looked on and cheered. But as a rule, the public would care no more what won the Derby than any other big race, if it were not for the interest in the big sweep prizes. In these the likely horses have a knack of falling into the right hands—girls in hat shops or struggling tradesmen—and the crowd is able to share their hopes and fears. The millions can enter into the feelings of the lucky individual who, for four dollars, has won a prize ten times as large as the stake for which the horses race, and brought off an amazing 125,000 to 1 chance.

It is not by deliberate intention that the Calcutta prize has mounted to such a figure, but rather in spite of all the efforts made by the Calcutta Club to keep it in check. The sahibs of the club never had any intention of running anything in the nature of a public lottery, and are continually devising restrictions upon the distribution of chances. Otherwise, there seems no reason why the prize should not reach the figure of $5,000,000 instead of $500,000, for the demand for chances is world-wide. In the first place chances are only issued to members of the Calcutta Club, a rule most strictly observed. At first the fame of the sweep was spread beyond the Indian frontier by army men and by the horse buyers who supply India with English and Australian race horses. Then the business houses in Britain which have dealings with India were made aware of a strong demand for chances in the Calcutta, and nowadays the sweepstakes is an important factor in greasing the wheels of Anglo-Indian business.

The Indian house which cannot supply its regular customers with chances in the Calcutta is likely to feel a draft very quickly; many of these establishments

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KEY TO THE FIELDS

LONG before the mists have lifted from the valleys, he is at work . . . harness creaking sharply in the early stillness . . . blackbirds hopping far behind, cameo-clear in the early light . . . long furrows turning smoothly in a measured arch and fall of brown earth . . . unlocking the fields, opening the earth to the mellowing sun and the awakening rains of spring. And then—harrowing, planting, cultivating, harvesting, marketing . . . perhaps!

For the farmer takes chances that few business men take. Cotton, corn, or wheat belt . . . orchards, dairies, cattle, or market gardens . . . every man who goes to the earth for a living knows that his year's profit may be wiped out in a night by hail, in a week by water, or in a month by insect pests. And even when his produce goes to market, the reward of his work is affected by forces over which he has as little control—the inexorable laws of supply and demand, the convolutions of politics, or disturbances in labor or transportation.

There is more money invested in farming than in all other industries combined. At this moment some of this money is returning a profit, and some is not. Parts of the farming districts are prosperous, other parts are not. There may be lean harvests in this state, and full measures in the next. The staple crop of a section may be produced in such volume that its price drops too low to return a profit. Yet other diversified crops in the same section may be so valuable that the section as a whole is prosperous, and likely to return a profit to the advertiser.

Making advertising to the farm market pay the advertiser is now, more than ever, a matter of knowledge. The tastes of farmers have been sharpened by magazines and newspapers until they know and want most modern conveniences. Their standards of living are high. They are receptive to labor-saving devices. They are demanding the pleasures and comforts of their metropolitan neighbors. These things can be sold to the farm market, but only to that section of it where there is sufficient money to buy them. And hundreds of thousands of farmers have this money now. Other groups will have it this summer. Others, this fall. . . . "Who are they?" . . . "Where do they live?" . . . "How can I reach them?" These are questions that an advertising agency should be able to answer with swiftness and accuracy before it attempts to unlock, for its clients, the gathered treasures of the fields.

N. W. AYER & SON
ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

In Every Line

they match your smartest shoes

LEADERS in style? Of course. Each year our expert designers study all the latest shoe styles, then build new model rubbers to fit them.

Light, smart, snug, these "U. S." rubbers and arctics are favorites with discriminating people everywhere.

And because they fit—they wear. They are backed by the skill developed through 75 years—by the world's largest rubber footwear manufacturers.

It will pay you to look for the "U. S." trade mark. It is on the smart rubbers and arctics made only by

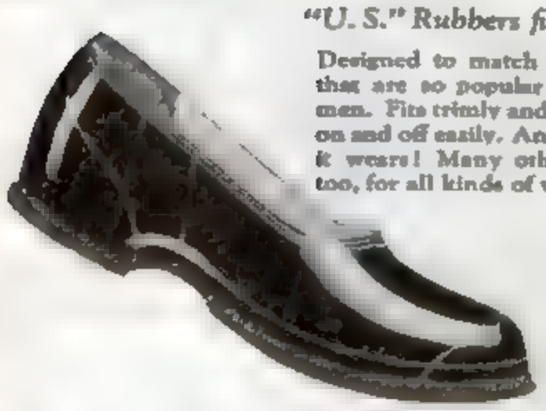
United States Rubber Company

The newest creation for women!

At last, a neat stylish galosh that's just the right height. Warm—yet light and smart. In gray or tan tweed or in black jersey. Many other trim "U. S." styles, too, to fit your newest shoes.

"U. S." Rubbers fit well, wear well

Designed to match the new brogues that are so popular this season with men. Fits trimly and snugly—yet slips on and off easily. And because it fits—it wears! Many other "U. S." styles, too, for all kinds of wear and weather.



"U. S." Rubbers

Trade Mark

All styles and sizes for men, women and children

(Continued from Page 62)

have recourse to members of the club for a block of 1000 numbers at a time. A customer who wants 100 may get ten or twenty, as a favor; and as a favor, he passes them on, one at a time, very often in the way of business. The holder of a chance has no documentary evidence of any kind; he simply pays his money and is told a number, which he notes in his pocketbook. The absence of any ticket confines transactions in the chances to persons of accepted good faith, and on the basis of good faith the enormous prestige of the Calcutta is firmly established.

The draw takes place in Calcutta a few days before the Derby. It includes all the horses left in the race after the second forfeit; and in addition to the big prizes in 1926 some eighty non-starters drew prizes of something like $5000 each. The news reaches the holders of lucky tickets in a curiously roundabout fashion. Each member of the club knows what numbers have passed through his hands and where they have gone. If a lucky number is among 1000 he sent to an English house, he cables, announcing the fact. The house passes the news on to the customer, who probably purchased the ticket among a number, and he in turn passes it on to the fortunate individual who holds the lucky ticket. The press contents itself with publishing the numbers which have drawn the four or five horses considered most likely to win the race; then, at the beginning of Derby Week, there is a newspaper hue and cry after fortune's favorites.

A Glass Diamond

My own collection of sweepstakes stories includes that of a man who had drawn the third horse and a prize of $75,000 without knowing anything about it until twenty-four hours after the race had been run. Then he discovered his good fortune in the evening papers. He had missed all the thrills—the sleepless night spent in anticipating the giant prize, the frantic efforts to hedge a due proportion of his chance, the thrill of watching the race, or of waiting at home for the result. When I interviewed him he was not disposed to complain on that score; he said that the man who sold him his chance had been away from home, and so had failed to pass the news along, but he was just as glad. But his trouble for the moment lay in dealing with the colossal pile of letters the postman had brought him that morning—the beginning of an avalanche of correspondence. I volunteered to help him, and it was worth the labor. All the charities appear to have organized for sweepstakes winners, and there were some hundreds of personal letters from institutions of every kind. I agreed with him when he tore them all up. The writers designated them appeals, but most of them seemed to have graduated in a school which specialized in writing sinister and threatening letters without actually exceeding legal bounds. The rest of the correspondence was more amazing still. All the people he knew, and most of those he didn't, had taken the trouble to suggest all the foolish things a man could possibly do with such a windfall. I was not surprised when he gave it up, saying he would just buy mother a diamond ring and open a branch of his business in a promising suburb upon which his eye had long been fixed.

That post bag made me understand the unexpected behavior of all the sweepstakes winners who came under my ken. The man who breaks the bank at Monte Carlo is usually found a few months later cadging from the administration his fare home. The hero of the big double—Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire—ends up by tipping winners in the silver ring. But though I kept tabs on a number of Calcutta winners, I failed to unearth one instance of a disastrous sequel. The rush of strangers eager to ease them of their winnings and the preposterous schemes suggested seem to have proved a wholesome warning in every case.

The one reckless gesture was made by a stenographer in a Liverpool insurance office, to whom somebody presented a chance in the first Calcutta sweepstakes after the war. The ticket drew a horse, but it was the second string of the stable; it stood at a long price in the betting, and the stable jockey had chosen to ride the stable's other nominee. Nevertheless, the stable's outsider won; and by a curious coincidence the same jockey, riding for another stable in the very next Derby, repeated his disastrous mistake. He had the choice of two mounts, both of which he knew well by riding them at exercise and in races, and he got off the winner to ride the loser. A commentary upon the value of jockeys' tips!

However, the stenographer had been unable to hedge a penny of her prize, and became entitled to $180,000. She was typing a letter when the result was made known to her, and finished the job before she made any comment. Then she said, "How nice!" and raided the petty cash for the price of afternoon tea and chocolate cake and bilious pastry for the whole staff. After that she wrote her resignation. On every Derby Day tea flows like water in that office, and the girl stenographers and bookkeepers may eat as much angel cake and as many chocolate éclairs as they please, at the expense of their former colleague who struck it lucky.

Among the hard-luck stories of the Calcutta, some people award first prize to an incident which the principal claims was not a hard-luck story at all. A few years before the war the winner of the Epsom Derby was disqualified in favor of the second horse, an event without an exact parallel in the annals of the race, extending over a century and a half. Craganour, which finished first, was deposed for Aboyeur, a 100 to 1 outsider which hunted the even-money favorite home. But before the objection flag was hoisted the judge's first placings were cabled all over the world. A needy army captain, waiting for the result in an Indian club, walked swiftly to the cable office and sent a message to a girl in England. "Have drawn Craganour in the Calcutta; will you come out and marry me?" An hour later he returned to the club and saw the amended result—his diamond had turned into a hunk of glass.

It was too late to withdraw his cable, but the girl would realize that the circumstances had changed since he sent it. She would understand, just as she had understood his feelings while he was on leave in England, and had known why he had gone away without declaring them. So all he could do was to wait for the answer, which arrived next day. "Am catching the next boat. Mistake makes no difference; am very, very happy." The two people most concerned declare that it was the best bit of luck which has ever befallen them, and they must certainly know.

Two Winners in the Race

There were innumerable curious sequels to the disqualification of Craganour which have nothing to do with the sweepstakes, but have their own interest. A colleague of mine, very busy, and also very hard up, gave his last fifty dollars to a friend to be invested on Craganour at even money, because the income-tax man had to be satisfied on the following day. The friend, finding the betting ring in Tattersall's like one big dog fight, strolled across the track to the Hill, the space inclosed by the track, to which there is free admission, of which 250,000 spectators annually avail themselves on Derby Day. There he found a trustworthy bookmaker and made his bet. Craganour won all right, but when the red flag was hoisted to signify an objection, the owner of the bet became much disturbed. He happened to see the owner of the second horse in the weighing inclosure, and promptly asked him the grounds of the objection.

"I have laid no objection," he was informed. "The stewards are acting on their

(Continued on Page 66)

There's more to this shave

than cutting your beard clean and close

Mennen Shaving Cream does not stop at giving you the quickest, closest and most comfortable shave you ever had. It also *soothes, tones up* and *protects* the skin after shaving.

And that's why Mennen's is *different*. You feel it in the smoother, easier glide of your razor. You see it in the clearer, healthier condition of your face.

The Mennen process—*dermutation*—so completely softens the beard that your razor cuts clean and close without the usual pulling and scraping. It flattens the tiny "mounds" around each hair so that the razor blade glides over your face without nicking the skin.

These are the tiny cuts—the almost microscopic abrasions of the skin—that cause smarting and soreness after the ordinary shave. There's none of this when you use Mennen's.

Why not enjoy the luxury of a Mennen shave tomorrow morning? A big tube of Mennen's costs only 50c—and it will last several months.

THE MENNEN COMPANY, 341 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.
The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal, Quebec

If you want to know the deep soothing joy of a *complete* Mennen shave, use Mennen Skin Balm after shaving. Gives a cool, fresh tingle to the face and is antiseptic. Large tube 50c. Use it every morning along with Mennen Talcum for Men.

Mennen Talcum for Men is soft—luxurious—and tinted so it doesn't show on the face. Just the after-shaving talcum for the man who is particular! Great, too, for "all-over" use after a bath. 25c.

Jim Henry
(Movie Salesman)

MENNEN

The Improved SHAVING CREAM

He just couldn't sell

Perhaps it's comedones

HE couldn't figure it out. He knew his sales talk was good, yet buyers wouldn't let him get started. They put him off as soon as they saw him. There was a reason —though he little suspected it was *comedones*.

It is a misfortune to suffer from comedones—the scientific name for blackheads. What's more, you may not even be conscious of them, though others notice them. Comedones often interfere with business success, for you can't be clean cut and attractive when they are present. Do *you* wonder why you don't get ahead? Perhaps it's *comedones*.

Pompeian Massage Cream helps you overcome *comedones*. It gets in where comedones form, rolls out all the dirt and oily secretions. It stimulates a healthy circulation, keeps the pores open and gives you a clean, ruddy complexion.

Use at home after shaving

After you shave, spread Pompeian Massage Cream generously over your face—and *rub*. Continue to rub until the cream rolls out. Note how dark the cream looks. That's the dirt that was in your pores.

Don't let comedones form. Use Pompeian Massage Cream every day—especially when social or business engagements demand that you look your best. It means a healthy, wholesome skin. To get full pleasure and benefit, use Pompeian Massage Cream regularly at home after shaving. For sale at all drug stores.

Send for 10-Day Trial Tube

Send 10c for special trial tube containing sufficient cream for many delightful massages. Enough to prove results. Use coupon now

SEND THIS FOR 10-DAY TUBE

The Pompeian Laboratories,
Dept. 60, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime, coin preferred) for a special trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream containing sufficient cream for many delightful massages.

Name

Street
Address

City State

Continued from Page 64

own initiative, possibly because of something they observed in the course of the race."

The inference was almost inevitable, and the income-tax man seemed farther away than ever from being satisfied. But the racing writer rose to the occasion. He sent his commissioner into Tattersall's ring with instructions to bet $100 on credit, taking any price offered against the second horse. The bookmakers were only too ready to hedge on the objection, for their books were full of the even-money favorite, but presented blank columns for the 100 to 1 outsider. Odds of 5 to 1 were obtained; and then the commissioner remembered a betting rule which applies, as far as I know, only to Epsom. Out on the Hill, where they are remote from all sources of official information, the bookmakers pay no attention to objections or anything of the kind. They pay on the first horse past the post and have done with it. The commissioner collected $100 on Craganour just before his disqualification was announced, when he collected another $500 on Aboyeur; returning to the press box in time to congratulate a very worried friend upon winning on two winners in the same race, and that race the Epsom Derby.

Word-of-Mouth Betting

I hope I have made it clear that a chance in the Calcutta can only be acquired as a privilege—a point which hundreds of thousands of the unprivileged never seem to grasp. In the month of May Calcutta fever sets in, with frantic efforts on the part of those who do not know the ropes to get hold of a Calcutta chance by hook or by crook. Writers on racing topics find it necessary to print a black-letter notice at the foot of their columns, explaining that they cannot supply information about the purchase of sweep chances or enter into any correspondence on the subject.

The unfilled demand for chances naturally opens the way for swindles of all kinds, one of which resulted in the discontinuance of the tickets the Calcutta Club at one time issued. With a printing plant ingenious crooks flooded England with forged tickets, taking care to avoid the numbering system followed on the genuine tickets. The fraud was discovered, nevertheless, and the club had recourse to the number system, which seems to work well. One might buy a printed ticket from anybody, but one has to know something about the vender of a number imparted by word of mouth only.

The law keeps a benevolent eye upon all these big pools, and there seems to be no danger of interference so long as they are confined to the Epsom Derby and are conducted on the scrupulous lines of the Calcutta. An instance of the vigilance exercised, and an example of the line to be drawn, was furnished when a Derby sweepstakes was promoted by a workingmen's club. Chances in this venture were readily obtainable, and many thousands had been sold when the police interfered and stopped the sale of tickets. There was a great outcry to the effect that one law existed for the rich and another for the downtrodden worker; to which the authorities turned a deaf ear. The explanation came when the purchasers of tickets got their money back, for a very substantial deduction had been made from the refund. All criticism was silenced; for though there was no suggestion of dishonest administration, the payment of sales commissions and other pushing methods were revealed. It was clear that the line was drawn at a sweep open only to members of a club and their friends, while a venture in which chances were offered to strangers and outsiders would not be tolerated.

The law could confine club sweepstakes within very narrow limits, and that would be done if any determined attempt were made by clubs to run them on commercial lines, or to exploit any other race than the Derby. But the Derby is one of the old-fashioned British institutions which every true Briton must support. A generation or two ago there was a recognized method which guided the non-racing Briton when he went into the betting market to acquire an interest in the one horse race which he recognized.

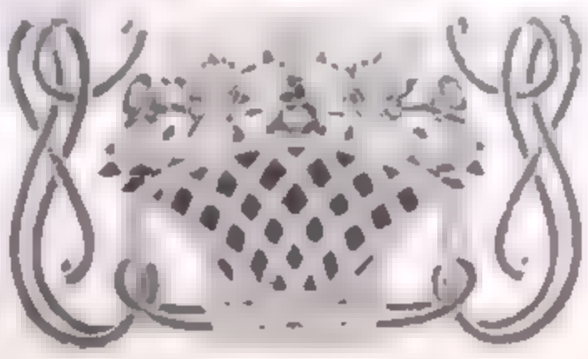
"My father always had his sovereign on Lord Falmouth's colors," I was told by an old gentleman who had drawn a horse in the Calcutta. "Of course I should do the same, but the Falmouth colors are not seen on a race course nowadays. So I take a chance in the Calcutta every year, having no Derby fancy of my own."

That system of backing horses was conceived in the same spirit as the rule of English racing which decrees that when an owner dies all the nominations of his horses for future events become null and void. The rule dates back to a period when every landowning family had its own strain of blood, and brood mares were as jealously conserved as the Arabs conserved theirs, when there was something intimately personal to a man in the horses he had bred from the family strain, and local and feudal reasons provided the Englishman with his fancy for the Derby.

The rule persists, and a little of the sentiment behind it, but not much. The entry for the Derby of 1928 was recently published in the Racing Calendar—the largest and, internationally, the most representative entry ever made for the Derby or any other horse race. An American oil king nominates a dozen or more French-bred yearlings; and as many are entered from the Irish stud of an Indian rajah. Long lists are credited to the names of African mining magnates; while Argentine ranchers are represented by stock bred in South America to English time, months before the natural foaling period south of the equator. The British defenders of the race are mostly connected with big business—shipping, whisky, and so forth—though the old tradition is well represented by the Earl of Rosebery, who has won more Derbies than any other living man, and the Earl of Derby, whose ancestor founded the race. But the one-time patrons of the Epsom Derby—the dukes and earls of the Jockey Club—are content, as a rule, to follow the example of King George, and to supply one or two entries only. It is a list which shows why the feudal Englishman can no longer mold his Derby fancy on tradition or local interest, but must invest his sovereign in the Calcutta.

The Derby Remains at Epsom

Tradition, and the support of the Derby by the general public as against the racing public, saved the Derby race for Epsom when the hold of that ancient course upon the race seemed to be slipping. During the war Epsom track was closed, and a substitute for the Derby was decided each year at Newmarket, the headquarters of racing in England. Owners and trainers were quick to notice that winners of these substitute races went on to fresh triumphs, unaffected by an ordeal which has long been tinged with disaster at Epsom. Between 1908 and 1925 no winner of the Epsom Derby won a subsequent race of any importance. Some of them could not be trained again, others smirched their reputations; one even dropped dead a week or two after making the great effort. There was talk of taking the race to Newmarket, but the sentiment of the British public was outraged by the suggestion. A whole host of people, little interested in racing but keenly interested in the Derby, rose up to say that Epsom was a very sportin' track; and that the Derby, transferred to Newmarket, would be no more than any other important race on the calendar. The latter part of this was probably very true; at least, it is certain that the Derby will continue to be run on Epsom Downs—the greatest race in the world decided on one of the world's worst tracks.



In token whereof the old stand has been pulled down—the stand which ornaments so many ancient prints of prize fights and Derbies—and a costly up-to-date structure will be ready for the next Derby Day crowd. That stand was one of the Derby traditions, almost as effective an eye opener to the stranger as the toboggan track. It was probably designed by Oliver Cromwell, who is said to have conceived the original idea of racing horses up and down the Epsom slopes. Only a very few people knew where to find the few places in it from which a complete view of the race for the Derby could be obtained, but many have lost themselves in its dark passages and multitudinous drinking bars, and have been carried up and down its spiral stairs by the fighting crowds which always choke every artery of the building. But the track survives—the track which infallibly causes racegoers from other countries to ask, "Do they really race down there?"

A New Actor on the Downs

How much the Calcutta and other big pools have helped toward giving the old race course a perpetual lien on the big race is hardly recognized, but it is certain that the sweepstakes will now be more popular than ever. For a tax upon betting has complicated the relations between bookmakers and the public, who have not been satisfied by the assured steps taken by the layers of odds to pass the whole of the burden along to those who back horses. Licenses have been issued to 10,000 bookmakers, and the fear of a suspended license has checked the business of illegal cash betting in city streets. The tax on betting turnover was estimated to produce a revenue of $25,000,000 a year, but the first month of its operation yielded only $750,000. The slump may be only a temporary matter, but betting has been made more difficult, so that the once-a-year dabblers will turn the more readily to the big sweeps.

The Calcutta and the others have certainly turned the Derby Day spotlight upon a new kind of actor in the drama of Epsom Downs. Last Derby Day was dismally wet, and, like everybody who had to work on the course, I got soaked to the skin. The traffic which choked the roads to London made a delay of two hours before I got home.

There I was greeted by a chorus of inquiry, "Who won the Derby?"

"Lord Woolavington, with Coronach; one of the grandest colts I've seen for many a year. He simply ——"

"Oh, no! What a shame! We wanted the girl in the hat shop to win."

"I'd like to change my wet things, if you don't mind. The girl in the hat shop has done very well for herself, just the same."

"But you said ——"

"I was talking about the race for the Derby, but you seem to be asking about the Calcutta sweep. The hat-shop girl drew third horse, and says she is leaving for Paris as soon as she can get into dry clothes."

"Then why didn't you say so at first? As if anybody cared about who owned the old horse!"

Yes, I'd forgotten for the moment that the owner and the trainer and the jockey have become only secondary figures in the Derby story. What the public wants is the name and photograph of the Calcutta winner. It wants to know the number of the lucky chance, and the owner's intentions about spending the money, together with any facts and circumstances likely to be helpful to some millions of people who have decided to emulate the performance when another Derby Day comes round.

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NEW 90 DEGREE

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

GETTING THE HABIT

(Continued from Page 11)

"I'm a white man," says he. "If I ever got crazy enough to marry, I'd draw the line at squaws. Some don't, I know, but I sure do, though I ain't denying that they're a heap helpful. But ex-cuse me!"

Well, we dropped the subject and talked about the shindig and one thing and another, and after a while I throwed away my stick, breshed the whittlings off my pants, put my knife in my pocket and went off to get a shave and fix up for the dance. He was still right gloomy when I left him.

It was about the ord'nary kind of a dance. There was Bill with his fiddle and Johnny Mueller with his accordion for the music; two-three boys from the Bar T was there, and Old Man Streeter's bald head was bobbing around as per usual, and the town turned out a pretty good crowd. I waded in with Olivia Peat and then I got Sade Bisbee for the first quadrille, and when we took our places, I seen a new girl right opposite with Harry Gayhart. She wasn't no spring chicken, as you might say, and neither was she anywheres near the sere and yellow—say, twenty-five or so—and while she was some slender for my taste, me liking 'em plump, still and all she wasn't no rack of bones and a man could look her right in the face without a shudder. Black eyes and nice white teeth, and flushed the way she was and dressed the way she was—in pink, with plenty of fluffles and ruffles—I felt right away that here was a lady I'd like right well to get acquainted with.

"Who is she?" I asked Sade, and Sade said that her name was Miss Belle Carson, a cousin of Jean Barlow's, down from Custer visiting Jean. "Ain't that a lovely dress she's a-wearing?" says Sade. "I wish't I could get her to make me one like it. She's real nice, and maybe I might."

"I don't know whether you'd look any prettier in it or not, but it don't seem to me like it's possible," I told her, and then I drifted over to where Harry Gayhart was a-fanning the lady and he gave me a knockdown to her. This was after the ladies had been took to their seats.

Her program was full up, all but the Irish trot and I put down my S. S. against that and chinned her a little. Yes, she was having a perfectly elegant time, and wasn't the music lovely, and who was that gentleman that was a-playing the violin? She wished they had him in Custer to play for the dances there. She thought that Minnekahta was perfectly lovely and the folks were certainly showing her a good time. She was just a-telling Mr. Gayhart she'd like to live here, and wasn't the floor lovely? Just ideel!

"Partners for a waltz," Bill Tracy hollers, and young Joe Barlow come a-skating up and took her away. Bill started up the Love-for-a-Year waltz and it was certainly great, the way he played it. You felt as if you was a-floating away in a warm bath of half-asleep happiness mixed up with melancholia. That was the way I felt, and Elsie Peters, who was a-dancing it with me, said that it made her feel the same identical way.

Bill was certainly doing himself proud. I never heard him do anything like as good before. I took a look at him as we went around and the gloom was all gone. His eyes was a-shining and he was smiling kind o' 'sif he was tickled about something that he wasn't going to tell what it was. And he got better all the time. There was a schottish just before the Irish trot, and if he didn't put ginger in every toe on the floor in that, I don't want a cent; and when he came to the trot, it was the same way. I noticed right through that he was a-staring hard at my partner. Never took his eyes off her. There was a polka-mazurka down on the program for the next number, but Bill gave us a surprise.

"Extry waltz, fiddler's choice!" he shouts, and laid down his fiddle, jumped down from the table and walked straight up to my lady and requested the honor and pleasure.

"I'm afraid the pleasure won't be like it would be if you was playing and dancing both," she says, giving him a smile that made me dissatisfied with them I'd been a-getting

"You try to think what it's a-going to be to me and you won't come nowheres near it," says Bill, and then Johnny started up his accordion and they sailed off.

It was after the ball was over and many wasn't the hearts that was broken that I went into Al's with two-three of the boys for a little sedative to fix me for a good morning's rest after all the excitement. Just before I had took it, in comes Bill Tracy and allows that if I was in the same liberal mind that I was yesterday evening, he'd join us in a jorum of that dull-care remover, just to celebrate, as Johnny had collected for the music and forgot to hand him his and he'd forgot to ask for it.

"What are you celebrating, Bill?" I asked him, when we was lined up.

He nodded and winked mysterious, and then he says, "All our healths and bright eyes and ruby lips wheresoever they may be." A minute later he says, "The next one will be on me, if Al will take an order on Johnny; and if that doesn't do the trick, we'll make it as many as it takes."

Being, as I said, unaccustomed to public drinking, the two was ample, and the next thing he had me by the arm and was leading me to a table away from the maddening throng, and then he says in a hoarse whisper, "Did you notice the lady you danced the Irish trot with?"

"Seems like I did, sort of," I answered him. "I noticed that she was a lady." I says, reproving him for mentioning her in a sink of iniquity, as the Reverend Hancher called it. But it was too delicate for Bill, who only stretched across the table and grabbed my hand and shook it vigorous.

"That's what she is," he says—"a lady. She's the lady I'm celebrating meeting up with. Yes, sir, you rung the bell that time. She's a lady—a lady from the top of her head to the soles of her feet, which carpets ain't any too good for them to tread on. A lady. Anybody could tell that by just looking at her, let alone dancing and conversing with her like you and me done. They'd see and reco'nize that she was a lady and not no greasy, paint-daubed hide-currying squaw. You know what she is, besides being a lady? She's a dressmaker, and she gets two dollars and a half for every day she works and all the work she wants. Two dollars and a half a day! Just think of that! And money in the bank now! Think of it!"

"I ain't no call to," I told him. "It ain't none of my business nor yours."

"I ain't so sure of that," he says. "Two dollars and a half a day ought to s'port a fam'ly in luckshry and ease—and she likes to work. She told me she just loved making dresses. I told her that when work come along, I run. That's being square, ain't it? Well, one reason I never thought of marrying is that all the men I know have had to rustle harder than they ever done just as soon as they was tied up, and from then until the cold clay clods clump on his coffin it's work, work, work."

"A little of it would be good for you," I says. "And now I'm going to bed," I told him. But he caught me by the sleeve.

"It's the other way around though when the woman is the provider," he says. "No worry about nothing and no work whatsoever, and good company and a smiling face a-waiting for a man when he comes home. And she wouldn't be like that pup I had, about the fiddle. She loves it. And another thing——"

"You mean to say you think you'll get to marry that lady?" I says.

"Why not?" says he, smiling real confident.

"First off and right at the start, a man has got to show that he's worth the powder to blow him to hell, anyway, and that's just the start," I told him. "You couldn't even do that much. Another thing, I talked to the lady, like you say, and she struck me as having about as much sense as the av'rage lady. I'm saying this for your own good. She ain't so bad looking but she could get somebody, and you ain't even that. No, Bill, not a white woman—not a white woman."

"I thought you was a friend of mine," he says, trying to look dignified.

"A little mistake of yours," I says, and I left him and went to bed. I was plumb disgusted. If I had stayed, I think I'd have pasted him. At the same time, I sort of sniggered when I thought what a jolt he was due to get if he got to shining around Miss Belle Carson.

I'm a-learning a little something all the time, even now. Ever' oncet in a while I find out that something I know for sure ain't so by no manner of means; and in them bygone days, when I hadn't the wisdom I got now, it was even more so. Still and all, I had ought to have known that you can't tell nothing about what a woman will do, and that some of the best of 'em seem to pick the orneriest kind of men. Also that a big husky-looking specimen like Bill, who had curly hair and could play the fiddle besides, wouldn't need to have nor to be nothing else to win the trusting fool female heart.

Be that as it may, the next morning Bill seen Johnny Mueller and got the five dollars that was coming to him, and he took that five over to Sol Bloom's store and paid it down as first installment on a thirty-dollar suit of clothes, Walt Knowlton, who was running the store, having a liking for him and being kind of cur'ous to see whether he'd ever get the balance. Getting into them joyous garments, Bill puts out for Joe Barlow's, where Belle was a-visiting, and makes a call on her. When he had done that the second or third time, Joe got sore and allowed it was time to do something about it, so he walks into the setting room, where Belle was making some alt'rations on a dress of Jean's, and spoke some of his mind.

"Belle," he says, "I'm 'most old enough to be your father, and I take an int'rust in you similar to what I do in Jean, besides being sort of kin to you."

"Well, Jean's eleven months older than what I am, so I don't know what you mean by 'most old enough to be my father," says Belle, a trifle milled. "Well, what if you are a-plenty old enough?"

"You don't get my p'int," says Joe, some took aback. "What I was a-going to say was that you prob'ly don't know, being a stranger here, just what kind of a feller this Bill Tracy is, that was here a while ago."

"Mebbe I do and mebbe I don't and mebbe I can find out for myself if I want to," she says. "Anyway, I won't trouble you to tell me," she says.

"It ain't no trouble at all; it's a pleasure," says Joe. "That feller's deceiving, the way he's got himself fixed up, and with that bay rum and all. You, being a stranger, like I said, might think that he was all right. I wouldn't blame you none for thinking so. But we know him and we know what he is. He's the laziest, loafingest pup that the Lord in His unscrutable ways and for His own myster'ous purposes ever created. He never in all his worthless life earned a dollar. He wouldn't work if you paid him double for half time and two hours for nooning. He ain't got the ambition of a wood louse nor the self-respect of a wood pussy, and you don't want him a-calling round here."

"Who told you I didn't?" she asks him, snapping her black eyes.

"I don't, anyway," says Joe. "Folks might think that Jean was encouraging him, and I'm enough kin to you to see that you ain't talked about—not under my roof; and I serve notice right now that, having your int'rusts at heart, I'll boot Mr. Tracy off the premises the first time he comes around here."

Belle got up, and she was trembling all over, Joe said. It wasn't because she was scared either. "You'll have to spell 'able' first," she says. "What do you s'pose Mr. Tracy would be doing while you was amusing yourself booting him around? If I told him what you said about him behind his back, he'd turn you over his knee and spank you good. You boot Bill? Ha-ha! I reely ought to tell him that joke. I won't, though, being it was in my int'rust you said it; but what I will do, I'll pack my grip and go some place where my friends will be welcome to come and see me—and I've a notion to slap your ugly old face!"

And that's what a man gets for horning in where he ain't got no license. Instead of being grateful to Joe, and thanking him kindly and finishing up Jean's dress, Belle skips upstairs and comes down in a little while with her valise in her hand and walks right out of the house and over to Martha Potter's, where she stayed for a matter of three weeks, at the end of which time, Bill told the Star reporter and editor that him and Belle had just got married at the M. E. parsonage, after which they was departing for the happy bridegroom's château on the Cheyenne, where all the shivareeing that was ness'ry would be done by the coyotes.

That sure gave folks something to talk about, and gave them time to simmer down before the next sensation. Public opinion was certainly het up at first, but not like it would have been if Belle had been a Minnekahta girl. It was Custer's shame and Custer would have to live it down. That was the way the Minnekahta folks looked at it. They wished Custer joy of the happy couple.

But it wasn't but a couple of weeks or so after that when the new sensation come. Bill and Belle had rented the Art Williams house on Prospect Avenue and was a-moving in furniture. Yes, sir, they figured on living here, and they was now a-staying at Fred Willor's hotel until they got the house fixed. John Kenefick was at work on a dressmaking sign to screw side o' the front door and there's three sewing machines in the back room. Martha Potter and Mis' Gill was a-going to help sew when the rush of business come—which would be about the third quarter of the next blue moon. Bill certainly had his nerve, letting that poor fool woman come back here. He was out to the house this morning, setting in a rocker in the front yard, smoking a cigar and watching the boys move things in.

"Put your backs into it, boys!" he says. "Haw-haw-haw!"

I seen Mr. Tracy myself, in one of the Willor House rockers on the porch, with his feet up on the railing and holding his wife's hand and showing her how he blowed smoke rings. I pulled off my hat to the lady, and Bill waved his cigar at me and grinned, but I didn't take no notice of him. I certainly wasn't going to go up and wish him and her joy. It sure peeved me to see him there all dressed up and enjoying himself and that woman looking at him like he was the jewels of Golconda an' 'sif she thought smoke rings was the latest scientific discovery, equal to this electrical light. If he'd been a man who had worked for what he got, it would have been different. I had to work for my living, myself, and yet there wasn't no adoring women petting me, as a gen'ral thing, let alone paying my hotel bills.

I reckon 'most ever'body—every hard-working man—felt the same way about it. When Bill was ragged and bumming his chuck about half the time, it was different; but this here thing of having ripe plums drop right in your mouth—well, it roused up popular indignation like a cake of yeast—which Bill worried and grieved over just like a duck does over a light warm

(Continued on Page 73)

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shower of rain. As for the women, I reckon they blamed Belle more than they did Bill. She was a-setting husbands a bad example, cosseting hern and letting him loaf while she worked; and if she thought the Minnekahta ladies was a-going to patronize her, she was badly mistook.

They prob'ly meant what they said when they said it; but when the latest styles was put up in Belle's front window, neatly framed, it wasn't skassly to be expected that they'd walk right apast and not look at 'em, and you couldn't very well do that without going in just for a minute. So, while even the first quarter of the blue moon hadn't arrived, the three machines in the back room was soon whirring away to beat the band.

Pretty soft for Bill, that was. It come to more than two and a half clear, the business she done. No more cooking and chores. Breakfast ready for him whenever he took a notion to get up, and along about noon Belle or Martha or Mis' Gill would knock off and get up a right tasty dinner, and one of the others would wash the dishes. Same way at supper, and then the help would go home and Bill and Belle would set out on the front porch and hold hands, or maybe she'd play on the parlor organ and him on his fiddle, and they'd have great times, seemingly.

Daytimes you'd find Bill at the Willor House, or Fargo's store, or knocking the balls about in Chloupek's pool room, or occupying a front seat at a trial if there was one in justice court, or mebbe he'd be pitching horseshoes. Anything in the way of pastime, and even from the first he found some rounders that was willing to be seen with him. He always had money on his person now, to set up the cigars or put up for a little bet or to buy him anything that struck his fancy.

The trouble was that there wasn't nothing to justify his being rode out of town on a rail or such like. If he'd abused that poor fool woman of his, like even some honest, hard-working men abuse their wives, Minnekahta could have easy removed this blemish on the community; but while he wouldn't lend a hand to help Belle turn a mattress, he wasn't never ugly to her in any way, shape or manner. It was "honeysuckle," or plain "honey," or "sweetness," or "sugar lump," or "lovey," or "dovey," or "sweetheart" every time he spoke to her, and until it made you gag. That was what Mis' Gill said. And a year after they was married he was still holding her hand like it was a novelty, and no words but words of praise for her cooking, her dresses or her pers'nal looks. As for her, she just nachally worshiped the ground he walked on; and, believe it or not, she never fussed if he didn't come home to his meals or if he stayed out late at night, but only seemed to be the more tickled when he did come in.

And oncet in a while he'd stray off to his old cabin and stay there two-three days. Belle didn't fuss about that, neither. "Why shouldn't he?" says she. "He's a man, Bill is, and a man don't want to be tied to his wife's apron strings. He loves to fish, and why shouldn't he fish all he wants? It ain't no crime. I'd go with him if I had the time. It's certainly perfectly lovely down there on the Cheyenne. I enjoyed every minute of the time I was there with him. Only I hope he don't catch cold."

So she'd go to work and pack him a big basket with fried chicken and sliced ham and jelly and homemade bread and such, so's he wouldn't have to do too much cooking, and then she'd pack his valise with what he needed and didn't need, and he would get out his new fishing rod with the wheel on the butt of it, and his new shotgun, and he'd have the whole outfit carted over to the Willor House, where Red Raymond stopped with the stage, and he'd pay Red his fare just like any passenger. No free lift.

No, sir, it didn't seem to me like Providence was a-showing a lick of sense in distributing its favors and bounties, and all the consolation I got, and a right smart of other people got, was in thinking and telling one another that it couldn't last. Some of these fine days the scales would fall from Belle's eyes and she would take a look at Bill's feet and see that they wasn't nothing but clay and not fitten to track up any house that she was a-paying the rent for. Then there'd be a racket and a divorce, most likely, and maybe Mr. Tracy would find that he had to pay alimony or go to jail, which wouldn't be no more'n right and fair and satisfactory.

Still, a whole year of clover was a whole lot and more than anybody had expected or hoped, and every time I come through Minnekahta on my way up north and asked after Bill, the answer was just about the same: "Bill? Oh, he's fat and sassy as ever—fatter; has to wear extry-size clothes now, and shirts and collars, although I will say that his hat still fits him. Talking about hats, would you believe Bill has got him a stovepipe hat? Yes, sir, Bill's got him a stovepipe and a long-tail coat, and you just ought to see him and his woman fixed up to go some place! Bill's wore the hat twicet now. He says he done it to please the wife. That's a-going pretty dog-gone far to please a woman, if you ask me."

I agreed that it was, and I said that something was due to happen shortly if not sooner. I hadn't seen the stovepipe or the coat yet, but I seen Bill, and he sure did look like one of our most prominent citizens. I never had nothing to say to him, and after a while he didn't have nothing to say to me, and I was glad of it. Any dirty, low-down whelp that would live contented on his wife's earnings lessn he was sick and couldn't work! Well, I wasn't likely to change my mind.

It happened at last. I got the account of it from Mis' Gill. Seemed like Belle had been a-complaining of spots before her eyes. She allowed it was liver or something, and Doc Ammerman gave her some med'cine for it, which didn't seem to help it none. The attacts come oftener and the spots grew bigger and thicker, until one evening at supper she laid down her knife and fork and put her hand right into her plate. "My!" she cries out, like she was kind of startled.

"What's the matter, honey sweet?" Bill asks her.

She held up her hand, all over taters and gravy. "I thought somebody's taken away my plate," she says. "But it's here—and I can't see it. Bill dear, I—I can't see you right well." Her lip begun to quiver and she looked frightened.

Bill jumped up and come around to where she was sitting and tilted her chin up and looked into her eyes. "Seems like they was all right," he says. "Them spots, I reckon; but don't you fret about it, sweetheart lamb." He kissed her forehead and then picked up her hand and wiped it with her napkin, like she was a young one, and then he says, "We'll go bathe them pretty eyes in cold water and that'll fix 'em. Come along with Bill." He took her into the next room and got cold water and a clean handkerchief and helped her for quite a spell, and finally she said that the spots had passed off and begun to laugh at herself.

"A great note!" says Bill, bantering her. "Ain't I big enough and ugly enough for you to see me? I'd thought you could see me when you couldn't see nothing else."

"There ain't nothing nor nobody else that I like half as well to see," says the poor fool woman—and her two years married!

"Well, we'll go back and finish eating," says Bill. "But I don't like this here spot business, honey love. I reckon I'll have to go and talk turkey to Doc. Did you take your med'cine afore you sat down?"

Yes, she'd took her med'cine. "But all of a sudden the plate was gone, and I was scared when I put my hand on it, and then it was all kind of pink - like a pink fog."

"Dog-gone if I like that," says Bill.

"We didn't none of us like it," Mis' Gill says. "We told her she'd better not try to do any work, but there was them two confirmation dresses for the Dwyer girls that she had promised, and she was bound and set she'd finish 'em, and she hadn't been at work ten minutes before the pink fog come back and there was a great to-do. Bill hustled off for Ammerman, and I will say it was the quickest I'd ever seen him move; and when Doc got around he had her put to bed in the dark, and we was to keep the shades down in the morning and she wasn't to leave the room until he give the word; and she wasn't to cry, because tears was bad for the eyes, but she could have the cold-water bandages laid on 'em.

"And the long and the short of it is that she's just about stone-blind, and they had Doc Witherspoon down from Deadwood and paid him fifty dollars to tell 'em that there wasn't nothing that could be done about it, only to leave it to time and nature. Well, goodness knows what's going to become of her. Martha Potter and me would stay right along and do the best we could if there was any chance of getting her sight back soon, but I guess she won't ever. Martha's staying with the poor thing now, but she can't afford to do it for long."

"How about Bill?" I asked her.

"Oh, him!" she says, curling her nose and sniffing. "He's eating his three squares a day, and I guess he'll keep right on eating 'em as long as her little savings holds out. Then it's my guess he'll skip out, and mebbe find some other soft-head like Belle to support him. Of course, he lets on he's all broke up on her account, but you wait! I know his kind. What she ever married him for I can't for the life of me see!"

"Mebbe she liked him," I suggested.

"Umm-ff!" she says. "See what liking him has brought her to!"

And that was the talk around town—see what that loafer had done to her! Worked her fingers to the bone and her eyes out of her head to keep him in idleness, and that's what she gets for it. Somebody ought to kill that big, worthless brute. Fargo offered him a job in the store the other day. Think he'd take it? No, sir; turned it flat down. Too much like work for Bill. He knows easier ways of getting his living.

I tried to find Bill before I left town, but he wasn't nowheres around any of his ord'nary loafing places, and nobody'd seen him. Somebody said that he was prob'ly off on a little fishing trip, and there was a laugh at that. I allowed he was up home, but I didn't like to go to the house to talk to him. Wasn't likely to do much good anyway. I did see Joe Barlow, and he said that Belle would always be welcome to a home with him and Jean, although he still held to what he'd said about Bill Tracy, and he wouldn't have Bill around the thus-and-so and thus-and-that. Anyway, whether Belle came to him or not, he'd keep an eye on her and see that she was all right.

I yoked up my bulls bright and early the next morning and headed for Custer. I didn't have a heavy load and I made pretty good time, and was near to Point of Rocks when I seen a man trudging along on the road ahead of me with some sort of pack on his back. I wondered what it could have been that put him afoot, and at first I thought it might be the feller from Chicago that had took up a ranch clost by Billy Fenwick's. It couldn't have been Fenwick, as he was a runt and this was a kind of a husky specimen, although he was kind of dragging his feet and stumbling once in a while as if he was tuckered out.

Pretty soon, as I got closer, I seen that what he was packing was a valise and a fiddle case and double-bit ax and a sledge passed through the handles. I hailed him.

"Traveling or a-going some place?"

He stopped and faced me, and you could have knocked me over with a feather. It was Bill Tracy. Bill Tracy in overalls and sweat and dust all over! Bill Tracy, skipping out!

"Well," says I, "this is sure an unexpected pleasure. Where do you think you're a-going to, Mr. Tracy?"

"It's none of your business, but I'm a-going to Grand Junction," he replies.

I looked at the ax and the sledge. His coat pocket bulged and dragged like it might have a couple of wedges in it. "What's all the hardware for?" I asked.

"To make fools ask questions," he answers, and moves on up the road.

I spoke to my oxen and we moved along after him. At first I thought he was a-going to outwalk us, but it was only a spurt. He seen he couldn't keep up the pace, so he sat down on a bowlder, and wiping the sweat off his face, waited for us to get apast him. But I stopped.

"Don't you want a lift?" I says. I was beginning to get him figgered out. I knew the Junction had sent out a holler for woodcutters and I got the crazy idea that Bill was a-going to cut wood.

"I only take a lift from a friend or a stranger, and you're neither one," says he. "You go ahead; I don't crave your company."

"Please yourself," I told him. "I'd be willing to take your plunder and leave it with Willis at the mine if it didn't object to my company too. How about that?"

He set his mouth and shook his head. I tried him on a new tack.

"I seen Joe Barlow yesterday," I told him. "It may ease your mind to know that he's willing to take your wife in and give her a home any time she wants."

He jumps up and damned Joe Barlow up hill and down dale. It was the first time I'd ever seen him lose his temper, but he certainly was wrathy then. "—— and the next time you see Joe, you tell him what I said," he shouts. "I guess I can take care of my wife without any of his help, or anybody else's. I'll make a stab at it, anyway."

"You don't mean to say that you're a-going to work, Bill?" I says.

"What the devil do you s'pose I'm a-going to do?" he snarls at me. "Lay down and let that poor suffering woman of mine lack anything that these here two hands can get for her? Say, you get down from that wagon right now, before I pull you down. I'll learn you to insult me! I'll learn the whole pack of you!"

He shed his coat and slammed his hat on the ground. I hopped from the wagon, like I had been requested, but I kept my coat on. I grabbed his valise and his fiddle case and the sledge and the ax and h'isted them onto the wagon, and then I held out my hand to him, open. "Shake, Bill," I says, "and then you climb up and we'll jog on. If you mean what you say, you've got a friend right here and you can bank on that."

Bill sort of gaped at me for a minute, then he swallered his Adam's apple and shook hands with me; and after picking up his coat and hat and putting 'em on, he climbed.

For a mile, blame nigh, he didn't cheep, and I didn't say nothing to him. Finally he says, "I'm mighty glad to get this lift, I tell you those."

"You're welcome to it, Bill," I told him.

"I ain't in extra good shape for hoofing it right now, and that's the truth," says he. "Too dog-gone much lard on me."

"You certainly are some pussy," I agrees.

"High living," he says. "The fat of the land and the fullness thereof. I'll soon get rid of it and harden up, though. Yes, sir, I started off last night after dark, and this is all the far I've got."

"You don't mean to say that you've been a-walking all night?" I says. "What was the idee, starting off like that?"

"Didn't want no fuss made—brass bands and bouquets and farewell speeches," says he, with a hard laugh. "Outside o' Belle, Martha Potter was the only one knew I'd gone. Martha's all right—not like that sour old hen Mis' Gill. She's going to stay and take care of Belle while I rustle. I figure that's the best way, and I can afford to pay her better than to stay home myself. Fargo offered me a measly twenty-five a month to work for him. I told him if that was the best he could do he could take that twenty-five and stick it in his eye. If he'd make it double, I'd talk with him. He just laughed at me. Then he goes around town telling that he offered me a job, but I was

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Weathered green Creo-Dipt roof with Dixie White side-walls on home of Mr. George L. Meister, Buffalo, N. Y. Architect, Frederick G. Backus, Buffalo. Dixie White is the only Creo-Dipt color that requires brushcoating after laying.

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feeling too strong to work. Yes, I left town after dark."

I said that it beat the Dutch. But my conscience bothered me some. Bill sat humped over and mumchance for quite a spell; then he turns to me as if I'd just spoke. "Beats the Dutch? It beats hell! Why is it folks can't 'tend to their own business? What was it to them if I didn't work? No skin off their long noses. I didn't have to work, did I? If Belle was satisfied and I was satisfied, what was the diff'rence whether I worked or not? And le'me tell you this: Belle didn't work no harder after she married me than she did before, and this here trouble didn't come because of her sewing, anyway. Ask Doc Witherspoon. I asked him, and that's what he told me. He said she'd have had it anyway. And she loves dressmaking. She told me it was just the same way I felt about my fiddle. When we was down on the Cheyenne together she missed her work. Couldn't even loaf on her honeymoon and be contented. But mind, I ain't bringing the fiddle along for pastime. I allowed there might maybe be a chance once in a while to make it knock out a five or a ten, and I ain't overlooking no bets. Going to need all I can rake or scrape now. I'll show them backcappers!"

His fists was doubled all the time he was a-talking, and when he looked at me his eyes was full of fight. He was sure worked up about it. But after a while he sort of let down and I caught him a-nodding as he sat. I told him to lay over on a tarp I had bundled up and take a snooze if he felt like it, and I'd no sooner said that than he keeled right over and in half a minute he was dead to the world and all his troubles. I had to shake him hard and long to get him awake when we got to Skinner's, where I stopped to feed.

At first he wasn't going to go in and eat. Said he wasn't hungry to speak of, and he'd eat a bite of what he had with him; but Jack's wife, she went out to the wagon and brought him in. She was the kind that would, being noways backward or bashful, and always glad to get a change from Jack. I took notice that Bill didn't seem noways int'rusted in the way she rolled her eyes at him, and when he'd et he got up and paid her for the meal and went back to the wagon where I found him with one boot off, fixing up one of the dog-gondest blisters I ever seen that he'd got on his heel. It beat me how he'd made out to walk with it.

When we was on the way again, I spoke about the dinner. "I know it was a good dinner," says he, "but I'd kind of figured on saving that half dollar. What I got is still Belle's money," he says. "Not that I feel any shame in using it. I don't—or wouldn't be if there was aplenty of it, like there has been. I'd sooner than let you pay, like you wanted to—or any other outsider, although I didn't use to be particular or nice about that. I reckon I never did think much about money, one way or another. When I wanted a little I generally got it somehow. Wasn't much I wanted it for. But—you—watch—me—from—this—on! Watch me study on ways to get it and get more of it, work to get it, pray to get it, stent for it, scrap for it, jaw for it—until I get Belle ——"

He kind of choked, and then had one of his studying spells—maybe on money-getting.

There was just one thing more he said on that trip that I call to mind. He was bound and set he wouldn't stay in Custer overnight and go on with me to the mine in the morning, but figured he'd go right on—walk the seven mile and bunk with Prosper Lamotte, who he was going to share a cabin with. I was arguing against sech foolishness. First there was that blister on his heel, and then he wasn't in no shape for walking, anyway.

"The way to do with a blister is to keep on walking until it gets to be a callus," says Bill. "If I start babying it and humoring it, it won't never get well. I expect to have some blisters on my hands this time tomorrow, but I won't if I wait to ride with you. As for being in shape, I've been doing nothing but ride and sleep ever since you come along, and I'm feeling fine. If I wasn't, it would be all the more reason why I should get into shape by walking off some of this darned fat."

He grinned. "Belle won't skassly know me when I get back to Minnekahta," he says; and then his face fell. "But she won't see me!" he says, and the way he said it, honest, anybody would have—would have felt sort of sorry for him. "She's been a-feeling of my face for the last week," he goes on. "Feeling of it with the tips of her fingers—all over—again and again, and over again—a-trying to get the feel of me—so's her fingers'd remember what I felt like."

And at that he broke right down, and I sure did feel sorry for him, and darned glad when he got a-holt of himself again and braced up. After that, I didn't try no more to get him to go on to Custer, but stopped where the trail forked with a short cut to the mine, and the last I seen of him that time he was hiking off with his ax and sledge over his shoulder and the fiddle and the valise hanging from them against his back, and a-trying not to limp.

It was a good two months after that before I made the Custer trip again; but on my way north from the railroad I stopped at Minnekahta, and after I'd got cleaned up I went up to Prospect Avenue to see Belle Tracy. They said in town that she had give out that Bill was working and sending her money, and some of 'em believed it and a lot of others didn't. I was glad to give my test'mony for the defendant; but I couldn't help wondering myself how often and how much Bill was a-sending.

Martha was out on the front porch, a-sweeping off a light snow that had fell in the night. She told me right away that Bill was a-writing every week, regular as clockwork, and how he sent as much as he did and made out to live was beyond her. She had always claimed that there was good in the man. Belle was a-bearing up under her affliction right well, all things considered, but she had mopy spells, hankering for Mr. Tracy. If I seen Mr. Tracy, why not just give him a hint and have him see if he can't come down and make her a visit, anyway, even if it was only a day or two? She'd have wrote herself, only she had promised Belle that she wouldn't. Belle done the writing, and you'd be surprised, her not being able to see the words. The address on the envelope a mite crooked, mebbe, but you could read it easy. She prob'ly made out to Mr. Tracy that things was cheerfuler than what they was.

Right then, us being outside, we heard Belle a-calling, and went in and found her in the setting room. The shades was all down, so I could hardly see myself, for a while; but she spoke, and I made out she was a-setting by the stove and that she was wearing what looked like black spectacles—what for, I couldn't puzzle out.

"Who is it?" she asks. "I don't think I know the voice."

I told her my name and she made some sort of a little movement. "A friend of your husband's, ma'am," I adds.

"He wrote me about you," she says. "You're the friend that went back on him." There was a razor edge on her voice when she said that.

"There was a misunderstanding," I says, "but that's all cleared up and over with. I reckon Bill wrote you that. I ain't got nothing but the highest respect and the kindest feelings for him now."

"And well you may have," she told me. "No reason why you or anybody else shouldn't have. A finer man than Mr. Tracy never stepped, nor a more perfect gentleman, nor better in any way."

"You have reason to be proud of him, ma'am," I says. I wasn't going to get into no argument with her.

"I should say I had," says she. "I'm a lucky woman, having such a husband." Her voice had some of the chill off it now. "I don't want you to think that I don't appreciate your coming to see me, Mr. Stegg," says she. "I do. Only I got to own I was some hurt about that misunderstanding, and when you came in, at first —— Well, I'm glad that it's all cleared up. Mr. Tracy has quite kind feelings tords you, I don't mind telling you."

I said I was glad to hear it. I s'pose she thought well I might be. I went on to tell her that I was likely to see Bill in a day or two, and was there any message or anything I could take to him?

"Tell him that you seen me well and happy and cheerful," she says. "Of course, I'd like awful well to see him, but tell him for me that I'll be patient like I promised him. Martha's taking the best kind of care of me, and reading to me and all that, keeping me entertained, and I'm learning to do lots of things for myself."

"But she won't touch the organ," Martha puts in. "She doesn't have to look at the keys to play, and it would be a heap of comfort to her to have her music."

"Don't tell Mr. Tracy that," says Belle. "It's silly of me, I know, but somehow it don't seem to sound right no more without the fiddle."

"You know what Doc Ammerman said to you about crying," Martha reminds her.

Well, I had to be going. She perked up a little and was right nice, but I seen that I couldn't do no good by staying, so I told her good-by and that I'd sure give Bill her message and tell him how fine she was a-looking.

When I got to Grand Junction I ran right into Prosper Lamotte and asked him where Bill was cutting.

"Beel, he ain't cutting no more; he's hauling," says Prosper. "Ma gosh! Me, I'd hate to be Beel' hoss. You bet your neck he makes dem hoss scratch gravel! Ma gosh, yes! He feed dat team of hees good, but he don' geev dem no tahm to sleep. Sem way w'en he cut; he don' sleep none heemself, to spik hof. Work, work, work—dat's Beel. You go down by dat trail and he'll be 'long pretty soon."

I went down by that trail and pretty soon here comes Bill, driving a fine, shiny team of American horses hitched to a wood rack piled with a load that you'd have thought they could hardly start, big as they was. Bill was a-striding along beside the wagon and as soon as he seen me he waved his hand, but he didn't stop when he come to where I waited. "Come along with me," says he. "I got to unload this in a hurry."

Well, I had to hurry to keep up, but I toddled along to the wood chute, where a feller measured the load while Bill stood dancing on one foot and then the other and trying to hurry him. The minute he was checked up Bill started to unload, and if you ever seen cordwood fly!

When he'd unloaded the last stick, he turned to me, and he certainly looked as if he had quite kind feelings tords me, and I felt the grip he gave my hand for ten minutes after. "What's the good word with you?" he says. "Hop onto the wagon and we'll talk as we go." I just stood long enough to take notice that he'd lost about twenty-five pounds. Not fat enough on him to grease a skillet. Just bone and muscle, and after all that unloading, his breath as easy as a sleeping baby's.

Off we went into the timber, lickety-split. "Did you stop at Minnekahta as you come up?" he asks.

"I did," I told him, "and I seen your wife and got a message for you."

"Whoo-a!" he hollers, and pulled the team to a stop, standing still for the first time since I seen him, while I told him about his wife and gave him her message and Martha's.

"Bless her dear heart!" he says. "I was going down, anyway, the first of the week, but I reckon I'll make a start bright and early tomorrow morning if I can get this lot done, and I guess I can if I don't lose no time. Is that all you got to tell me about her? Sure? Giddap!" And off we went.

At the first pile of cordwood we come to he jumped out and talked as he loaded. Yes, he'd quit cutting. He made pretty

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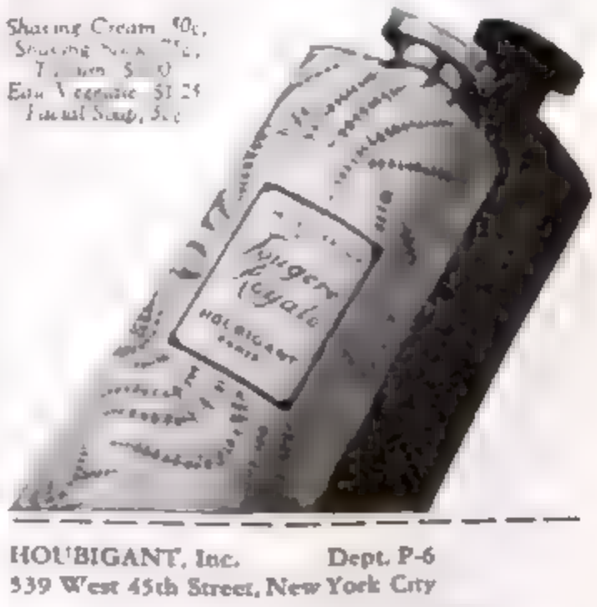
Ask your druggist today for the fifty-cent tube of Fougère Royale, or send a dime and the coupon below. Learn this new way to "the better shave."

Fougère Royale
Shaving Cream

Pronounced Foo-Zhaire Royal



HOUBIGANT, Inc. Dept. P-6
539 West 45th Street, New York City

I want to try Fougère Royale Shaving Cream. Here is my dime.

Name .....

Address .....

good money at it, but he wasn't no great shakes with an ax and he seen there was more money in hauling. So he bought him this team—wagon and harness and all—dirt cheap. Eh? Oh, the supe had advanced him the money—figured that he was a rustler and reasonable honest and he'd get his money back. Got the outfit nearly paid for already. Still — They had told him the F. E. & M. V. was pushing their line right along. What did I think of the chance of getting a tie contract?

I told him all I knew about the railroad and ties and timber, and then I rode back with him to where I'd left the buckboard I'd hired to drive out, and quit him. He was right sorry he was so rushed and hoped the next time we could have a good long visit. Giddap!

Well, I'd found out what I wanted to know, anyway. Bill was a-working and it looked like he was a-going to keep up his lick.

If he didn't drop everything and sit on a log and chew the rag with me, I didn't have no kick a-coming. Still and all, the thought that was in my mind as I drove back to Custer was that there was sech a thing as being too dog-gone busy.

The next time I met up with him he was a-keeping up his lick, sure enough. Down on the railroad, and he had a fat contract that he had three teams and a crew of tie cutters working on, besides another contract he'd sublet. Somebody else had figured he was a rustler and reasonable honest and staked him. He come out of that with enough to buy a little sawmill near Calico Canyon, and the first passenger train that went east out of Buffalo Gap had him and Belle aboard bound for Omaha, where Belle had the operation that give her back her sight. It was then Belle proposed opening her shop again and wanted him to sell out the mill or lease it and quit work. They'd have enough to be comfortable and not worry.

"Sweetheart," says Bill, "I hate not to do anything that you want me to do, or to keep you from doing what you want, but, honey lamb, there ain't a-going to be no more dressmaking for you; and as for me, I'm ashamed to say I've just got the habit of work. I crave it, I'm a slave to it, and I ain't got the stamina nor the manhood to quit. You see how it is, love girl. But if all goes well, we'll travel after a while and I'll sure give them bright eyes something worth looking at."

"I told you a long time ago what I liked to look at better'n anything," says Belle.

And so Bill started the first one of his lumber yards at Minnekahta. I've done a considerable hauling for him since then.

"You don't mean to say it was that Tracy?" said Henry Albien.

"That same identical William J. Tracy," said the old bullwhacker. "You go down to Minnekahta and some of the old-timers'll tell you."

"By Christmas! Roy Secker ought to have stayed and heard that yarn," exclaimed Tip Yoakum.

"Shucks! That loafer?" sneered the Z-Bell boy.

A MILLION DOLLAR BOOKSHELF

(Continued from Page 21)

soon after my return a man telephoned saying he had a book he must show me. His voice was shaking with excitement, so I could not refuse him. He soon called—a dignified elderly gentleman. Under his arm he held tightly an old book.

"What is this?" he demanded as he proudly waved the volume before my eyes. I glanced at it and answered, "It looks very much like a Baxter's Call to the Unconverted." I had hardly spoken when he gave a short gasp and pulled a newspaper clipping from his pocket. As I read, I understood this poor fellow's hopes; he believed he had made a great find. The most significant fact about my purchase was not mentioned in the clipping. Its great value lay in that it was the only known copy of Eliot's translation of Baxter's work into the Indian language. When I told him this, and that editions in English were as common as blackberries, he suddenly grew pale and, as he turned away in disappointment, said in a dejected tone, "I feel $34,000 poorer than when I came in!"

A Prophecy Fulfilled

It is extremely unfortunate that the price of first editions should occupy so predominant a place in the public mind. The true book lover gives the question of monetary value the last as well as the least important place in his passion for collecting. If the average reader finds it easier to remember books by their prices in lieu of other earmarks, he can look forward to a time in the near future when he must revalue his entire mental collection. Prices of fine books are rising to new heights. Old records show they have advanced continually since the middle of the seventeenth century. Prices are now bound to go much higher. The world is filled with books, but the number of desirable ones is limited. During the past decade many wonderful rarities have been taken off the market forever. They have found a final resting place in public institutions. Two of the greatest private collections in this country—those of Mr. Henry E. Huntington and the late Pierpont Morgan, have been dedicated forever to the people. These splendid gifts comprise, at a very rough estimate, more than 100,000 of the world's choicest literary treasures. Mr. William L. Clements, of Bay City, Michigan, has donated his library of Americana to the University of Michigan, and Mr. William A. Clark, Jr., of Los Angeles, his splendid collection to the southern branch of the University of California, thus removing all possibility of their books ever being offered for sale.

The magnificent gift of the library of Harry Elkins Widener to Harvard University is a case in point. Born in Philadelphia Harry Elkins Widener spent his childhood on the large estate of his grandfather, the late P. A. B. Widener, in a home filled with treasures brought together from all parts of the world. The collector's spirit was his through both inheritance and environment. When a young boy he showed an interest in books, and as he grew older proved himself a born student of bibliography. Books were his life work, his recreation, his passion.

I think if Harry Elkins Widener had lived he would have been the greatest collector the world has ever known. Of course he began as all collectors do—gathering rather unimportant works. But he weeded them out sooner than most enthusiasts, and by the time he was twenty-six had a library of 3000 volumes; each one of these showed a most fastidious, exacting and exquisite taste, which he had found possible to gratify through the sympathy and generosity of his grandfather and his mother. When abroad attending various book sales, because of his youth and remarkable learning he attracted the attention of many older collectors. After the Huth Sale in 1912 in London, he slipped a volume of Bacon's Essays in his pocket—a second edition which is almost as rare as a first—and, turning to a friend, said, "I think I'll take that little Bacon with me in my pocket, and if I am shipwrecked it will go down with me." With what prophecy he spoke they little knew. A few days later he was one of the victims of the Titanic disaster. His books can be enjoyed by students forever, but they will never again be offered for sale.

Today there are twice as many people collecting books in this country as there were five years ago. Every year they increase in numbers, and the competition is keener for the best things. Naturally, prices must go up. The much-maligned business man who collects books will at last come into his own. He has been held for many years responsible for musical-comedy successes, but nothing is said of his books and his collecting. It is restful to think of him in his library of an evening instead of in the first row of a crowded theater.

A Johnson Revival

The increasing number of scholars in this country, with their insistent demands for the original sources of history and literature, is another cause for advancing prices. After all, contemporary documents are the only authentic tools for the student. The collector renders a real service to scholarship when he uncovers authentic, unpublished material. A dear friend of mine has been also largely responsible for the modern esteem of old authors. A. Edward Newton, through his popular and appealing books about books, has inspired many to collect them. His Amenities of Book-Collecting is the bibliophile's Bible; and his unbounded enthusiasm for Doctor Johnson is so intense that it is now contagious. Everyone has become infected with it. A new Johnsonian interest has spread over the country, and a first edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, published in London in 1791, which used to sell for seventy-five dollars, now brings $450, and in its original covers twice this price.

Certain books have sold for too little in the past. They remind me of people who plod along for years, then, through actual worth or a turn of the wheel, suddenly blossom out, much to their friends' astonishment. As material as it may sound, the increasing wealth in this country is bringing about a new appreciation not only of books but of old prints, paintings and antique furniture. Books are the final appeal, and when the collector is through with the things that decorate his house, he turns to the things that decorate his mind—and these last forever.

The formation of university libraries and historical societies also adds to the value of books. They take them out of reach of the individual collector and place them in their ultimate home. No wonder these libraries are considered tombs by the ardent gatherer of books. New seats of learning, such as Duke University at Durham, North Carolina, will certainly need adequate libraries. Book clubs, too, are adding fuel to the flames. The Grolier Club of New York has a fine library; the Elizabethan Club at Yale is the enviable possessor of a tiny volume that ranks among the great books of the world. It is a first edition of Bacon's Essays, printed in London in 1597. Fifteen years ago, at the Huth Sale, it brought £1950—more than $9000. If it were offered for sale today it would bring at least $25,000. There are only about five copies of this edition known. One is in the British Museum, Cambridge University has two, and a fourth is in the Huntington library. Thus, no private collector has the good fortune to own a single copy.

A Feast for Mice and Men

Even though many rare volumes have retired permanently from the sales rooms, it has always been a peculiarity of the collector that he lives in hope. Just as there has always been a great search for ancient manuscripts, so there always will be an endless hunt for important early books. If there were wonderful discoveries in the past, why not others of equal importance in the future? Within twenty years after the invention of printing—about 1475—books became so accessible that even the poorest scholars could afford them. Tracts of various kinds were marketed for a few pennies which at first sold for pounds. There was so much printing done that some printers were ruined because the supply quickly outgrew the demand. The best printers in Germany perfected their craft and went southward into Italy, where their work took on an added beauty. The city of Venice became a regular hotbed of printing.

When, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, the Italian noblemen saw how common printing had become, they regarded it as vulgar. Although they had at first been the patrons of printing, now some of them ignored it and endowed scriptoriums, in the hope that printing would fall into disfavor. In these scriptoriums men worked tediously on illuminated manuscripts, trying to make them finer than printed books. But of course printing went on, continuing its tremendous strides. Hope springs eternal in the book collector's breast. He will never allow himself to believe that the wonderful old volumes of hundreds of years ago have all been found. Today, tomorrow or next week, he must surely unearth some unrecorded book.

What is known among book lovers as the greatest little find in history occurred at Lamport Hall in Northamptonshire, England, in 1867. Charles Edmunds, a London bookseller, while visiting Lamport Hall, the ancient seat of the Isham family, accidentally came upon the old lumber room. His curiosity was immediately aroused, for among the piles of wood and discarded furniture he beheld stacks and stacks of dust-covered books. There were hundreds of them of various sizes and dates; some were chewed to bits, having furnished banquets for generations of mice, descendants of which scampered about as Edmunds searched and hoped for something interesting. Just as he was beginning to believe that they all were valueless, he chanced upon a copy of Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis. Imagine his surprise when he found it to be a hitherto unknown edition dated 1599, and "Imprinted at London for William Leake, dwelling in Paule's Churchyard at the signe of the Greyhound." Inclosed within the same vellum cover were The Passionate Pilgrim and Davies' and Marlowe's Epigrams and Elegies. The only other copy known of the former is in the Capell Collection at Trinity College, Cambridge. The third tract in this volume was also an entirely unrecorded edition.

This Venus and Adonis was a fourth edition. It sold at the Britwell Court Sale at Sotheby's, in 1919, for £15,100—about $75,000. George D. Smith bought it for Mr. Huntington, and it was the highest price ever paid for a book up to that time. Whenever a great sale such as this one is held, prices reverberate throughout the world. Immediately there follows a cleaning out of old attics, a thorough brushing of odd closets; cupboards and lumber rooms are scoured, and a general sorting over of places where odd things have been relegated for years takes place. Naturally, the enormous price of the Venus and Adonis caused a sensation when it was sold in London. News of this sale quickly appeared in every paper in England.

One Thousand Dollars a Letter

A pretty story is told of how, one afternoon, two young Englishmen were playing archery on an estate near Shrewsbury. Perhaps they didn't have a target, or if they did they mislaid it. Anyway, they picked up an old book they found somewhere in one of the buildings on the place, and stuck it against the lower branches of a tree to use for a bull's-eye. About to draw his bow, one of them was not quite satisfied with the angle at which they had placed their target. So he walked forward and

(Continued on Page 81)

"Now's our chance. I'd rather listen to the Radiola, wouldn't you?"

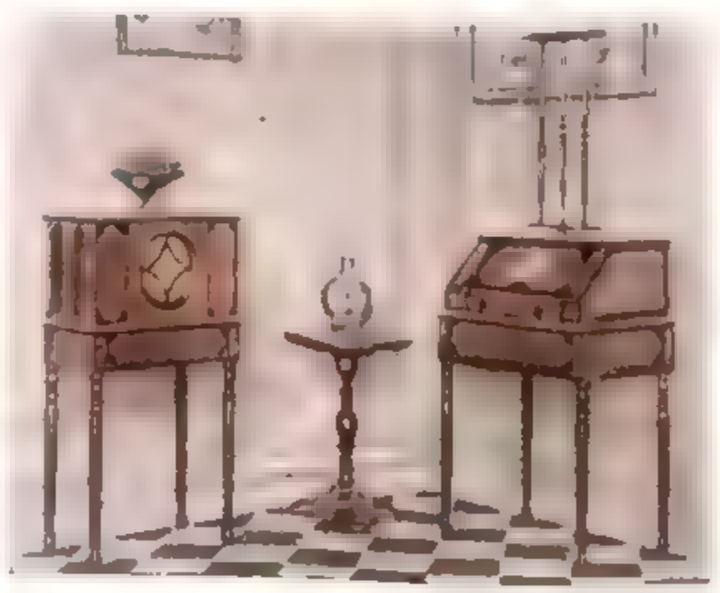
Radio that scored a *musical* triumph

Radiola 28 with RCA Loudspeaker 104 made possible new perfection in musical reproduction. Its remarkable performance has brought a new era of fine music in the home

A group of famous acoustical experts came together for a hearing—before this new type of radio was ever shown to the public. They heard it. They pronounced it very fine . . . . But after ten or twenty minutes of listening, a quiet hand switched off the new and on the old. And the men jumped from their seats!

Even their trained musical ears had been so accustomed to the older type of reproduced music that they could not grasp the great difference in this new radio, until they *heard the two together.* But when they heard them, they applauded.

This new thing in radio—and in music—was developed into Radiola 28 with the RCA Loudspeaker 104. Power was employed, not primarily for use in big rooms—though it can fill a hall with the music of a great orchestra. The real purpose of the new power in this home radio set was for its remarkable effect on *tone quality*—even in the softest music.



Radiola 28, eight tube super-heterodyne. Particularly fine for apartment homes in crowded broadcast areas, for it needs no antenna, and is extremely selective. With 8 Radiotrons, $260.

RCA Loudspeaker 104, complete, $275. A.C. Package for adapting Radiola 28 for use with Loudspeaker 104, for operation on 50-60 cycle 110 volt A. C. lighting circuit, $35.

Do what these experts did. No matter what radio you think really fine, listen awhile to this RCA combination . . . . then tune in any other. The difference *is* startling! With this development the engineers of RCA—with their associates in the laboratories of General Electric and Westinghouse—not only added one more triumph to the list of their many basic radio improvements, but they brought a new day in *music.*

Tune in Radiola 28 . . . . just pick your station with the motion of a single finger. The loudspeaker is across the room. It is simply plugged in on the house current. Tune to a fine orchestra, and hear the music of each instrument clear and true. Listen to a great singer—and hear the music right at home as only the opera and concert halls have known it!

Today—thoroughly tested and perfected—this combination has won many musicians to radio. And it has made possible great music at home, as it never could be heard before.

Buy with confidence [Dealer] *where you see this sign.*

RCA Radiola

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P·R·T

UNDER MITTEN MANAGEMENT

Insignia of Philadelphia Rapid Transit, Philadelphia Rural Transit, and Peoples Rapid Transit — all under Mitten Management

What the great transportation companies of American cities are accomplishing by co-ordinated service is typified by P. R. T. Here you have everything from airplanes to subways, under Mitten Management, giving the public the savings in cost, the improvements in service, due to co-ordination of street cars, motor-coaches, taxicabs and buses, subways, elevated lines, airplanes . . . On all P. R. T. Coaches and Buses, as well as on the first passenger air service in America, P. R. T. uses tires built by Goodrich.

Goodrich

"BEST IN

14,578,465 miles a year!

THE plain fact that Goodrich Tires ran 14,578,465 miles last year* in the service of Philadelphia's great transportation system gives you a wealth of proof as to what Goodrich Silvertowns will bring to your car.

Strength! It is the strength of Silvertowns which cushions huge passenger-laden airplanes back to earth in safety and comfort.

Economy—of course. P. R. T. figures in millions of miles per year. You know that low mileage cost is essential. In inter-city traffic, saving time is like saving money—and Goodrich Silvertowns on P. R. T. Motorcoaches must be trouble-free to be economical.

But you have—in these coach lines, buses and planes—more than three individual proofs of Goodrich excellence. Back of all these millions of miles is the proof of Goodrich leadership in tire-building—leadership which meets every need and covers every field of motoring.

Your needs—whatever they are—will find satisfaction at a Goodrich dealer's. Extra service, extra mileage, await you in Silvertowns.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO
Established 1870
In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Ltd., Kitchener, Ontario

*This does not include distance covered by Silvertown-equipped airplanes, which cannot be figured as "mileage."

Silvertowns

"THE LONG RUN"

FOR HEALTH AND HAPPINESS ALL SEASONS THROUGH

Before Coca-Cola nobody thought it possible to produce a drink people would enjoy equally winter and summer. It took a pure drink of natural flavors - with that feel-good taste and delightful after-sense of refreshment - to prove it.

Over 7 million a day

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

(Continued from Page 76)

turned it around. As he did so, some of the pages fell back, and he read the magic name, "Venus." Looking at the volume further, he exclaimed to his companion, "I believe this old thing is similar to that book which sold for £15,100 yesterday!" It soon sold privately for more than £10,000, or about $50,000. Mr. H. C. Folger of New York, one of the greatest collectors of Shakspereana, was the buyer.

To bring these stories down to date, a similar and equally interesting find was made after the sale of a signature of Button Gwinnett, at the Anderson Galleries in New York last winter, for which I paid $22,500. Gwinnett was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence from Georgia. His signature is very rare, as his life was snuffed out suddenly in a duel with Gen. Lachlan MacIntosh in 1777, when he was still young. There are but thirty-three of these signatures known. I bought my first Gwinnett, and incidentally the first to be sold in many years, in Philadelphia two years ago for $14,000. Some wag figured, at the time, that it was worth exactly $1000 per letter. Mrs. Arthur W. Swann, of New York, happened to read about my purchase in a morning paper, and began to think over the various items of a collection of autograph letters which her grandfather, Theodore Sedgwick, had made, and which she inherited. The more she thought about it, the more significant a hazy remembrance became; she believed her grandfather had secured a Button Gwinnett similar to the one I bought. After searching through the collection carefully she found, much to her surprise and delight, a most beautiful example of Gwinnett's signature. In November, 1926, she sold the entire collection, and I bought the Button Gwinnett for $28,500. This was a record price for any signature in the world's history, the young signer's autograph having jumped to $2000 per letter! After a while, selling a famous man's handwriting by the letter will be as common as selling antique silver by the ounce.

Music Has its Charms

About four years ago a firm of auctioneers in London was requested to sell a great mass of very ordinary music belonging to the estate of a late English noblewoman. The manager and his assistants were not very keen about it, as the music was unsorted and on its face almost worthless. But they finally agreed to do it on the condition it would not require sorting. During the sale a dealer bought one of the bundles. Later he sold some of it to other dealers, saving several sheets for himself to take home. Some time passed and one night he chanced to glance over the titles of these songs, catches and other musical compositions. As he turned one of the pages he fairly started from his seat. He could hardly believe his eyes. A quarto pamphlet it was, and most probably had been placed there years and years before—perhaps as a bookmark—by someone who did not realize its worth. It was a copy of Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson by Shelley! The author's name was not mentioned, but it was edited by "Fitzvictor"—one of Shelley's pen names. Here it lay before him in the original wrappers in which it was first published. Of course, the news of the discovery spread like wildfire. Later, this work sold for £1210, approximately $6000. Propagandist pamphlets written by Shelley are extremely rare, and have turned up in the most extraordinary places. They were generally of an inflammatory or seditious nature, and he and Mary had the habit of throwing them from the windows wherever they might be stopping at the time, in the hope of hitting sympathetic targets. I should like to be struck by one of those missiles!

Shortly after the war began I was informed of a letter written by Amerigo Vespucci, to be offered in the Morrison Sale in London. It was the only known letter written by the man who gave his name to two continents. Previous to its finding, the only record of Vespucci's own writing was a receipt bearing his signature. Now, the early stages of the Great War were not exactly propitious times for auctions or any other sales. The buying public of England, as well as auctioneers, dealers and collectors, all found their minds preoccupied with but one subject war. *Objets d'art*, books and manuscripts were put aside as playthings of a leisured hour; nor were they to be considered when relatives and friends were fast becoming a part of the war machinery daily departing for France. So prices did the logical thing tumbled.

Aware of the situation, it was even then impossible for me to believe that this Vespucci letter could go for a low figure. Here was an unusual, magnificent autograph more than four centuries old. War? Why, it had known a hundred wars! With little hope and less expectation, I cabled a bid of £2500—about $12,500. The arrival of a reply a few hours later caused me pangs of fear. I tortured myself a few moments with delectable suspense. Was the letter mine or not? A momentous question! At last I gathered courage and read words which were too curt, too few, to seem true. Not only was I the possessor of this most precious historical letter, but at what a price -a measly £395! It was almost impossible to realize that I had secured for less than $2000 one of the greatest bargains in history.

A Family Reunion

I was under a constant nervous tension until its arrival. When it finally came I went with it into my library, locked the door and settled down to decipher the old and decorative handwriting. Vespucci had written a somewhat grave and formal filial epistle to his father in Latin. He was in Trivio Mugelli at the time—October 18, 1476. He comments on a "commonplace" book, belonging to his uncle, Giorgio Antonio Vespucci. These "commonplace" books were frequently kept in the fifteenth century, containing Greek and Latin quotations—the common information of the period. I had hardly finished reading this before some mental click went off in my mind. I left my comfortable chair and walked suddenly to a corner of my bookcase. Quickly I picked out an old manuscript in a fifteenth-century binding. I held in my hands an ancient Commonplace Book. There on the title page was the written name—Giorgio Antonio Vespucci!

Here in my library was Amerigo's only letter and Uncle Giorgio's Commonplace Book! I was thrilled by it all. In something of a daze I placed the two side by side on the table before me. Separated for nearly 500 years, they were again together. Where had they been those five centuries? What had they seen and heard? If someone had thrown a diamond into the middle of the ocean, to recover it years later, it could not have been a greater miracle than this almost impossible literary remating. Now both the letter and the volume are in the Pierpont Morgan library, united forever.

Some collectors, to my eternal amazement, are completely satisfied with small libraries. This desire for a limited but exquisite number of books originated in France centuries ago. Many of the wealthiest and most meticulous book lovers went in for what is known as cabinet collecting. They liked small books which they could handle easily, and found no interest in the first edition of even an important classic if it were large. Diane de Poitiers was one of the first cabinet collectors. The beloved of Henry II, she would doubtless be forgotten by collectors today if she had not, like Cardinal Wolsey, loved her books more than her king. When she became a widow Diane immediately stamped her volumes with a laurel springing from a tomb, with the motto, "I live alone in grief." But when she began her friendship with Henry she suppressed both the tomb and the legend.

In her boudoir in the Château d'Anet, just outside of Paris, long after her death a small case was found filled with the most precious volumes, all in beautiful bindings of red and citron morocco, decorated with the crescents of Diana the book huntress. This little nest of bookish nuggets was not found until 1723, but was in perfect condition. The diversity of its contents was amusing. The fathers of the church nestled close to some of the most risqué stories of that time, and the poets stood side by side with treatises on medicine and the management of the household. It has always been of interest to me that in the small collection of Diane de Poitiers were two books relating to this country, thus making her one of the earliest collectors of Americana. The first was Servete's edition of Ptolemy's Geography, dated 1541, and the other, Les Singularitez de la France Antartique autrement nommée Amerique, brought out seventeen years later.

Perhaps the man who makes a bargain with himself to buy a small number of books only, imitating the French collectors, is the happiest and wisest of us all. He knows the location in his mind of every volume on his shelves. At least he runs little chance of finding himself in the position which was forced upon me several years ago. I had purchased a first edition of Defoe's Robinson Crusoe, published in 1719, for which I paid $2500. Along with thousands of other volumes on my shelves, I had not thought for months of poor old Crusoe and his man Friday.

One day, however, a stranger came to see me, announcing with a great air of assurance he had a really fine book which he knew would delight me. Just how much neither of us realized until it was removed from its brown-paper wrapping. Then I recognized the binding, and that it was my own Robinson Crusoe! I concealed my surprise as I asked for its history and how he had come by it. With charming facility he explained that it was left by his father-in-law to his wife, and I became furious when he wound up with the worn tale of its having been in his family "for over one hundred years."

Collectors With Fixed Policies

After he finished his finely embroidered story I excused myself from the room for a moment to telephone police headquarters. Returning, I directly accused him of having acquired the book dishonestly. Looking me in the eye, more in sorrow than in anger, he stood by his guns. But when he heard the echo of heavy footsteps beyond my study door he broke down, and told me a sordid hard-luck story which made me feel rather sorry for him. I learned, too, that he had received many volumes from a man who was employed by me some months before. He paid a few dollars for each book—I asked him for the names of the others, and was relieved that they did not compare in value to the Robinson Crusoe—and they were delivered to his junk shop. There was some wistful quality about this fellow; aside from his dishonesty, he spoke of books as though he loved them. I could not prosecute him. Again I left the room, this time to tell the two detectives who were waiting that I would not press the charge. And it did seem most unfortunate for him that he came to me with that Robinson Crusoe, of all people in the world.

The modern book lover who gratifies his taste with a small collection usually starts off with a logical reason for what he calls his fixed policy. Some men will collect everything they can find which has been written by or associated with an author they love—generally some writer who has had a definite influence upon their lives. Thus there are men who gather every edition, pamphlet, manuscript, autograph or personal relic of Burns, Shelley, Thackeray and Dickens, to mention only a few. Other sentimentalists must have every line of verse by the poet whose rhythmic genius has caught sparks of music or passion in their own souls. On the other hand, a

"Three cheers —says my taster"

"Tiger-r-r —says my stomach"

The minute I bite into that rich, crunchy choc'late coatin' on an Eskimo Pie my taste-teller waves its arms an' gives three rousin' cheers. And as soon as my teeth bite on down into that big, thick helpin' of *de-lishus* ice cream my stomach gets so happy it shouts for three more cheers.

Flavor! Who's got a word that tells the taste of choc'late an' ice cream an' all, meltin' together an' makin' you wish they was in a parade that took an hour to pass? Anything as good as Eskimo Pie *ought* to have patents an' trademarks an' everything so you know what you're gettin'—an Eskimo Pie sure takes care of you that way. Every Eskimo Pie sign is a friend o' mine!

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Firm, delicious ice cream inside! Crisp, pure chocolate outside! And around this enticing bar, a sanitary, moisture-proof foil wrapper. This is the magic product—the patented trade-marked product Eskimo Pie!

Over two hundred million sold yearly

ESKIMO PIE

GENERAL OFFICES LOUISVILLE KENTUCKY

—at the "Cross-Roads of the Nation"

Cleaner Teeth.. Healthier Gums!

THOSE four words tell you why so many people choose to use Ipana Tooth Paste.

Because of its ziratol content it is good, very good, for your gums. Because of its cleansing power it keeps your teeth brilliant and attractive. And because it is delicious you'll enjoy its use day after day.

SWITCH to Ipana for just one month—and note the improvement in the health of your teeth and gums.

IPANA
Tooth Paste

BRISTOL-MYERS COMPANY, NEW YORK

practical person, such as an Arctic explorer, will hunt out every known document mentioning the Arctic, while his colleague, the African explorer, follows suit with his desires for all works concerning his favorite part of the globe.

For years I have had a charming customer who is a romanticist if ever there was one. Her enthusiasm is for books on those idealistic lands beyond the mountains or behind the moon about which English writers of all centuries have delighted to weave strange fantastic tales—such as Sir Thomas More's Utopia and Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia. Then there is another customer, with his vivid remembrance of old vintages, whose standing order since the passing of the Volstead Act has kept us busy gathering all editions and early works mentioning ardent spirits. He smacks his lips with gusto when he obtains a particularly rare one. Another's favorite subject is collecting everything he can secure relating to tobacco. English authors from Ben Jonson to Charles Lamb allowed their love of tobacco to permeate their works, and it is therefore a delightful task, especially to an inveterate smoker, to pick up, here and there, old books in which the authors endearingly mention perique and "cigars of the Havana." I recently owned a rare little volume on which Charles Lamb had spilled some ale, and in which were found remnants of tobacco. This could have caused a battle royal between the two friends above mentioned, and as I could not divide the volume I sold it—like King Solomon, on a more famous occasion—to a collector, who was interested in Gentle Elia for his dear self alone.

Skeletons on the Bookshelf

Very often these specialists have a change of heart. Their tastes broaden and they develop into the maddest collectors of all. Perhaps they suddenly realize the limited span of even a collector's life, to find they are missing many enchanting bypaths along the road of books. When Richard Heber, the greatest bibliomaniac who ever lived, began his library he was interested in purely classical works alone. This English gentleman, although he has been dead for nearly 100 years, still survives, enshrined in every true bookman's heart. To recognize in oneself the symptoms of becoming "the fiercest and strongest of all bibliomaniacs"—so Heber is described—what secret joy and satisfaction! Heber's library grew to enormous proportions, and when he died he left more than 150,000 volumes. Like Earl Spencer, it was necessary for him to have many houses, just to hold his books. Eight establishments there were, on the continent and in England, each overrun with books. It was he who started the craze for duplicate copies, explaining that no one could afford to be without three copies of a book—one for show, the second for use and the third for borrowers!

Everybody knows it is never quite safe to lend an umbrella, even to one's dearest friend; the very act of lending seems to demoralize the borrower, who thinks not of the rainy days to come. If there is scant hope of ever seeing the umbrella again, how much less is there for a borrowed book—unless it happens to be a rare one! In that case it may be discovered several generations later, when the worried and loving owner, who by this time is reclining in some bookish Nirvana, cares little for earthly treasures. How many great literary finds have been made as a result of careless borrowers, I wonder!

There is the case of a certain Englishman who, several years ago, "borrowed" some early English books, printed by Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde, from the libraries of Lincoln and Peterborough Cathedrals. Lest they should be missed immediately, he left behind him the covers of the books stuffed with newspapers and replaced on the shelves, the contents he carried away in his pockets. But one day someone browsing about chanced to take down these skeleton books. The fraud was discovered and reported to all book dealers and collectors in England, so they would be on the lookout. Some of the volumes, minus bindings, have already turned up at various sales, but where they all are no one knows. They may be discovered again somewhere, some day.

One day before the war a stranger called on Quaritch, one of the most celebrated and astute booksellers in London, to whose shop many rare books, in those days, naturally drifted. This man said he had an old book, but didn't know its value. Quaritch looked at it, and immediately recognized it as the long-lost and valuable edition of The Laws of Massachusetts, known to collectors as The General Laws and Liberties of Massachusetts, collected out of the Records of the General Court, and printed at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1648. Inquiring of the owner what he thought he should receive for it, the man would not say; he desired Quaritch to make him an offer.

Quaritch was known far and wide for his fair dealing. Now he took into consideration various facts, the most important of which was that he might have to keep the volume for some years before reselling it. He therefore offered what he felt to be a perfectly fair price—£2500. The man looked at him in "wild surmise," then gasped. He would have accepted fifty pounds for it! But now, he said, as he put on his hat, with the layman's suspicious look in his eye, he would have to think it over. He was too frightened to make up his mind just then. He never went back to Quaritch, but shopped around a long time, selling it eventually for £5000—a little less than $25,000. Alfred Quaritch told me that it was this experience which cured him forever of making offers on books.

It is amazing how many of these first American editions have been found across the Atlantic. Several years ago, while in England, I was invited by a noted collector to inspect his library. We had been talking books for hours, and as the twilight approached, did not think to turn on the lights. I got up to leave and stumbled against a folio volume which someone had carelessly left on the floor. I carried it quickly to the window to see what it was. Opening the old calf binding in the fading light, I read the written inscription on the title page: "This book was used in the Trial of the Earl of Bellomont, Governor of New York." It was, to my astonishment, the very rare First Laws of New York, printed by William Bradford in 1694. I was extremely pleased with this volume, and suggested to the owner that in as much as it was a New York book, and not particularly interesting to him, he might care to part with it, which to my joy he gracefully did.

A Rare Find in Paris

The printer, Bradford, has the distinction of being the first in Philadelphia and New York. His earlier works, published in Philadelphia, loudly proclaim the hatred he had for some of the Quakers of his day. He was constantly bringing out tracts against them. When they threatened to jail him he found it necessary to leave the City of Brotherly Love, and settled in New York. Several years ago I attended a sale in Philadelphia and came across a book which no one seemed to know anything about. I showed it to several other collectors, who pushed it aside, believing it worthless—merely an old book. The name of the printer or the place was not upon the title page; I recognized it, however, as coming from Bradford's famous press.

It was a scurrilous attack on one Samuel Jennings, Quaker, printed, of course, by Bradford, in New York in 1693. Entirely composed in rhyme, by John Philley, it was lengthily titled: A Paraphrastical Exposition on a Letter from a Gentleman in Philadelphia to his Friend in Boston concerning a certain Person who compared himself to Mordecai. I could not remember ever having seen an earlier-dated book published in New York. Here, then, was a first, which was valuable from three standpoints. It was the only copy known; it was probably the first book printed in New York; it was the earliest poetical production of the New York press. I am having a reprint made, so that it will be accessible to all students of history.

I am sometimes given credit for discoveries which I am not entitled to in the least. There are many old bookmen, true ferrets who are always on the lookout for unusual things. They often bring their finds to me. In Paris there is a whole tribe of book seekers who infest the quays along the Seine, where quaint volumes are occasionally found. Collectors do not often have the good fortune to find great rarities there, but my friend Mitchell Kennerly has the distinction of making one of the greatest finds in bookish history. Many years ago, while walking on the left bank of the Seine, he picked up, for a few sous, Champlain's first book on the Indians of Canada, entitled Des Sauvages, issued in Paris in 1603. He kept it in his box at the Lotos Club in New York for more than two years. The whole matter was forgotten until someone, accidentally mentioning old books on the American Indians, recalled to his attention the little volume resting so quietly in its solitary nook. Mr. Kennerly put it into an auction sale in 1907, and no one was more greatly surprised and elated than he when it sold for $2900.

Benjamin Franklin's Epitaph

This leads me to remember one of the most colorful incidents of my collecting career, an experience brought about through the consideration of a fellow bookman. It happened when I was in Boston attending the dedication of the Harry Elkins Widener Memorial Library in 1914. I had arrived on an early train, so I decided to spend several pleasant hours on Park Street with my friend Charles Goodspeed. As I entered his shop he came forward with the exclamation, "I have a manuscript in which you will be interested, I am sure!" He disappeared into the back of his shop, and I waited, filled with curiosity. After a few moments he returned and handed me a small piece of paper. As I read it I could hardly believe that this was the first draft of Benjamin Franklin's famous epitaph, which is so dear to every lover of old books. At first I was suspicious that it might be a clever forgery. But when Goodspeed explained that it came from the old and noted Aspinwall collection, I needed no further assurance. It was absolutely authentic, and eagerly I purchased it.

This was Franklin's first attempt at writing his epitaph, dated 1728, and differed slightly in the wording from the fair copy which has been for many years in the Library of Congress in Washington. I brought it back to Philadelphia in great glee and showed it to Eddie Newton. In an ill-starred moment for him, and to his everlasting regret, he refused it. This is the only time—with one exception, which is another story—that I knew him to fall down. This epitaph has found its resting place in the magnificent Franklin Collection of William S. Mason, of Evanston, Illinois.

Nothing better reveals the great American, the man whose sayings have helped the destinies of the New World, than this faded sheet of paper, where the master printer gives, in the parlance of his trade, this noble colophon:

THE BODY OF B. FRANKLIN,
PRINTER,
LIKE THE COVER OF AN OLD BOOK,
ITS CONTENTS TORN OUT
AND
STRIPT OF ITS LETTERING & GILDING,
LIES HERE
FOOD FOR WORMS.
BUT THE WORK SHALL NOT BE LOST;
FOR IT WILL, AS HE BELIEV'D
APPEAR ONCE MORE
IN A NEW AND MORE ELEGANT EDITION
REVISED AND CORRECTED
BY THE AUTHOR.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Doctor Rosenbach, as told to Avery Strakosch. The next will appear in an early issue.

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With the advent of the motor coach . . . America's new and successful form of transportation . . . a special battery was required to meet the demand of frequent starting and heavy lighting loads. Exide engineers quickly developed the first special battery for this purpose. That an Exide should be the pioneer in this field was only natural when you consider the long and wide experience of Exide engineers in building batteries for every purpose.

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Point 1. Since the pioneer days of electric starting and lighting, Exide Batteries have been the outstanding favorite of motorists. Wherever storage batteries are used, the name Exide has come to be regarded as a guarantee of these specific advantages: unusually long battery life; dependable service during that life; little, if any, cost for upkeep.

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FOR YOUR RADIO . . . There is an Exide Radio Battery of the right size for every set and a type for every tube. Also power units that stay charged from your house current. At radio and Exide Battery dealers'.

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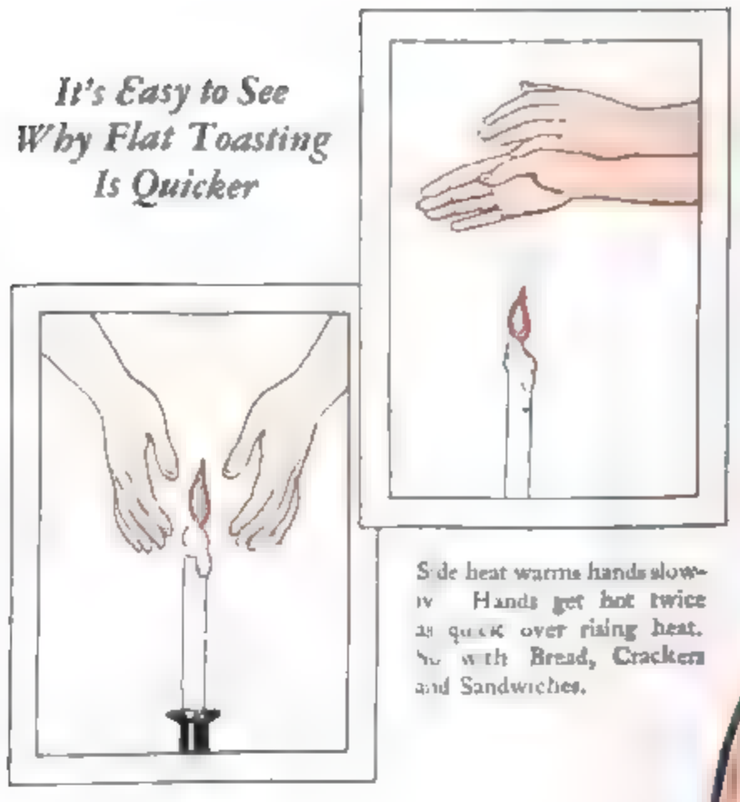
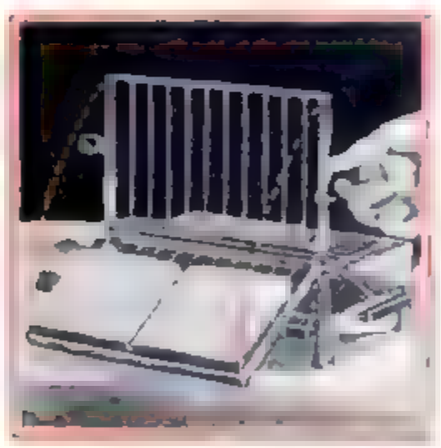
Flat Toasting is 50% Quicker —and this new Toaster does it!

It's Easy to See Why Flat Toasting Is Quicker

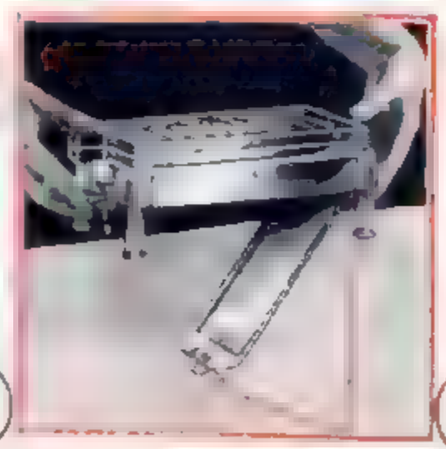


Side heat warms hands slowly. Hands get hot twice as quick over rising heat. So with Bread, Crackers and Sandwiches.

With the Turn-over Rack you neither touch the Toast nor burn your fingers.



To remove Toast, throw rack back, away from the hot grill.



As easy to clean as a Kodak is to snap. Crumbs can't lodge in the Toaster but fall on a dump tray below.

Also Toasts 2 Sandwiches or 6 Crackers at Once The Really Practicable Way—Lying Level

Here's a new Electric Toaster with a Turn-over Rack by the makers of the famous Sunbeam Iron—a Flat-Toasting Toaster that does everything that upright toasters can't be made to do.

It toasts bread to a rich golden brown in 50% less time by the watch. Thus serves more people and saves much current and waiting.

It makes Toast-wiches (toasted Sandwiches) two at a time. The filling can't fall out for the slices lie flat.

It toasts 6 crackers at once, and they can't drop out of reach.

The flat Sunbeam toasts bread with *rising* heat—thus with *all* the heat. Thus quickly crisps and browns the surface of the slices, and leaves the inside tender.

You can't get these results from side heat. And toasting over flame chars the bread. Ovens are little better, for they dry it stiff.

For perfect toasting—quick and easy—on a moment's notice—you want this latest achievement of the Sunbeam engineers. If your dealer hasn't it, mail us $1, and pay the postman the balance on delivery, subject to your approval.

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Holds the weight of a man—never before a Toaster so strongly built

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Sunbeam FLAT TOASTER
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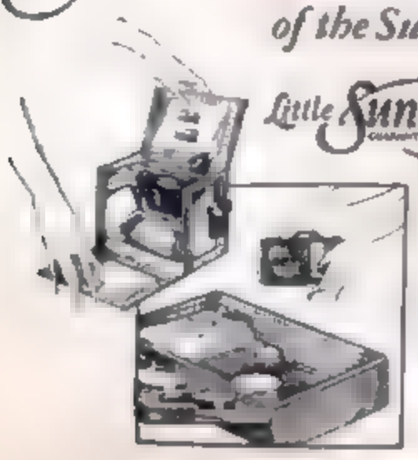
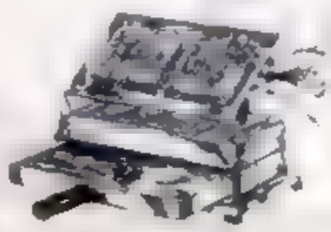


Little Sunbeam $5

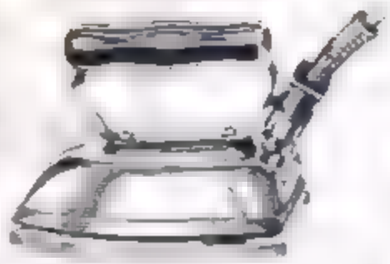
Efficient 3-lb. Iron for Home or Travel, Art-Steel Fire-Safe Case included, complete $6. Complete outfit snuggles into any handy corner of trunk or traveling bag.



Sunbeam Table Grill and Toaster

Cooks 49 dishes and toasts bread flat

Turn-over Toaster above, Oven Pan below the Grill. Can cook a meal while making toast. Only $10.50 complete



Princess $4.25

—for 16 years the guaranteed Thrift Iron. Full size, full 6-lb weight, 6-ft cord, plug and nickel stand included. Equal to any full size iron selling up to $6.50

Sunbeam $7.50

In Art-Steel Fire-Proof Case $1 more. Full size 6-lb. Iron with 30-Year All-Over Heating Unit that defies damp clothes to cool it off. Art-Steel Fire-Proof Case enables iron to be put away hot—no wait, no danger

THE HORSE-AND-BUGGY HAND

(Continued from Page 17)

wasn't, Beth could ride. I didn't know just which I wanted.

We were a hundred rods away from the bend, but I could see easily enough that there was only one person on the seat of the buckboard that came smartly past the clump of elder bushes behind a nimble pacer, and I had a purely selfish pang of regret. Whoever it was would be sure to offer Beth a ride. Experience had made me wholly certain about this.

"Who is it, Lu?" Again I wasn't sure I liked to have her call me that.

"Don't know the rig," I said. "No one around here drives a pacer, though." We moved to the edge of the wheel track as the buckboard whirred up. I stared, divided between friendliness and distrust, at Almond Binney's wide, slow grin.

"Hello there, Lu." He spoke to me, but his eyes were fixed on Beth in a queer, straight look that I wanted to resent and couldn't. "Want a lift, ma'am?"

He cramped the wheel as if he took assent for granted and I was just a little sorry for him. I knew, of course, what Beth would say. She and her mother carried their heads a little higher because they worked for wages instead of living on the land; she'd walk until she dropped before she'd think of riding with a horse-and-buggy hand. I turned toward her; it seemed to me that she had begun to move toward the outstretched hand; there was time for a moment, anyway, of wondering, affronted doubt on my part before she straightened and her chin lifted.

"No, thank you." Her voice was like the clink of ice in the silver pitcher. "We'd rather walk."

"All right—just 's you say." He seemed curiously cheerful about it. "That your granddad's place up yonder, Lu?" He pointed with his whip. I nodded.

"That's where I'm goin'," he said. "Sure you don't want a ride?"

I shook my head. He waved his whip and chirped to the pacer; a thin feather of dust lifted and spread behind the buckboard, and Beth and I walked forward through it for a little way before she spoke.

"What do you suppose he wants of Uncle Andrew?" She called my grandfather so because he had been her father's friend; there was no blood kinship between us.

"After work, likely enough," I said.

She laughed, a sort of sharpness in the sound. "He might as well save himself the trouble if that's it." She seemed to relish her certainty. "Uncle Andrew doesn't hire that sort."

I thought so too. My grandfather was careful about his hands and had small use for men who wore gay clothes and drove their own buggies. He didn't know that this man was also a gambler, or there would have been no doubt at all. I was a little puzzled when we climbed the steep hill to the side door, to find the pacer tied to the hitching ring in the stone horse block, and still more surprised when we came into the sitting room, to see Binney sitting with my grandfather before the wood fire on the hearth.

Beth, holding her chin high, crossed the room quickly to the kitchen door, avoiding the straight, clear look that Binney turned upon her, but I wanted to hear the talk.

"Man needs a horse and rig," said Binney. "Might's well be tied up by the leg if he can't get around. Always figured I had as much right to own a horse as anybody. Paid my own good money for it, and aim to pay for its keep."

"I didn't say you had no right to drive your own rig." I was bewildered by the patience in my grandfather's voice. He was not given to arguing with anybody, least of all with hired hands. "That's your affair. But hiring you is mine, and as I told you, I don't hire horse-and-buggy hands."

"Why not?" My interest in Binney rose; there weren't many farm hands in that countryside who would have asked my grandfather to explain his decisions. "Ought to be worth more to you, hadn't I? Drive my own rig and horse when I want to go somewheres, 'stead of loanin' one off you. Take out some of my wage in horse feed too."

"I hire men for their sense as much as for their strength." My grandfather was amazingly good-natured. I could see him actually smiling in his queer, reluctant fashion, as if he did it against his will. "I reason that a hand who has no better wit than to waste his wages on a horse that he drives once a week will show small judgment at my work."

"Try me." Binney grinned. "Guess I know my work as well's folks that never went anywheres and never seen things. Worked around a lot, I have—truckin' on the muck land down by Morrisville, sheep raisin' back in the hills, nurseries ——"

My grandfather shook his head. "I don't hire horse-and-buggy men," he said again. "You may know your work, but your mind won't be on it—nor your full strength either. You'd be driving off to the village after work and over to the lake on Sundays. I'm sorry, too, because you strike me as a likely hand and I could use one, straight through the winter, but ——"

Beth came back through the room, her eyes straight before her and her head held high. I saw Binney's look shift toward her.

"S'pose I sold the horse and rig?" he said abruptly. "Never looked at it your way before, but I guess you got the straight of it. Got a good offer for the team yesterday, but I ——" His tone and look changed, I thought. "I wasn't figurin' on sellin'. Kind of used to —— But I guess you're right."

"I'll hire you right now if you agree to do that." My grandfather spoke more heartily than usual. Binney fingered the rim of his felt hat.

"All right then. I'll go see Mal Dougal and find out if he's still wantin' to trade. Be back tonight if he'll dicker."

"He will." My grandfather's face sobered and his voice was dry. "Young Dougal sees no harm in feeding idle horses, and his father left him money that burns his hands. You can drive a good bargain with him."

Binney nodded, grinning faintly. "Wouldn't wonder. Looked like it." He rose, and the bigness of him helped me to understand my grandfather's puzzling patience. He chose his men as he chose his horses, and there were no runts among either. I made up my mind to say nothing of the gambling matter.

Beth came back as Binney's buggy wheels clattered on the flints in the drive. I could see that his departure pleased her and the discovery reassured me against a lingering uneasiness in which, vaguely, she was concerned. "Good riddance," she said sharply. "I was beginning to be afraid you'd hire him, Uncle Andrew."

"I did hire him." My grandfather looked up from the old ledger on his secretary, where, after his orderly habit, he was already making an entry of the bargain.

"That—that gambler!" Beth's indignation soothed and troubled me at once. She swept into the tale of what we had witnessed at the fairground, and my grandfather listened gravely, his white eyebrows drawn together. He was silent for a moment when Beth finished.

"It's past mending now," he said. "I've hired him and he's off to sell his horse and rig as part of the bargain."

"You mean you're going to let him stay?" Beth stared. "That—that ——"

"I passed my word," said my grandfather gently. "And by your own account the man didn't gamble. We aren't forbidden, as I see it, to spoil the Egyptian."

Beth flounced away to the kitchen and as my grandfather returned to his writing it seemed to me that I could see again that thin, unwilling smile hidden in the whiteness of his beard. Afterward, at his bidding, I retold the tale at greater length, explaining just how Almond Binney had contrived to outwit the swindler. My grandfather nodded soberly.

"I thought the man had sense, Luke, for all his bigness." He wagged his head. "He'll make short work of Malcolm Dougal."

He did, as it proved, for Dougal, after giving him in cash a fool's price for his horse and rig and harness, agreed to drive him back to our house for nothing, and when Binney had gone on to the tenant cottage where our hands were boarded, Dougal lingered in our sitting room to brag about his shiftlessness, as if he thought it creditable to have paid too much.

He was a handsome man, as big, almost, as Binney, but with a kind of softness in his size, and he moved his hands as he talked, clicking his tongue in his cheek. My grandfather heard him with grave politeness but few words, and it was Beth who gave him the approval for which he continually asked. I was distressed when she agreed to let him drive her to the Wednesday prayer meeting at Nathan Storrow's house. Dougal was known to be looking for a wife, and to my jealous eye he was more dangerous than any of the others who had hung about our house since Beth had lived there, although, until that night, I had believed that Beth disliked him.

I saw more of him after he bought Binney's horse, and liked him less. He took to leaving his farm work in the afternoon, and Beth and I would often find him waiting, when school let out, to drive her home. My opinion of him lowered on each of these occasions, although at Beth's suggestion he would always offer me a ride on the back of the buckboard and sometimes, when the mud was extra deep, I would accept. There was a certain medicine for my rising antipathy in discussing him with Almond Binney, with whom, besides an identical dislike of Malcolm Dougal, I found more and more in common as the winter drew in.

Most of our hands were poor company for any but their own kind—huge, shambling men whose minds moved more slowly even than their heavy muscles and whose talk was as flat and witless as the clack of fowls. Binney was different. His travels behind that bay pacer had opened his mind and loosened his tongue. He had drifted over the best part of three hill counties, had worked down on the flatlands about Binchester and spent one winter over the line in Pennsylvania. For all my distrust of rolling stones, I found his talk of far places interesting, perhaps because I had been taught to disapprove of wanderings and wanderers.

At any rate, whenever I could manage it I contrived to be with Binney; I husked corn beside him, basely forsaking the tenpenny nail that was the orthodox implement in the glen for the metal peg that Binney had learned to use in that Pennsylvania winter. I hung about the cow stable while he milked, and helped him feed sheep in the outlying fold. We talked, it seems to me, as equals, seriously; I waiving the social differences between us and Binney overlooking the gulf between thirteen and twenty-eight.

If my grandfather noticed our friendliness he must have approved of it, for he made no objection, although more than once he had cautioned me, gently, against associating with other hands. He liked Binney himself, for all the difference between them, and, now and then when Binney had specially pleased him, would speak of it at the table as if to justify himself for having hired the man. Always Beth and Aunt Abby would dispute him; neither of them could ever listen silently to any praise of Almond Binney.

"I always say that once a horse-and-buggy hand, always a horse-and-buggy

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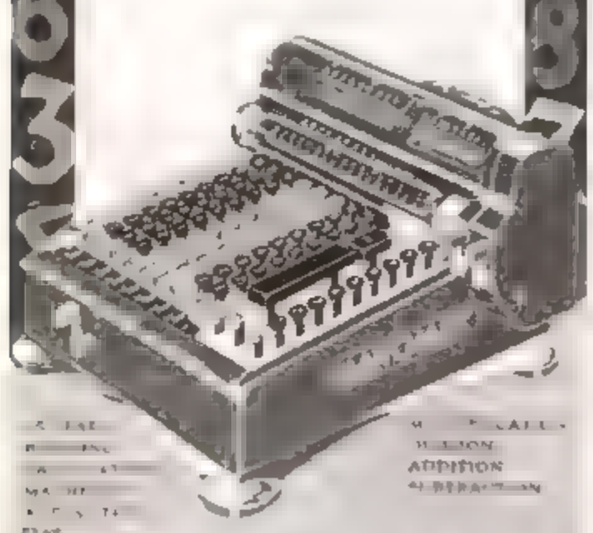

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Sold and serviced in all principal cities of the world

hand!" Aunt Abby would shake her head obstinately. "Chris never took any stock in them." She had a trick of quoting her dead husband as if he had been Solomon himself, although even I knew how ill Christopher Mifflin had guided his own affairs. He had left his widow to keep house for hire and his daughter to teach a country school, but to Aunt Abby wisdom had died with him.

"He's hardly been off the place since I hired him," my grandfather would answer. "Steady as any hand I ever had."

And Beth would press her lips together and nod knowingly. "So far. There aren't any circuses or fairs in winter."

I came to be afraid that Binney would go, not altogether because these arguments made me realize that the farm would be lonesome for me without his company, but also from little things he said, from the way his eye traveled up to the crests of the hills that walled us in, where the woods thrust up through crusted snow.

"Stratford's over yonder. Always hankered to drive down that way—they tell me it's a likely town."

I would discourage the idea. "One town's the same as all the rest—just streets and stores and houses."

"They tell me Stratford's different," he'd insist. "Hear they got the biggest horse trough in the state down yonder. Always kind of hankered to go see it sometime."

I stumbled on a sure device for ending such debate. We were on the way out to the farthest sheepfold soon after dinner and there had been talk of him at the table. When he spoke wistfully of Stratford and the horse trough I burst out angrily.

"Well, why don't you go and see it then? That'd suit Beth first-rate—she's always saying you won't stay through the winter."

He regarded me attentively. "Say how she figures it?"

"Claims you're no better'n a tramp!" I was troubled into so much exaggeration. "Always claiming you'll move on, any day."

I saw his face harden. "Always paid my way, I guess." The word had cut; there was anger in his voice. "'Tain't trampin' to drive places in your own rig."

"You haven't got any rig," I told him. "It'd be the same as tramping if you lit out now, the way Beth claims you're bound to."

His brows drew together and his eyes shifted to the rim of the hill. "Forgot I sold my outfit." I saw his shoulders sag a little. "I ain't a tramp, Lu. You can tell her so."

He told her himself, that same evening, when we brought in the milk. She was alone in the kitchen as we came in, and the glance she flung at us had a sting in it, even for me.

"Lu, here, says you figure I'm no better'n a tramp." He stood facing her, the filled pails in his hands as if he didn't feel the weight of them. She laughed, and the sound of it was like the flick of a whiplash on a cheek.

"I never said so. All I said was that you wouldn't stay here."

"Why not? Been here three months, ain't I?"

She laughed again. "Three months! And you think that's a long, long time, don't you?"

"Some ways, yes." He nodded slowly. "But it's just a start. That's what I aimed to tell you. I'm here to stay."

"How long?" Her voice mocked him, but he showed no sign that he felt the edge of it

"That depends," he said soberly. "How long you figurin' on stayin'?"

I heard the sharp catch of her breath. For a moment they stood silent, fighting, it seemed to me, with their eyes. Then without more words Binney set his pails on the bench and walked out, his boots thumping on the plank walk through the woodhouse. I remember that I was afraid of Beth; it was the first time I had ever seen her really angry, as our hill women can be angry, with no heat or word, but white and still, like statues carved from frozen snow. For once I was glad to hear Aunt Abby's fretful voice complaining that I hadn't filled the wood box; when I came back with my armful of split hickory Beth was humming a tune above the milk strainer, and the glance that passed between us warned me that the incident was closed.

I heard less, after this, of Stratford and Avonia and the other towns hidden behind the rim of hills, but sometimes I would see Almond Binney looking up at the crest with a kind of hunger in his eyes, and would find a way of bringing Beth's name into our talk. Always this served. His eyes would seem to jerk back to the road and the task, and the muscles in his jaws would draw ridged lines across his cheeks.

All through the endless length of winter he kept, more narrowly than we, to the limits of the farm itself, not once joining the other hands on their Saturday-night trips to the village, and stubbornly refusing my grandfather's weekly invitations to drive with us to the church across the glen.

In any other hand this would have displeased my grandfather, but he seemed to forgive it easily enough in Almond Binney, and when Aunt Abby complained of it, as she invariably did at Sunday dinner, would make light of it and shift the talk to Binney's steadiness, his undrawn wages and his handiness about his work. I think he enjoyed teasing the two women a little because they had been wrong about Binney; sometimes I saw a twinkle in his eyes as he talked, innocently enough, about the man's unlooked-for reliability. Aunt Abby would wag her head and argue, but Beth, her lips tight, would hold her tongue.

There had been a deal of talk all winter between grandfather and Binney about nurseries; some of our land, Binney claimed, was as good as any in the Bincheste country for growing fruit trees, and he stubbornly opposed my grandfather's instinctive distrust of anything untried and strange with facts and figures based on his own experience, but I was as sharply startled as Aunt Abby herself when grandfather announced, just as the spring thaws began, that he had made up his mind to follow Binney's counsel.

Aunt Abby quoted Christopher Mifflin's views as to the folly of wasting good flatlands on growing trees, and added an indignant comment of her own about men who took advice from common hired hands. Grandfather shook his head.

"Wouldn't call Almond that exactly. We're going into this on shares. Makes him a partner, sort of."

"A partner!" Beth flared suddenly. "You mean you're going to let that that ——"

"Only way he'd agree to tackle it." Grandfather shrugged. "Better for me, too—bound to stay for three years if he ties up his own money in the trees along with mine. Wouldn't want to risk it if I couldn't count on him to see it through." He wagged his head. "Amounts up—stock and budding and the use of the land. Be quite a bit of money tied up before we're done."

"You'll lose it then!" Beth spoke hotly. "You're depending on a—on a horse-and-buggy hand to stay three years in one place! It's—it's as bad as gambling! And you'll lose, Uncle Andrew! That man won't ever stay!"

"Guess he will now." My grandfather smiled in his beard. "Can't afford not to. He's got too much sense to throw away two-three years' work, and the bargain is that he loses what he puts in if he quits before the trees are dug. Fixed it that way on purpose. He can't quit now."

"That's just why he'll do it. You'll see!" Beth pushed back her chair. "The—the more reason he has for staying the more he'll want to go. You'll see, Uncle Andrew!"

Her voice puzzled me. There was heat in it, and anger and contempt, but there was something else; some quality that kindled a dull ache of sympathy in my throat. My grandfather's eyes followed her to the door and I wondered at the look in them, as if he was amused at what she had said, and yet a little sorry too. I didn't think about it long—I was too pleased to know that Binney was bound now to stay with us.

As the spring drew on and the seedling trees were planted in the level flats he seemed to do two days' work in every one. He had worked hard enough for simple wages, but now he put a sort of ferocity into everything he did. The farm went at a quicker pace that summer. We were all driven and spurred by this new, savage energy of Binney's, but he seemed to find a kind of pleasure in driving himself close to the limits of his strength. His face changed, thinning in the harvest heat, so that grim lines came into it. A habit, too, of silence grew upon him, and I discovered, to my relief against vague doubts, that he no longer wanted to look up at the hilltops. When I drew his notice toward a thunderhead banking in the notch, he would flick his glance up toward it, sidelong and furtive, and bring it quickly back to fork or hoe; once, when I said something about Stratford, he told me roughly to shut my jaws and watch my work.

I looked up at him, startled, and saw that he was sweating: the ridged lines stood out in his cheeks and his hand shook a little, clenched about the handle of his fork. I came to be afraid of him that summer, especially when Mal Dougal drove across the glen behind the bay pacer to take Beth riding in the cool of the afternoon, and we would catch sight of them from the fields as they whirled past before the long plume of yellow dust. Binney's lips would flatten about his teeth when he saw them, and there was something vicious in the way his fork handle would bend under the heave of his great arms.

He left without a word of warning the night after we had finished drawing oats. His bed hadn't been slept in and he hadn't changed his clothes, for we found the city suit hanging from its nail in his room. My grandfather took it gravely, as was his habit with misfortune, but I could feel that he was sorely hurt. Even Aunt Abby had the grace to hold her tongue, and Beth, her eyes bright and hard, gave no other sign of satisfaction.

Binney came back after three days. We saw him coming up the drive just as we finished supper, and I went with my grandfather to meet him by the horse block, a little apprehensive. But grandfather greeted him almost indifferently, and I could see that Binney was surprised and reassured, as I was, by his careless question.

"Have a good time, did you?"

"So-so." Binney shrugged. "Figured it was as good a time as any to go see Stratford." He shook his head. "'Tain't so much. Ain't hardly in one end of it before you come out the other, an' that there horse trough—why, say, I've seen twenty that was bigger an' fancier 'n what that there one is!"

"Pretty much the same, horse troughs," said my grandfather. "Figured we'd start cultivating those beans in the morning."

"Wouldn't hurt 'em," Binney agreed. He hesitated. "Want me to tend to it?"

I understood the question as applying for reinstatement. My grandfather nodded. Binney drew in a deep breath.

"Don't know what got into me—lightin' out that way," he said. "Just got the notion, all of a sudden. Felt—felt 'sif I was hitched in a stall."

Grandfather shrugged. "That's all right. Might let me know, next time it happens."

"Won't be no next time!" Binney spoke eagerly. "Had enough, I have! Had to do it this once, just so's to"—he hesitated, moving his hand as if it fumbled for the words—"just so's to get it through my head 't I could go when I wanted to. Got to thinkin' I couldn't." He lifted his hand to his throat, loosening the collar of his shirt. "Wake up in the night, dreamin' I was locked up."

"No call to feel that way," said grandfather. "You're free to take a day off any time the work can spare you."

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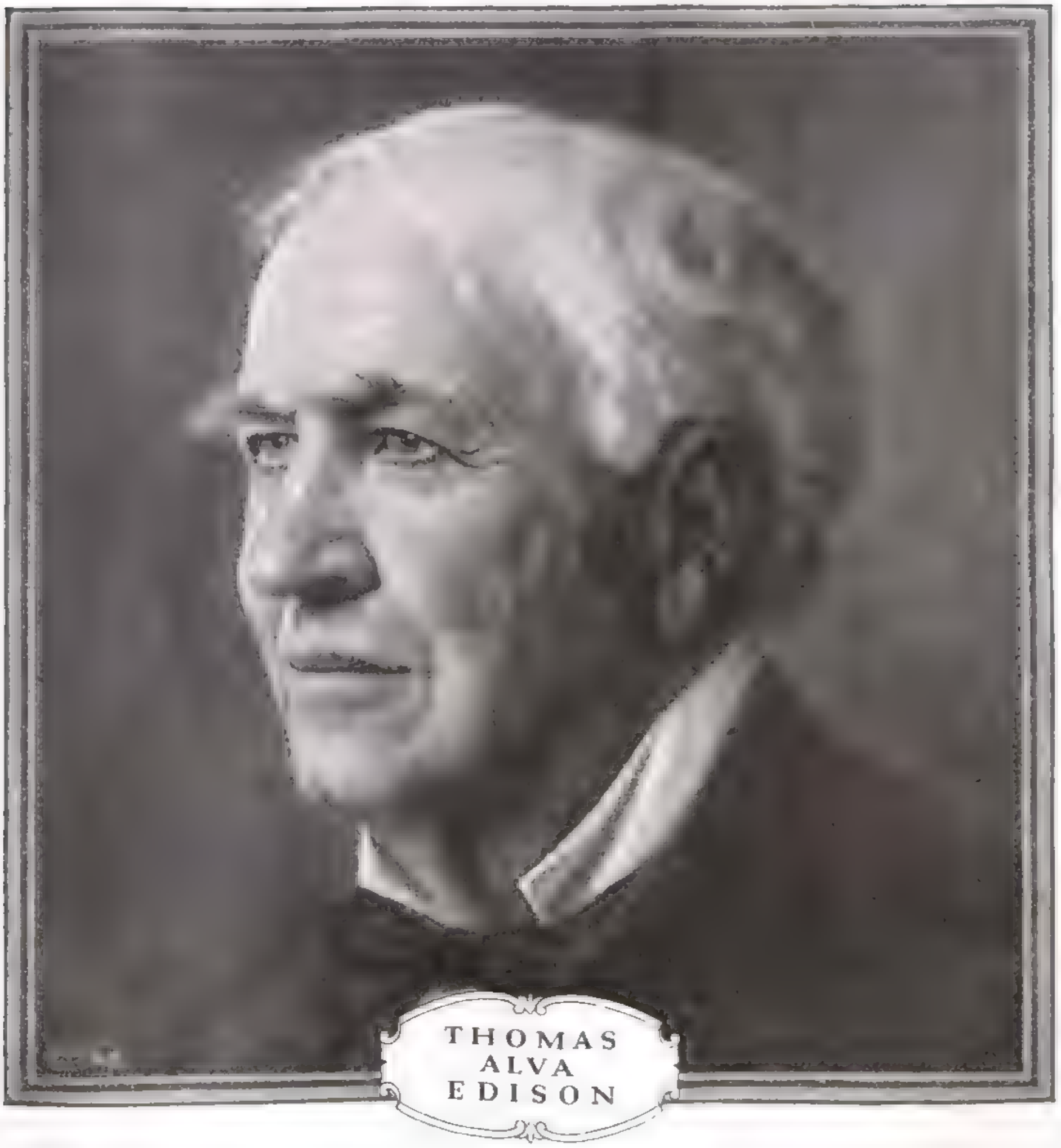

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 86)

"I know. It ain't that exac'ly. Work don't scare me." Binney raised his arms as if to exhibit the strength of them. "It's—it's the shut-up feelin'—'sif I was tied by the leg." He shook his head. "Cured, anyhow, I guess. Had enough walkin' to last me a month o' Sundays!"

He swung down the hill toward the tenant house, and grandfather and I went back to the sitting room, where two pairs of eyes asked the same question.

"It's all right," said grandfather. "He's just been down to Stratford."

"You mean you're going to let him stay?" Beth demanded. "After the way he's acted?"

"Guess I've got to." Grandfather chuckled. "I'd hate to be left with that nursery on my hands and nobody to tend to it."

Beth drew in her breath impatiently. "And you think he's the kind you can count on? Think he won't go away again, the first time the fit takes him? Think you can keep him here ——"

"Shouldn't wonder." Again I thought I saw the flicker of a smile in the white beard. "Came back this time, anyway."

He settled himself with the county paper, but I saw that he wasn't reading it. His eyelids puckered as they always did when he was thinking deeply, and whatever they were I was pretty sure that his thoughts amused and pleased him.

He took me with him, next day, in the democrat wagon to the village. We never talked very much on these long drives, and that day he was more silent even than usual. I remember though that he told me how he had once found a wild turkey's nest and brought the young birds home and tamed them; the strain, he said, was still in our flock at the farm.

"Kept their wings clipped so they couldn't fly out of the pen," he said. "Wonder sometimes if I couldn't have managed them some better way."

I thought not and said as much; he let me have the last word. We did our errands, stopping at the stores and bank and blacksmith shop, and started home by the longer road about the east flank of the glen. I protested against this.

"Wanted to see Malcolm Dougal," he told me. "Hear he's pressed for cash."

"Serves him right if he is," I said spitefully. "Gallivanting around buggy riding right in harvest!"

He didn't answer, and we drove on in silence till we reached Dougal's house. Old Enoch had been dead less than three years, but the paint had begun to crack and peel from the clapboards and the farm tools stood shiftlessly in the weedy barnyard, already weatherbeaten and red with rust. Mal Dougal slouched out to the retaining wall to meet us, and my grandfather climbed out above the wheel, giving me the reins. I could not hear the talk between them. They moved away presently to the barn, and when they came out my grandfather was leading the bay pacer, already harnessed and wearing the linen fly cloth that covered him to the ears. I watched them back the horse between the shafts of Almond Binney's buckboard. My grandfather led it by the bit and hitched the tie strap to the tail gate of our wagon. Dougal waved his hand lazily; I saw that it was full of crumpled bills.

"Drove a first-rate bargain with him." My grandfather sounded pleased as we drove back toward the road.

"You going to keep a buggy horse?" I demanded.

"Depends. Might have to, if I can't get rid of him." Grandfather chuckled. He wouldn't tell me more. I didn't understand until we turned in at our own drive and met Almond Binney coming down from the kitchen with nested milk pails swinging from the bend of his arm. He stood and stared at the pacer and the buckboard like a man who sees in a dream.

"Want to trade, Almond?" grandfather called to him. "Give me a hundred and twenty for the horse and rig and harness, will you?"

Binney came toward us, his face still bewildered. "You mean I can keep a rig after all? Changed your mind about it?"

"Sooner have you ride next time you go off somewhere," grandfather spoke soberly. "Get back sooner and won't be so tired."

Binney laughed and stretched out his hand to the bridle. There was a sound on the porch, and I turned in time to see Beth draw back into the sitting room. She met us there when we came in—a Beth I didn't recognize, her cheeks hotly red, her eyes bright and hard with anger.

"Why did you let him have it?" Her voice shook. "Why do you want him to go? He might have stayed! He came back, didn't he? And now—now you've spoiled everything! He'll never be anything but a horse-and-buggy hand after this! But he'd have stayed ——"

"Guess he'll stay anyhow." My grandfather spoke very gently. "We've got him caged, Beth, but he doesn't know it. Won't ever find it out, I guess, if we don't keep his wings clipped too."

"Wings?" She stared at him, her eyes wide, searching; the anger dissolved slowly in her face. Suddenly she whirled about and ran from the room; I could hear her on the stairs, laughing, I thought, or crying, or maybe, woman fashion, both at once. And I saw my grandfather's shadowy smile flicker in his white beard.

SOME DAY

(Continued from Page 27)

Working rapidly then to grind and powder the potassium nitrate, sulphur and charcoal, Clive mixed these ingredients, measuring them by guess, first having dried and warmed them in separate pans. During this process no sound came from the other side of the wall

"What do you suppose they are up to now?" Aliste asked.

"Not hard to guess," Clive said. "Just put yourself in their place. If I were on the other side of that door and wanted to get in, I'd go to town and buy an auger and a keyhole saw; also a hack saw. To buy explosive would attract suspicion. An hour's work would be enough to saw a hole in the oak through which one could command this room with a pistol while another fellow sawed the iron hinges through. An hour ought to finish the mobilizing of our munition."

"Are you sure that your powder will be strong enough?"

"That is not my carking care, which is to modify its force so as not to burst the blunderbuss—that is, if you happen to have any aniline powder dye."

Aliste shook her head. "We had some, but Fanch took the last of it to try on one of his sails. The fishermen always dye them in some other way, but Fanch said he didn't see why what can be used for clothes shouldn't serve for sails. I never knew it was explosive."

"The Germans did," Clive said dryly; "when they got their monopoly on picric acid and started dye works all over the shop before the war." He continued to macerate his dried ingredients together with the mortar and pestle which is part of the equipment of every self-respecting French *cuisine* for the making of mousse and soufflé. "We'll call this Powder A, which is blunderbuss explosive." He shoved the mortar along the kitchen settle to Aliste. "Just keep this up lightly, then powder me a little sugar in the mortar and I'll test the two and compare them. I've got to get at the slugs."

"Slugs?" Aliste looked puzzled. The association of ideas conveyed by the word to her Gallicized mind had to do with edible snails.

Clive read her thought and laughed. "No, the sort I'm going to make will travel a lot faster, I hope, and be harder to assimilate." He took from his pocket two of the lead sinkers of the sort used to weight a seine net.

"Where did you find those?" Aliste asked. "All the boat and fishing supplies are in the storeroom there."

"I noticed that the buttery door swung shut. A piece of fish line ran over a sheave with these leads on the end—a sailor makeshift for a spring." He put the leads in a saucepan, which he placed on the coals. "Still cooking supper for our guests."

"What you might call the entrée," Aliste said.

"Entirely right, and one I doubt they'll digest." He had found the mixture for his powder and was roasting the three principal ingredients apart from one another. "I wish they'd make a noise."

"They want to tempt us to go out," Aliste said.

"Something tells me we would not get far. Now I wonder what these vampires would think if they knew that I was even more anxious for them to stick around until I get all set than they are that nothing happens to lift our siege."

"They'd never think of that, Clive."

"No; and if they did, do you know what would happen? If that sort of murder hireling guessed for a second that the person he was paid to get was going eagerly ahead with the same plans for himself, he'd slink out of sight like a rat in a sewer. The psychology of it is just the same in the lower animals. When I was a boy in Greenwich, I had a fighting buck rabbit that had all the dogs cowed. Instead of running, he'd sail over the dog and kick him flat. You could hear the wallop with those powerful hind legs a quarter of a mile away."

This was perhaps exaggeration, but Aliste understood it. Clive was talking to keep up her cheer, to ease the tension of suspense. This was aided by their occupation—spinning the sinews of war. The lead melted in the pan set on the coals. Clive poured a little water in the bottom of a washtub, set it on the tiles, then mounted on the kitchen table with the pot of melted lead in one hand and a colander in the other. "Imitation of a shot tower," he said, and poured the molten metal.

It was no distinct success so far as forming globular pellets was concerned, but the elongated tears could be cut to measure.

Clive trimmed a handful of these slugs; then thoroughly mixing his warm explosive, he loaded the old blunderbuss. "I'm not sanguinary," he said to Aliste, "but I do hope that when the time comes they'll make a massed attack against this bell-mouthed cannon. My technical training tells me that at a distance of about ten paces, this medieval mob gun ought to collect everything alive in a circumference of which the diameter is about the same."

"There must be something wrong about me, Clive," Aliste said thoughtfully.

"That is not lack of courage."

"No; the reverse. When I think of those filthy rats trying to gnaw their way in to us to fasten onto our throats, and for no other reason than pay, I could sit here and watch you roast them over those coals."

Clive nodded. "I feel that way about it. They seem entirely outside all human consideration, not only in the way one thinks but in one's feelings."

"There's Loup's score to settle," Aliste said. "You tried to make me think he might be still alive, but I know better."

"Well, no faithful dog or man asks more than to die in the discharge of duty." Clive paused in the loading of his musket, ran a little of his loose powder into the muzzle and shook it down into the breech. He filled the priming pan, and holding the muzzle up the chimney pulled the trigger.

There was a muffled detonation, suggesting in its sound the explosion of a large inflated toy balloon, and a part of the white smoke billowed out. It rolled up to the ceiling, filling the room with the pungent, acrid odor that is unmistakable.

Clive frowned. "I hadn't counted on that. This stuff is full of waste product, but it seems to have the kick. Hope they don't get a smell of it." He loaded the old weapon with as heavy a charge as he dared, and with a big open handful of the leaden slugs. The kitchen door and that into the office, or pantry, opened through to the big room, and the passage was in line, as it happened, with the door at which Clive felt certain the besiegers would soon begin to work. As he now finished speaking Aliste slanted her head a little, then pointed mutely to the room beyond.

Clive listened, then stole through the passage and across the room to the big door, against which he laid his ear. There was the unmistakable fine cutting, tearing sound that is made by a sharp auger biting into seasoned oak. The sound stopped suddenly short of the bit cutting all the way through, but on glancing along the surface Clive saw the tip of it projecting. A good craftsman can tell by the feeling when this threaded tip penetrates and no longer draws the tool.

It was softly withdrawn. Clive stole back to the kitchen. "Keep on talking," he said, "as if I were here. Imitate my voice if you can. The best they can hear is a distant rumble."

He went back to the door. Again the bit bored into it, emerging so close to the first point that Clive thought it probable the borings overlapped. He understood the strategy of this, which was so to weaken the surface area to be removed in order to command the room through it that, after the last hole bored, a single punch of the battering-ram would smash out the piece. Otherwise, if the besieged were armed, they might hamper the work.

It would take an hour, Clive thought, to punch out that embrasure; and even with the oak bored through almost to the opposite surface, a powerful thrust would be needed to smash out the block. If he were quick enough, he reflected, it would be possible to turn the tables in the use of this loophole and fire through it on the attackers. But that could be done only for an instant, to get in a shot or two before all three of them fired on the spot.

Moreover, it would be dark by then—even before that time, as the sun was getting low and there was not much light in the storeroom, and Clive doubted that he would be able to see to shoot. Besides, such a move was no longer any part of his strategy. He felt confidence in the force of the explosive he had made; which, though it might not stand an official test, was quite sufficient, he judged, from the pop of the explosion in the free barrel of the old arm to finish the affair of unarmored bodies at a range of twenty feet.

He could foresee the manner of attack. With one of their number commanding the room through the porthole, another could hacksaw through the hinges and the battering ram would be enough to burst through the door. The attack would then come with a rush. The men must reason that he had been unarmed, as otherwise he must certainly have fired on the man who had killed Loup. They would take a chance on there being any weapon in the house. Moreover, they would reason that Clive and Aliste would be most apt to bolt out of the place and try to escape across the moor under cover of the darkness.

This would in fact have been their only slim hope if, indeed, unarmed, and to forestall it one of the three might be posted on

(Continued on Page 93)

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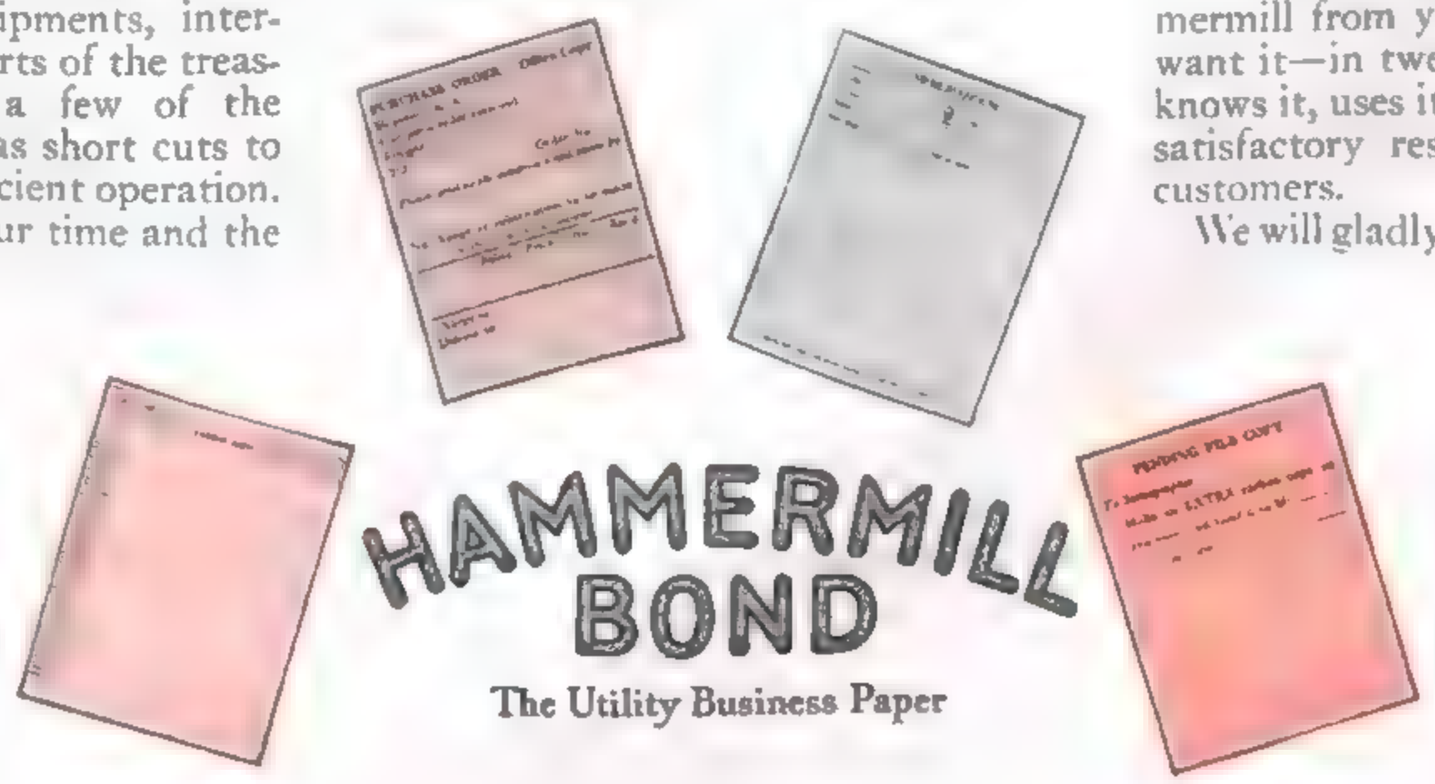

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And here is the important point—

This improvement was accomplished without in any way changing the other characteristics of Mobiloil "E" that had made it for many years the superior Ford lubricant.

Ford owners find in this improved oil the same remarkable freedom from carbon formation. They find the same freedom from overheating. They find the same smooth, powerful operation of the engine. They find the same remarkable freedom from engine repair bills.

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"The Last Outlaw"

FAMOUS PLAYERS · LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 88.

watch outside. In any case such a step could not have availed them, as the night would be clear and moonlit. Beyond the old apple orchard was open moor except for the patches of gorse that did not offer more than scanty cover. Clive decided, therefore, not to interfere. Even admitting the failure of the explosive, he had still the automatic pistol to fall back upon, or, as he now saw the situation, with which to launch an offensive.

He found himself then in the grip of a great temptation to slip out of the house with the blunderbuss and make a flank attack. But such a strategic move entailed too much risk. As a sortie must be anticipated, one of the men would surely be on watch and might easily get him the moment he emerged. Moreover, the success of his plan demanded that none of the three leave that place alive. Even if he were so fortunate as to kill two of these hired assassins, and the third escape, the ultimate destruction of Aliste might be only postponed. He was convinced from what she had told him, backed by the determination of this attack, that she was believed to know enough about some big organization destructive to the order of national governments of the world to get her removed at any cost. These men he thought to be merely a part of the corps detailed for such dirty work, who, having hit upon a clew of sorts, had been aided by his own blundering, and were now working for the price left standing on Aliste's life.

That must be considerable, Clive thought, to warrant such boldness and persistence. Otherwise they might have been expected to wait for a better chance. And the very fact that they did not see fit to wait was confirmation of his belief that these men were taking no chances on the discovery of her being still alive, when others of their ilk might beat them to the payment for her destruction.

Clive went softly back into the kitchen. Aliste was preparing some food as calmly as though getting supper for Fanch, come in from his fishing. A pot of soup was simmering over the coals and one of the huge loaves that are not only the staff but ballast of life to the French family on the table.

"You are wonderful, Aliste," Clive said, setting himself on the chest. "One might think that all this was in the day's work."

She raised her eyebrows, that were dark and straight, with an upward lift at the outer corners. "When you've been living on the slope of an active volcano, the eruption does not stampede your wits. For months I looked for it any day, then put it out of my mind. Dangers like this have never been so far removed from most generations of the human race as to make it monstrous."

"No," Clive admitted. "Many a French family lived in expectation of it not so very long ago. In America, my own great-grandmother sometimes listened for the war whoop outside her covered wagon, and many a grizzled Russian Jew, riding up Fifth Avenue in his limousine, can remember his mother blanching at the sound of a Cossack yell. There are still Englishwomen, wives of officers who have heard a Pathan screech ring down some nullah. It is in the blood. But this is different."

Aliste said quietly, "We may live to see worse, Clive."

"What do you mean?"

"Just that. People today don't appreciate the dreadful forces that are working under the surface. The Russian nobility are the only ones able to understand it. I couldn't have believed it a year ago."

"How did you find out?"

"By accident, though being a fool had a good deal to do with it. When I decided that all men were liars and most women dupes, and that my stepfather was more knave than the fool I'd thought him, I lost my sense of proportion, started in to get what I thought was my share of life, and I didn't go about it so wildly as Porthieu may have thought, but in perfectly cold blood. I put my little fortune in a safe place, where only I had access to it, and tried to get some fun out of it. I had made the acquaintance of Marina and told her what I wanted and she helped. I bought a car, started in to gamble; and as luck ordained, my gains were pretty big. Nobody but the establishment knew how much, except for some few strangers, because at first I used to slip over to San Sebastian and play alone. That's what made all the trouble."

"How?"

"Because I began to splurge with my winnings. I bought gowns and jewels until the Porthieus got scared. They thought I was spending my principal with both hands and saw themselves forced to live on their own small income, and, even worse, have me to provide for. Porthieu tried to stop it, but couldn't. I had anticipated that."

"And then you fell foul of this band of devils?"

"Some of the lesser demons; a vicious criminal crowd that spent freely and dressed well and seemed to be persons of education and position wherever they hailed from. I never guessed they were merely criminals, whatever else their activities might be."

"How did you get mixed up with them?"

"It started over the tables at San Sebastian. One night when I had gone alone and was winning heavily. They took me naturally for an *héritière*, a rich American girl who'd slipped her leash, if ever she'd had any."

"Are there many like that?"

"More than you might think. I was willing to get acquainted and they invited me to join a night club. I thought I was seeing life. Then one night they got me to take part in a practical joke on a woman I thought was one of their crowd, but who was really a rank outsider like myself. They stole her jewels, and when I found out what had really happened and started to raise a row, they pointed out to me that I'd been the stool pigeon, got acquainted with her and asked her to ride back to Biarritz with me in my car, when we'd been held up on the road and robbed of our jewels—as a joke, I was fool enough to think."

"Yours too?"

"Yes. But they gave back mine before I knew what had really happened. Then I was afraid to go to the police."

"Did the woman suspect you?" Clive asked.

"No. And I didn't see how I could tell her and make her believe. That put me in their power and things went from bad to worse. I tried to break away, but they had this blackmail. Partly to get even and partly to get out of their grip, I pretended to make the best of it and kept on with them. By that time I was beginning to think there was something else behind it—that they were worse than mere thieves. I was more furious than frightened at the way they'd made a fool of me, and I determined to find out all I could about them, then take the whole thing to the police."

"Dangerous work, Aliste."

"Well, timidity was never my trouble, and I was sore and disgusted and sick of life in general. I'd begun to think there was no such thing as honesty or chivalry or honor or friendship or fair play. What with consecrating my life to the memory of a fraud, and blindly trusting Porthieu, and finding that Marina had got me mixed up with a gang of crooks and worse, I didn't much mind the thought of quitting a world so full of rottenness."

"Where does Fanch come in?"

"I was painting on the quay one day at La Rochelle. We'd motored up there for a little change. His boat was at the *digue*, unloading salt and oil. I thought he was just an ordinary Breton sailor and asked him to pose. He never gave himself away, and I'd been painting him off and on for a fortnight before I found out what he really was. Then I said to myself, 'Another fraud'; and I tried to leave without seeing him again, but he knew that something had happened and cornered me and made me listen to what he had to say."

"He was in love with you, of course."

"Oh, yes, that too," Aliste said wearily. "But he told me that he was married. He didn't ask for anything—only to apologize for having let me think he was no more than a Breton fisherman who couldn't read or write, and believed in devils and thought the world was flat.

"I went back to Biarritz sicker than ever of things and people, and ran into some of this bad crowd again and found they'd elected me to return to America and pave the way for something worse than any I could have imagined."

"Murder? Assassination?"

Aliste nodded. "When the time came, Marina told me all about it one day. But I hadn't the head of a conspirator on any such enormous scale, so that it was all pretty vague to me."

"Then Marina was involved?"

"Yes, at first. But when she began to realize the dimensions of this plot, and what might be expected to happen if the first blow succeeded, she had a change of heart. There's a lot of good in Marina, I think. She wanted to draw out, but didn't dare. I think she really wanted to get me out of it, if possible."

"Can't you give me some sort of a general idea what it's all about and why they dragged you into it?"

"So far as I could gather, they showed their cards to scare me into doing what an ordinary criminal could not have done. They told me flatly that I knew too much already to be let go on living if I turned renegade."

"Was that true?"

"Partly. I knew of one assassination they had planned, but thought until it happened that it was all rot, that they were only a pack of parlor Bolsheviki trying to fool themselves into thinking they were Borgias and Medicis. You see, Clive, the trouble was I never guessed what they really were. They knew, of course, that Porthieu was my stepfather and had the entrée everywhere, and the blackmail they had on me made me worth a lot to them. So I pretended to agree; and then, seeing no other way out of it, I went to Fanch and told him everything. He agreed with me that it wouldn't be enough merely for me to disappear, but that everybody must believe me to be dead."

"Did Fanch suggest this plan?"

"Yes; but not that I slip overboard from the ship. His idea was for me to swim out in the dusk from the beach, where he could pick me up in a small boat. Then he found that I was being closely watched, and decided that the risk of slipping over the ship's side was less."

"What I can't understand," Clive said, "is how they came to let you know so much as to make your death essential to their safety."

"Actually, it's not. All I knew about them was what they had told me. I had no proof. If I were to make a statement to the police I'd be laughed at, or turned over to Porthieu to lock up in a sanitarium. Besides, their program would be different by this time—nearly a year later. I don't understand why they go to all this cost and danger to kill me."

"There must be something else," Clive said; "some danger they think they have reason to suspect from you."

"Then I don't know what it could be. I was shown a list with a number of names very high in political power at that time, all over the world. There were only a few that I knew anything at all about. But what if I were to report the little I know and suspect? Who would listen?"

Clive nodded. He could imagine how much attention the prominent figures of a World Court or Peace Conference would give to the unsupported statement of a young woman who had suddenly emerged from several years of retirement for a brief wild fling with questionable associates whom she now charged with a world-wide plot, involving persons high in the administration of the great powers to overthrow their governments for the establishment of some sort of universal national control. Just another harmless crank whose family or guardians had better get her married or locked up or something to occupy her hysterical mind or keep her out of mischief. If it had not been for the painstaking search for Aliste and this virulently persistent effort to destroy her, he himself would never for a moment have taken what she told him seriously.

There must be something to warrant it, he reflected, and Aliste herself in total ignorance of whatever that might be. Evidently she was believed to be in possession of some secret and the proof of such that seriously endangered the operations of this ambitious organization.

Clive asked at random, "Did any of them ever intrust you with anything for safekeeping, or to give to somebody else?"

She shook her head. "No—that is, nothing of any importance."

"Think hard. Did none of them ask you to deliver a letter of any sort to anybody in America, or to perform any sort of commission?"

Aliste's nearsighted eyes peered at him intently through the gathering dusk. She opened them more widely. "Oh, yes, now that you remind me. When we had got quite well acquainted Marina told me one day that she had written some memoirs of her experiences during the war. I remember she said the title of them was Confessions d'une Espionne. I told her I thought it was still rather early to publish the confessions of a woman spy, and that she might get herself in trouble. She laughed and said she didn't care, that they were something like the memoirs of Casanova—more love affairs than politics or espionage of a dangerous sort, and that she had not spelled out any names. I did not think much about it at the time. My private opinion of the whole crowd was that they were a lot of talkers. Their plans sounded silly; as Americans say, a lot of bunk."

"What were some of them?" Clive asked.

"Well, a sort of simultaneous bloodless revolution that would put all the national governments of the powers under a single world one, with an international senate and congress. One center of administration of world affairs, and a bank of the world—everything world instead of national or international. They claimed that France was ready for it, because so heavily in debt; and England and Japan and Germany would welcome the possibilities of commercial expansion and lightened taxes; and that America could be persuaded, because it must mean the end of war. Their propaganda was plausible but visionary, I thought, not knowing anything about political economy."

"But it would be necessary to remove certain influential objectors."

"Oh, yes, that too. Quite a list. A sort of wholesale assassination of high-ups to save the massacre of millions that was bound to happen otherwise. That was all to be managed at one sweep, simultaneously, in all the countries of the world that counted. Then, with all the nations rudderless for the moment, their organization was to step in and take charge of world affairs."

Clive nodded. "All set and ready to administrate, and with supporters of power and influence sprinkled all over the earth, and in quarters most unexpected. Now to get back to these memoirs of Marina's, when did she give you her manuscript?"

Aliste gave him a peering, startled look. "Just before the ship sailed. She asked me to be sure to hand it personally to a friend of hers in Washington who would try to get it published."

"Who was that?"

"She told me that it was an army officer who had been her *cher ami* during the war. One of several, I should say," Aliste added dryly. "I don't know his name, because the manuscript was wrapped with my own name on the outer cover."

"What did you do with it? Where is it now?"

"Since I had planned to slip overboard and didn't want to tell her so, I mailed it to

Fanch, *colis postal, recommandé*, here to Belle Isle. I'd already given him some of my jewels and securities to put in safe deposit, and he had done that before he sailed away to keep our rendezvous off the mouth of the Gironde. You see, I couldn't very well refuse to take Marina's manuscript without risking her suspicion, and there was no time to think up anything. So it has been here in the house ever since."

"Whereabouts?"

"On the shelf of the *armoire*, in my room. You don't think ——"

"I've got a hunch," Clive said slowly, "that Marina's manuscript contains the reason for this effort to get hold of you. I can't see what else there could be."

"But would they trust Marina with anything so important, Clive?"

"I don't know what her standing may be. And perhaps she means to double-cross them—for a price. That packet may have the proof of what's going on that you never had."

"Then if we tell them—and hand it over ——" Aliste leaned forward and gripped his arm. "I don't owe Marina anything. She got me into all this. And there are—other reasons."

"I believe you." Clive's tone in turn was dry. "I'm beginning to get another slant on all this—that they followed me here, beheving me to be some sort of American detective who had reason to think that you were still alive and hiding somewhere in possession of the secrets of this outfit. It's possible they are not out primarily to exterminate you as a source of danger, but to get hold of that packet. They would kill you, perhaps, on general principles. I don't know. Quite a lot of possible combinations suggest themselves. Perhaps the best way would be to hand over the packet before they go any farther. It's sealed, of course."

"Yes. I'll get it."

Aliste went into her bedroom. She returned almost immediately, and by the firelight, for it had grown dark, Clive saw that her face was blank and white. "Clive, it's gone!"

"Gone? Are you sure?"

"Yes. Fanch must have taken it"

"Without telling you?"

"I was painting on the beach. He came down to say good-by, then he may have stopped at the house to get some things and taken the packet. If he had taken it before he would have told me. Perhaps it occurred to him that it had better be in a safe place."

"Did Fanch distrust Marina?" Clive asked.

Aliste hesitated, then said, "Yes. He had reason to. Marina is his wife."

Clive was not tremendously surprised at this announcement. It checked up with other impressions, hitherto vague. But now the fact suggested still another complication. Clive asked bluntly, "Was Marina the woman with whom your fiancé, Lieutenant Johnson, broke faith?"

Aliste nodded. "Fanch told me that, after bringing me here."

"Then I should say you owed her something, after all."

"What sort, Clive?"

"That depends on the point of view. Do you think she is still in love with Fanch?"

"I don't know. But one thing is certain—he no longer loves her."

"That's not hard to understand." Clive's eyes rested on Aliste. "But still, she is his wife; and Fanch is the sort, I should judge, who would try to save her from any danger that might threaten. *Noblesse oblige.*"

"Fanch is like that: strong and honest and very kind."

"I believe you are in love with him yourself."

"No." Aliste shook her head. "Sometimes I've wished that I were. I love Fanch, but not that way. He understands."

"Well, it's hardly worth while to go into all that now. The fact that the one chance of getting you safely out of this jam has disappeared brings us back to where we were before, except that these scoundrels may not be so bent on killing you as I believed. Still, we can't bank too much on that. Just now, I'd rather put my faith in this old blunderbuss and the pistol."

"I wouldn't trust an awful lot to the pistol," Aliste said; "or, at least, to the cartridges it's loaded with."

Clive asked quickly, "Why not?"

"The last time I fired it was to shoot at a rock rabbit on the edge of the cliffs. I thought Fanch might relish a fricassee. The rabbit came out and sat close to me. I'd got to be a pretty good shot, but this time when I pulled the trigger the thing made a funny muffled pop and sputter and hissed out of the back. I thought it might explode, and threw it aside. The powder must have been damp."

Clive snatched the pistol out of his side pocket and opened the breech. A swift examination proved what he had feared. A bullet had stuck in the barrel, the bore rusted no doubt in the damp sea air for lack of proper cleaning and oiling. Clive quickly whittled a ramrod and tried to force the wedged ball through. Failing in this, for the stick broke, he tried with a long iron skewer Aliste found for him. But the bullet was too tightly jammed. His knowledge of firearms told Clive that it would be a factory job to get that barrel clear and clean and any way dependable.

"Fifty per cent of our arsenal condemned," he said. "That throws us entirely on the efficiency of this old weapon."

He reached for the blunderbuss to examine the ancient arm more thoroughly. At least the outside of it was clean, polished and shimmering in the firelight. Clive glanced it over and laid it down. "A family heirloom, you say?"

"Yes. But it wasn't valued much until Fanch found it when he was breaking up an old boat that had belonged to his grandfather, to get the copper bolts and things. This was down under the flooring."

"What? In the bilge water for years?"

"I suppose so. It was thick with rust, but Fanch worked at it and scraped off the rust and polished it up. Look, Clive, your hand is all sooted. Here's a dishcloth."

Clive glanced at the hand he had run over the barrel of the blunderbuss. It was smeared with greasy black. His forehead puckered as he picked up the weapon and examined it again in the glare from the hearth. Near the breech, not only round the firing pan but higher up, the polished iron was flecked with small black, greasy stains. Then, as Clive stared at these, trying to account for them, he saw in the center of these sooty spots some fine needle pricks that had escaped his observation until that moment.

With a smothered exclamation Clive picked up the heavy kitchen knife and was about to deal the barrel a light tap, when he thought better of it, reflecting that this makeshift explosive he had manufactured might be an irritable one. To test more safely he lighted a cigarette, drew in the smoke, and then, to Aliste's dismay, clapped his mouth to the bell-shaped muzzle and expelled the smoke forcibly into the barrel of the old hand cannon.

As he had feared the finest of smoky jets issued from several minute orifices. The pitted patches of rust of many decades in the briny bilge water had eaten through. The chances were, Clive thought, that Fanch's scraping away of this rust had left the whole barrel of a perilous thinness, so that to fire the old arm would be attended with far more danger to marksman than to his target.

Clive laid it down with a sinking heart. "The whole arsenal 100 per cent rotten," he said grimly. He did not add that as soon as the night fell deeply outside, they might expect a successful storming of their fortress.

Then, as if to say it for him, there came a splintering crash against the big oak door at which the assailants had all this time been working in their persistent, ratlike fashion.

VIII

CLIVE rested one elbow on the table and with his chin on his fist stared at the glowing coals. He was trying to prove the truth of a statement once made in his presence by a hard-bitted old adventurer by land and sea, to the effect that no matter how desperate a situation might appear, there was always some way out of it, if one could only hit on it. This had not been said casually or given as a general rule that might be proved by some rare exception. It had been unqualified, flung as a challenge to denial, the Scot who offered it prepared to back his assertion by philosophic argument both physical and metaphysical. There was no such abstract fact, he claimed, as infallibility, nor did there exist in the natural order of the universe any quality that was of a single substance—no darkness without light, no evil without its trace of good; and he asserted that this nucleus of something in what looked like nothingness might be rapidly, sometimes instantly, built up into a factor for salvation, if one went about it intelligently. Having started with this syllogism, its propounder had unfortunately fallen asleep, but at least he had implanted in Clive's mind the grain of a tremendous thought.

There must always, he reflected, be something to do, if one could only see where to start. Many miraculous escapes from situations apparently hopeless bore out this hypothesis. Clive had in fact already proved it in theory at least, though successful application in practice appeared to have fallen down through a defect in the material at hand. But if hope exists at all, then it can have no final limitation, because hope itself is an infinite quality, and to set a limit to infinity would be a contradiction of terms, the definition of something which is not.

Clive did not wade mentally through all this abstract muck, but got at the conclusion logarithmically, as one might say. This was, that if there is any one way out of a mess, then there must be some other. His mind was of a sort to be stimulated rather than muddled by a crisis; and now, as he sat staring at the fire for at least thirty seconds, he passed in swift mental review a series of potential expedients. One basic principle he clung fast to, determined to build only on such—and this was that no matter how forlorn the hope his course of action must remain offensive rather than defensive. The direction of effort must be against rather than away from the enemy.

Clive glanced through the passageway, but the interior was too dark for him to see what had happened. He could guess that if there had been light enough, he must have seen the end of a spar or wagon tongue projecting through a square aperture in the oaken door bored round the edges and smashed away.

He closed the kitchen door. The big room must now be commanded by pistol fire through the loophole made. But although the bar could be removed, the heavy lock and hinges would still resist a good deal of battering, Clive thought, until the latter were hacksawed through. It did not greatly matter, so far as Clive could see.

At that moment he knew the emotions of primitive man, or a tiger or other fighting animal, ready enough to launch an offensive-defensive where any hope offers, but who knows the anguish of being trapped or cornered by enemies provided with weapons against which he cannot hope to make any hopeful resistance. It is fairly certain also that even the tiger knows the added anguish of being thus defenseless when the life of the female is doomed.

That Aliste was indeed such, Clive never thought to question. There had been time for him to realize that this girl was and always had been from boyhood the one love of his life. Such relationships require no demonstrating. They simply exist in the hearts of those fortunate enough to know them, and the mere fact of even one of the twain possessing this sure consciousness makes it fairly certain that the state of heart must be mutual.

And now, so far as Clive could see, here was the end of it in sight. One of the three men was certainly doing a sentry-go outside, keeping in sight the only two means of exit, which, although on different sides of the house, could be watched simultaneously from a little distance, or by a fairly rapid pacing back and forth from one to the other corner of the building's end.

Another crash against the door decided this. The next muffled thump, for the besiegers had evidently padded the end of their battering-ram so that its blows would be less apt to attract the attention of any chance passer-by, crystallized the idea forming in Clive's mind. The continuation of these heavy buffetings appeared to indicate that the assailants had decided—correctly, perhaps—that lock and hinges could not long withstand repeated shocks of such force, and that it would prove a quicker job to hammer away persistently than to bore the wood and attack the massive hinges with a hack saw. Or possibly they had not sent to town at all for implements, but had found the auger on the premises, and lacked the metal saw.

At any rate, it was not hard to tell what might be expected when finally the door crashed in. The enemy would enter the big room cautiously, with pistols drawn and pocket torches, examining the place; when, on finding their quarry retreated to the kitchen, they could make quick work of the comparatively frail inner door, one of them guarding the port of exit. Clive himself could expect no mercy. He would be instantly disposed of, when Aliste might be subjected to almost any sort of inquisition. Constant and his ally in the paint shop had impressed Clive as more of Tartar than European or Slavic type. Racial traits far worse than those of the mere savage lay close to the surface, under their fashionable costuming. Aliste risked something in the nature of the third degree to which Russian women of rank were treated; forms of violence unspeakable, unthinkable. Such danger would remain even if Clive by sheer desperation might manage to put one or even two of these near-Asiatics hors de combat.

He went immediately to work. "Give me a corkscrew," he said to Aliste.

She handed him the implement. Clive split the wooden handle, secured the metal spiral to the end of a stick and drew the wadding of the blunderbuss, poured out the slugs and powder into a bowl. He had made three times the quantity required for a charge, and he now mixed all this with the leaden slugs, then poured it back into the barrel, wadding it hard to the muzzle with a dishcloth. Aliste watched him in silence.

"Get the idea?" Clive asked.

"Yes; you are making a sort of bomb."

"That's it. The barrel is too far gone to use it as a gun. Now give me the broom and a piece of stout twine."

Aliste did so. Clive lashed the blunderbuss securely to the broom handle, then tied a piece of cord to the trigger and ran it along the stick. While thus engaged, the thumpings against the door sounded with a stubborn, fatal regularity, evenly spaced, as if the swing of the improvised battering-ram was worked by a machine. The persistent effort was correctly applied, Clive thought. Each consecutive jar was bound to tire, as masons say, the stone around the sockets in which lock and hinges were seated. At any moment it might crumble, break away.

But this very periodicity favored his design. Two men would be required to swing the heavy implement, whatever it might be, while a third must certainly be posted as sentry, waiting for the sortie to be expected when the door crashed in, or perhaps before that happened. This must leave the loophole cut to remove the bar and through which to command the room exposed, and from the borings he had watched, Clive figured that the aperture must be amply large to thrust in his improvised bomb.

His preparations finished, he picked up the big water cruse and quenched the fire, when the kitchen was plunged in utter darkness, the window shutters being closed and fastened. Clive struck a match, took the hatchet from the wood box and shoved

(Continued on Page 99)

"Try an' burn it!"

A building man's advice to shingle buyers

The blow-torch knows why some shingles are called "fire-safe," and others "fire-proof." It quickly points out the difference between so-called "enduring" shingles and those that are truly "everlasting."

Turn its truth-searching blast on a Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingle.

See for yourself the kind of fire resistance, the real everlastingness these rigid slabs of permanence will bring to your roof. Before you choose a shingle, "*Try an' burn it!*"

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORP., 292 MADISON AVENUE AT 41ST STREET, NEW YORK. BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE CITIES
FOR CANADA: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., LTD., TORONTO

Fire-proof and everlasting, the Johns-Manville Rigid Asbestos Shingle shown here offers you a choice of two color effects. One side is a pleasant restful gray, the other embellished with the rich and varied colors of an autumn hillside.

Asbestos
INSULATION
BRAKE LININGS
ROOFINGS
PACKINGS
CEMENTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Asbestos Shingles

Perhaps he'd hit you

IF you came right out and called the fellow in the picture lazy he'd resent it. From the looks of him, you might be sorry you said it.

If some one inferred that you were lazy, you'd probably be irritated yourself.

We all like to think we are prompt, careful, alert, businesslike. But if we are honest with ourselves, most of us will admit we are lazy —usually about little things—such as getting our shoes shined, having a wave, looking after our nails, shaving when we ought to.

And unfortunately we sometimes neglect little tasks that bear directly on health and happiness.

Take tooth brushing for example. Delightful and refreshing as its after effects are, few of us like the actual job itself. One stroke this way—one stroke that—no thrill at all. No wonder we are lazy about it.

Realizing the truth of this the makers of Listerine set out deliberately to formulate a dentifrice that would furnish the *easiest, quickest way* to clean teeth

In short, a tooth paste efficient even in the hands of lazy people—for in tooth brushing, at least, the word *lazy* applies to so many of us.

Listerine Tooth Paste is really very *easy to use.* It works fast. With just a minimum of brushing your teeth feel clean—and actually *are* clean.

You have the job done almost before you know it.

This is on account of the way Listerine Tooth Paste is made. It contains a specially prepared cleansing ingredient—entirely harmless to enamel*—plus the antiseptic essential oils that have made Listerine famous.

And how fine your mouth feels after this kind of a brushing! Then, besides, you *know* your teeth are really clean—and therefore safe from decay—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

P. S.
Is your pocket book tired? Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25 cents for the large tube.

*This specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.

At the same time it is harder than the tartar which accumulates and starts tooth decay.

LISTERINE

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"—even for lazy people"

TOOTH·PASTE

— over in a minute

Beautiful Women Deserve Beautiful Jewels

BEAUTIFUL women and precious jewels . . . Each was created to complement and *compliment* the other. They belong always together.

Often to yourself you have envisaged her adorned with a jeweled possession she long has sought.

Make that dream come true! Precious jewels were created for her. And what a pleasurable thrill to you in the visible evidence of your prosperity. You will be repaid a thousand fold in the joy of giving.

Modern Modes in Jewelry

The frock of severe simplicity so favored now demands jeweled accessories to add a touch of distinction

for GIFTS THAT LAST

Consult your Jeweler

(Continued from Page 94)

it under his belt. Aliste picked up the fire poker, a rod of wrought iron twisted in a spiral, and with the usual hook and prong at one end.

"Stand by the kitchen door—the outside one," Clive whispered. "Be ready to slip out and make for town if anything goes wrong with my set."

"Can't I help?" Aliste asked.

"No. This is a one-man job, and I want to make it thorough. If there's a hitch you run for it. You risk more than I do. You're a woman."

Aliste took her station. Clive felt his way to a window and stood for a moment, listening intently. Not a sound came from outside. But the rhythmic thumping went steadily on, about four thuds to the minute. Clive opened softly the door from the kitchen into the pantry. The place, like the kitchen, was pitch dark; but on the far side of the big room there was a square aperture of pale flickering light, as if from a candle to give direction to the blows on the other side of the wall. Also, as Clive now listened, there were other and lesser sounds that he had not heard with the door closed between, coming with each consecutive blow. These were significant creakings and whinings, with the rattle of small fragments of stone falling down. The strong fastenings were giving way reluctantly, could not much longer support the successive shocks.

The measure of these blows now directed Clive's action, while the fact that the opening was not obscured showed that no watcher was there. Intent upon their assault, which held a sort of grim Oriental patience, the assailants had evidently laid caution aside. Extreme caution, that is to say, because they would scarcely be looking for any offensive action from a man who had evidently set out unarmed in the early afternoon for a reconnaissance to discover if, indeed, the young woman whom he sought was in the locality. Clive's fatal error would seem to lie in his having been sure that he was not followed.

Precisely herein lay the value of aggression on the part of a trapped fugitive who presumably must be cowering at the far end of his burrow. If a buck rabbit, holed in by a mongrel pawing at the burrow's mouth, were suddenly to dash out and fasten its rodent teeth in the dog's nose, it is fairly certain that such an unlooked-for disregard of all established precedent would win that rabbit clear. If all the rabbits in the warren were simultaneously to attack, they might even stampede the human hunters with no great loss. Unless it were to the hunters, who in their startled dismay would be most apt to fill one another with small shot, fatal where the range is point-blank. A pogrom might easily be turned into a massacre of persecutors by the persecuted if racial precedent could be generally overcome, if a race mercilessly harried through the centuries could be brought to realize that the principle of submission is not bound by any precedent at all, but merely influenced. That fatal self-destructive unnecessary ideograph contained in the two letters I-F.

In the present case, the attackers ought to have borne in mind that assassins, merely because they are such, have not any first option on courage and resource. Perhaps also they had no experience of the citizens of a country whose immediate forbears had much to do with the conquest of savage Nature and savage men, trained to meet wile with guile and to back up the latter with a woodsman's ax. They might not have heard that classic phrase "Yankee ingenuity," or given it much credit where there seemed so little material with which to work.

Clive paused, gripping the engine of his artifice. Thump! came the ram, and the pale yellow flicker in the square hole was for a moment obscured. This fact also gave its report—that the besiegers had a fairly short hold on their heavy implement. There was a slight scuffle as they withdrew a step, and in this interval Clive slipped through the passage and sank back behind the jamb of the pantry door. Thump! And this time there was an ominous jarring and rattle immediately after the blow. The solid door was making its last stand.

Clive was poised to steal round along the wall of the big room the instant light showed unobstructed through the square opening. He nearly anticipated this moment fatally. The bright beam of an electric torch flared through, swept the wide interior and remained on the open pantry door. Had it first fastened on that point, Clive must have been discovered, but the ray moved searchingly and with deliberation, so that he was given barely time to recoil. Fortunately the door had previously been open; but the fact that the kitchen door was now likewise ajar did not escape the observation of the keen eyes peering through the aperture; also that the kitchen was dark.

A low voice said in guttural French, "*Tiens!* What's this?" The beam of bright light swept to the front door of the big room, revealing it barred and bolted within, the iron *volets* closed.

Another voice muttered impatiently something that Clive could not distinguish. The torch snapped off and again came the square glimmer of dim light. Another thump—harder than the others, it sounded, as if from a fresh access of strength and impatience to finish the job. A block of stone fell with a clatter and the whole door quaked and shivered. Something scraped along the wall. Clive suspected that the upper hinge had gone. This seemed verified by the low exclamation from the other side.

There was no time to be lost. The very next blow might topple in the barrier, in which case, though Clive's offensive might still avail for these two men at least, he risked being himself included in the havoc wrought. Worse still, it could not be complete in any degree efficient with the third man left on watch outside. This one might even feel gratified at the result.

As swiftly as he could manage safely in the dark Clive crossed the room noiselessly, then flattened himself against the wall close beside the door, but clear of it. He had scarcely done so when there came another and, as it sounded, more devastating blow. With it came a rumbling clatter, and at the same moment a ponderous mass came crowding against Clive, while the big room was dimly filled with light. He realized instantly what had happened. The bolt of the heavy lock had given way when the big door, still supported by the lower hinge, had swung back against him, placing him behind it.

This new development endangered the strategic move that Clive was on the verge of attempting, to thrust the blunderbuss through the hole in the door, and holding it by the broomstick, to pull the trigger cord, counting on the mass of the door to shield him from the explosion of his bomb. This he might still have been able to accomplish, though in a slightly different way. But as he was crowded back against the wall by the swing of the door, some heavy body fell on the blunderbuss, to send it clattering to the tiled floor. It did not explode, and at the same instant a bright ray of light flashed past him and fastened on the bomb wherein lay all his hope of turning this fatal issue by sheer ingenuity and resource.

IX

A VOICE Clive recognized as that of Constant said sharply, and within a foot of his ear, as he stood hidden by the sagging door, "Sapristi! What's that machine?"

Looking through the aperture, a narrow triangle the height of the door, apex down, Clive saw the two men standing on the threshold, staring at the blunderbuss, as revealed by the bright glare of the pocket torch. The other man said, "I understand. That imbecile American has tried to place a kind of trap gun. Look at the cord attached to the trigger."

"You are right. The fool expected it to explode when the door swung open. *Très bien.* Now let's make an end of it."

They padded softly into the room, making for the pantry. Clive, screened by the door swung back against him, made his swift decision. He was in no way hampered for slipping out of his fortuitous ambush, there being space enough for him to sidle clear between the door and the wall. The torchlight was directed ahead of the two men, as they moved across the room in the stealthy fashion of the hyena that was their animal prototype. Clive might have slid out, whipped up the blunderbuss, thrust it between them and pulled the trigger cord.

But the risk of such a move was twofold. The bomb might fail to explode, the priming shaken out by the jar of its fall. And if it did explode, the play was apt to prove one of sacrifice, including Clive himself in its destructive force. In the former event, the pair were certain to turn quickly and fire into Clive, and in the latter case, there would be left the third man outside to destroy Aliste.

Clive drew the hatchet from his belt. The pair had stopped and were listening. Clive drew back his head behind the rim of the door. The mortal question was whether he would be able to get within striking distance before they should hear or sense his presence, spin around and fire. They had paused in the middle of the room, at the end of the table, and appeared to be deliberating silently as to the next step in the attack. Their problem now was whether there had been some weapon in the house with which the American had armed himself and was now lurking in the dark interior beyond, ready to fire from behind the door jamb. All reason would indicate that a young woman in Aliste's position, even if believing herself to be thought drowned, would yet be provided with some means of protecting herself. Probability was against her remaining alone in that isolated place with no other means of protection than a big and formidable dog.

As if struck simultaneously by the same idea—that they might be fired at through the entry to the kitchen from behind the kitchen door that was slightly ajar—the two men moved round the corner of the table and paused with their backs against it, this change of position placing them at a point invisible from the farther end of the passageway through to the kitchen. The man with Constant was not the one who had come into the paint shop, as Clive could tell from his heavier bulk and shorter stature. He said now, with a sort of metallic clipping of his French, "*Eh b'en.* What next?"

"I am thinking." Constant's voice was low, but it had a snappish cut. "It is not worth while to get shot for nothing. The girl would have a pistol in the house. A pretty woman does not stop alone in such a lonely barrack with no other protection than a dog. Even with an ax or an andiron, the American could do us damage before being killed."

"Here's a petrol lamp," said the other. "What if we light it and throw it into the place?"

"Better than that, we can make a bundle of rags and straw, then drench it with petrol and throw it in there. They could not stand the fumes."

"Good! Smoke them out, like badgers. *Allons-y. À l'attaque.*"

Clive tightened his grip on the hatchet. The time for his attack would come as they passed back through the door in quest of material with which to make their fire ball. But at this moment a voice from outside one of the windows called, "Constant!"

"What is it?"

"You've burst in the door?"

"Yes. Stay on your post."

"There's a fog coming in from the sea."

"So much the better. We are going to make a blaze."

"What about the papers, if you set the place afire?"

"There will be time enough. On your post!"

"*Très bien.*"

Constant said, in a voice so low that Clive could scarcely catch the words: "*Tiens!* I came near forgetting the document. But it does not matter. This barrack will burn slowly, if at all."

"When we get the papers Marina will be our next affair. There's no longer any doubt but that she stole them."

"I suspected her myself. But she cannot have known where this girl was hiding or the American would not have gone to Paris and tried to trace her through those paintings. Marina stole the documents and gave them to this one to deliver in America. She did not dare to turn them over on this side, because she could not be sure whom to trust."

"Then is it necessary to remove this girl?"

"Of course, stupid, now that the American is here. Otherwise she would not have mattered. Nobody would have listened to her. But since we have got to make an end of him, it is necessary to do the same for her. This Fanch also had better go the same road."

Once again Clive felt that crushing self-reproach for having meddled in the affair. Marina then had not betrayed Aliste, nor set these weasels on his trail to her. She had been under surveillance when he had talked to her in Biarritz, when he had been suspected and watched in turn, confirming the suspicion that Aliste was alive and hidden somewhere. And Aliste was known to have received the incriminating documents from Marina—been a cat's-paw in Marina's attempt to betray this organization, whatever it might really be.

More than ever now Clive perceived the weight of his grim obligation, and he longed for it to hasten to its close. But Constant appeared still to be deliberating. Perhaps the man was merely tired from his physical efforts and wished to rest a little before proceeding, for he made no move, half leaning, half sitting on the rim of the heavy table, his back to where Clive was placed. The other man waited on his orders, similarly placed. The torch had been snapped off, and what faint light there was came from the flickering candle in the storeroom of the ruin. Feeble as it was, the glimmer still gave location to objects in the spacious room.

Then, as if from a sudden draft—that of the breeze that was bringing in the fog, perhaps—the candle flared and expired, plunging the place in a darkness that was absolute. It seemed to snap the slender filament by which Clive's tension had been held suspended, or perhaps some instinct warned him that the time had come.

X

WHATEVER the discharging impulse, no primitive arboreal savage of the human race ever slipped from his ambush with swifter stealth than now did Clive. Whether some flash of unconscious cerebration told him that his best chance of success lay in the momentary period of darkness before Constant flashed on his light than with the two men poised and in motion as they crossed the threshold, or whether it was simply that he could no longer sustain the tension there behind the sagging door—does not matter. Clive's action was in the nature of a reflex, which is the transfer of stimulus from sensory to motor nerves. What he had just heard said acted on his mobility as the buzzing prompts the reflex snapping of a dog at a wasp.

The simile may not be exact, because even a drowsing dog will react to such an indiscretion, and Clive was at that moment keyed to abnormal pitch. But the curious effect was such that the absence of any light at all to guide his swift offensive did not in the least impair its accuracy. Finer senses normally obscured were stirred to guide him as he darted across the intervening space. The last tableau clinging to his retina was that of the two men placed in a certain relationship to his position that served now as a perfect guide to direct his energies, a good deal as a marksman might shoot accurately at some mark revealed in a lightning flash.

Be the physics of action what they may, it is doubtful if the man Constant was even aware of his transit from this plane of matter to the next. He could not have altered the position of his head a fraction, or the broad blade of the hatchet would not have cloven the crown of it with such perfect symmetry. The slight retarding of the weapon's withdrawal marred the rhythmic sequence of Clive's discharge of energy, so that its course as first projected was at fault. This was not the error of whatever had inspired it. In obeying the order of an instinct, thought seldom interferes until the initial charge has been fired, the automatic sequence of applied forces spent; so that a sleeping deer, if violently startled, will bound high in the air from the powerful impulse sent to the extensor muscles of the legs folded under it, and strike the earth already running in the safe direction. So now the race instinct of the man who fights with an edged weapon prompted a horizontal slash after the first one that was vertical. In Clive's case, this sweeping blow cut empty air.

For the other man had also his instinct, which had been to drop at the whistle of some weapon through the sightless atmosphere. He may not have heard the blow land, or if so, grasped the significance of its incisive sound; but conscious intelligence backing instinct warned him not to flash his light until he had some inkling of what was going on. He resisted the impulse to fire haphazard until what seemed to be the invisible assailant flung himself across his shoulders. Then, with a sort of snarl, he writhed about and fired twice—into the falling body of Constant.

The double flare of the pistol and deafening reports located his enemy for Clive and warned him that this creature was spitting bullets in the dark. Something not far removed from instinct impelled him to capsize the table across which he had just leaned to sink the hatchet into Constant. The involuntary yell, as the edge of the heavy piece of furniture came down across the knees of the sprawling murder agent, was for Clive another foghorn through the murk enshrouding this collision. It placed the man definitely enough for him to lean over the table's upper edge and strike savagely at random. Steel clashed on steel as the hatchet came in contact with the pistol, knocking it from the man's grip.

Once again, other senses than visual told Clive what had happened. He knew his invisible adversary to be disarmed and partly pinned down by the table. Also, he realized the urgency of speed if he was to finish what he had started here before the third man could run round the house into the storeroom and flank him with an electric torch and an automatic pistol. Clive dealt another blind downward blow, striking some soft body—as it happened, that of Constant. A scuffling to the right warned Clive that the venomous rat for which he quested aimlessly was wriggling out, and might bolt for the door, if able to guess just where that aperture, no blacker than the room itself, might be.

Then, in despair, the panic-stricken fool flashed his light for one brief blink, whether to locate his weapon or the door. This was enough for Clive, whose response was an onslaught that combined the tactics of football and blindman's buff. The "buff" proved exact, for as he dived wide-armed at the spotty bluish complement of that fleck of light his head crashed against the horizontal leg of the table that was uppermost as the piece lay on its beam ends. Luckily the shock was not stunning, and though a little dazed, Clive still functioned fully. His empty hand fell on a leg not belonging to the table, but to that terrified hunter who now was being hunted.

Clive's fingers, rather short and very strong, sank into the muscles of the calf. A violent kick spoiled his grip, but his hand slipped down to get a better hold on the ankle. He was himself on one side, nearly on his back, an enemy ankle in one hand, a hatchet in the other. Terror and the jaw-trap quality of the powerful thumb sunk under the Achilles' tendon brought a squall out of the potential murderer.

Hauling in the wretch, Clive squirmed round and smote. A scream followed. Still taking in the slack, Clive smote again, and higher up. Another heave, a shifting of grip to a higher extremity and another heavy blow silenced the scuffling.

Clive scrambled to his feet. As he did so a voice with an exultant note cried from outside the house, "*Ça-y-est?*"

"Not yet," Clive answered. "Stay where you are."

Here was the quickness of wit that has saved many a partial victory from being ruined. In telling the sentry that the affair was not yet finished and sending him back to his post, Clive had hoped to gain time in which to supply himself with torch and pistol, when the final stroke must have been easy. But although the fellow had taken it for granted that the shots fired were into and the yells from the massacred American, some alien accent in Clive's French now gave him pause.

"Constant!" he called again.

Clive dared not answer. Constant's voice had been, he was aware, high-pitched and with a clipping of the words he could not hope to imitate. His own was resonant, a deep barytone. He struck a match and by the flare immediately found Constant's pistol on the tiles beside his body. Clive picked it up, wiped it on Constant's fashionable coat; then lighting another match, looked frantically round for the torch. Some bright object near the door into the *office* reflected the match light. It was the lens of Constant's torch that had rolled there. Clive hurried over and picked it up, just as the match burned his fingers. At the same moment the voice outside called again, "Constant, why don't you answer?"

Clive, though distrusting the effect of an accent that though good enough was yet far removed from Constant's impure one, felt constrained to answer, "The American has wounded me. To your post."

There was no answer. Clive could guess that his ruse had failed. Though he had tried to speak gutturally, like a man sorely hurt, the keen ears of the *apache* outside had detected the fraud, even with the iron shutters between. Also, if Clive had thought, his statement did not check with the sounds of strife, two shots and some yells. A quick-witted assassin would reason instantly that with three men enguged, and one of them, the American, presumably dead and Constant wounded, more than two shots would have been fired in the big room. And what of the third man, whose name Clive did not know?

The silence from outside indicated some suspicion of the truth, or a situation close to the truth, that the American had been armed and managed to ambush and kill his assailants, whether with two quick shots or these shots followed by lethal blows, as the yells would seem to report. Constant, even dying, would speak in no such alien tone.

The next moment Clive's fears that he had failed to trick the man were confirmed in startling fashion, for the voice outside said boldly: "You cannot fool me, monsieur. I have lived in America and know a Yankee when I hear him. I caught mam'-selle as she was slipping out and I'll blow her brains out if you try any of your tricks."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

WHITE SILENCE

(Continued from Page 25)

like the sands of a desert. It is rarely still, shifting with the wind in such tremendous quantities that often the sun is dimmed to gray dullness even though there be not a cloud in the sky.

A few winters ago a man and woman started upon a climb of Long's Peak in the Estes Park region of Colorado. The sun shone all day—brilliantly, for winter—outlining the crest of the peak plainly to persons in the lowlands, miles away. But the man and woman, once they had reached the heights where snow lay fine and powdery, faced one snowstorm after another, coming not from the sky, but from the ground itself—unceasing blizzards which sapped their strength and played a part in the tragedy which followed—the woman froze to death, the man was crippled for life, and a second man died in an attempt at rescue.

Going Down!

Such a snowstorm had come during the night, creating a plain where the barn had been, and concluding the work of burying the deadfall and bent trees which would have led the way to a trail. Even the stream which flowed from the lake had disappeared, flowing now through a tunnel beneath a fifty-foot drift. There was not a landmark, not a guidepost; we only knew we should strike to the left in an attempt to hit the edge of the ridge. This we did, only to halt thirty minutes later to find that we stood upon the very crest of the rounded mountain, while our trail was five hundred feet below. A land we knew in summer well enough to enable us to traverse it even at night had changed to such an extent that now in broad daylight we had become lost, all in a half hour.

Not lost, it is true, in the dangerous sense of the word; there was our trail leading back to the cabin. But that would only serve to give us a new starting point, and it would mean the loss of valuable time; miles lay between us and town, with snowshoe work most of the way. So we took a mountaineer's chance. We unstrapped our webs. Then we sat upon one, braced the other under a left arm, to be used as a brake, held our heels in readiness to extra braking, and kept our right arms free. At last we kicked off and slid down that mountain, digging deep into the snow with our extra snowshoe and our boots to hold our progress to something like sanity, or, when the speed became too dizzy, veered our course toward the tips of thirty-foot pines, just protruding above the snow, so that with our free right hand we might seize their tops, whirl madly, slow our speed, then start a fresh descent that could not be broken until another clump of tree tops came within our path.

It was a grand toboggan ride, replete with thrills, but we didn't talk about it much when we got back to town. Some of our mountaineer friends might have asked us why we hadn't gone back to the cabin and started anew, instead of making a pair of unmitigated fools of ourselves, thus creating the possibility of danger for some innocent person. Therein lies a rule of the high country, especially in the winter, as regards the risks that one may take. When a man contemplates putting his own life into the balance he must remember that he also is playing fast and loose with the lives of others—the forest ranger, the sheriff, the mayor of the nearest little town, and such volunteers as may be called into action by frantic relatives. For these are the persons who must strap on their webs or their skis and start forth into the white fastnesses upon a mission of rescue if that risk ends disastrously. Mountaineers say that it isn't fair for a man to play with the lives of others without their consent.

For the Rockies in winter are dangerous to those who must buck their drifts or seek to beat their ferocity. Cold, menacing, a place of unending white silence, save for the incessant whining of the winds and the swish of gale-driven particles of ice and snow; of spots so cold and dry that by a chemical action unexplainable to the average mountaineer the misty breath of average cold in average country is absent; of buried streams and even spots where a sizable forest completely disappears through the action of wind and drifting snow. They are different Rockies from those of the summer—not only different in their aspect but in their attitude and their effect upon him who invades them.

There is a lure about the Continental Divide when the sun blazes in the warmth of summertime. Even though one may know that this lure leads to possible danger, he obeys it because of the mysticism—the suggestion of the supernatural, the urge of curiosity which prompts it. But there is nothing of this kind in the winter. Like the villain in the melodrama, the Continental Divide stands stripped of its glamour when the white silence falls; there is no beauty of wild flowers to lead one on, no glorious red splash of Indian paintbrush to make one forget that timber line is only a few hundred feet off, no softness of columbine, no beauty of drifting clouds—it is stark and fierce and defiant, and makes no pretense of being otherwise.

Loneliness in the Hills

Just as the nature and the appearance of the country undergo a change, so changes the attitude of those who must live in it. There's a sort of quiet determination about the nature of a hillman once winter sets in—the same determination that exists in the inhabitants of a fortress under siege. Winter is not a time of jollity in the high country, such as so often exists in other districts, where winter promotes a greater community spirit, more visiting, more gatherings as sleighs come and go along the crisp highways. It is the opposite in the hills.

"I reckon I'll have to get out next winter," said a ranch foreman to me last summer. "Not on account of me—I can fork hay to bawlin' critters as well as the next one an' stand it just as long. But it's the missus. You see the snow closed in early last year and she didn't see another woman for seven months. It got awful lonesome."

Loneliness, even in a community—the loneliness of siege; such is the mental attitude of the high country. Nor is this confined only to the extreme stretches of altitude. The last of August sees in the ranges, beginning at about eight thousand feet above sea level, a certain attitude of watchfulness, of expectancy, as though of an approaching menace. In the plains country below—where lie Denver and other cities popularly supposed to be altitudinous, but looked upon by the true mountaineer in the same light that Denverites look upon the inhabitants of sea level—it is still summer; in still lower districts winter remains a far-distant condition, to be considered only when it gives the first of the many warnings which presage a gradual approach. Not so in the hills; September first seems to mean a general turning point, no matter if the weather be fair or foul. There is a feeling as though one is being left behind to struggle against a swiftly encroaching foe, while others flee.

For the cowboy and for the professional guide there is at least the joy of preparation for another summer, just as there is for the trout fisherman, poring over his flies in case he might gain an inspiration which the activities of the fishing season would cause him to miss. But those are pensive things, having to do with other interests than those which will be brought about by the first snowfall. Not everyone in the mountains is a professional guide or a dude cowboy or a habitual fisherman, and the general exodus, to them, carries a

(Continued on Page 105)

NEW STYLES
IN BOYS' SHOES
by

ENDICOTT-JOHNSON

No. 6190—Stylish blucher Oxford; "balloon" last; embossed tip and saddle. Black or goldenrod. Also "Little Men's" sizes with "foot shape" last

Boys' shoes $3 to $6 according to size and style

No. 6424-34—Snappy Oxford for youngsters who like collegiate styles. Sturdy welt construction laughs at hard usage; rich upper leather heightens smart appearance

HERE are the shoes to please the spirited fancy of modern boys: The new Endicott-Johnson styles. Fashioned by designers who study youthful preferences—who know how to interpret the trend in footwear. And put together by the highly skilled shoemakers of a great organization which for many years has specialized in long-wearing shoes for boys, girls, men and women.

There's the snap and smartness in these shoes that boys like. They're mannish in looks. Swagger. Soft and sinewy leather—tanned by our own special processes—gives them a feeling of snugness and comfort every boy appreciates. Plenty of room for growing feet. Lots of wear to ease the strain on parents' pocketbooks.

The new spring styles of Endicott-Johnson shoes are unusually attractive . . . varied, colorful and far ahead of most "styles" shown today. See them! Thousands of leading stores have them on display now. They're enthusiastic about them—as you and your boy will be too. If you can't locate these unusual shoes nearby, we'll tell you where you can get them. Write to Endicott-Johnson, Endicott, N. Y.; New York City; or St. Louis, Mo.—Largest manufacturers of boys' and girls' shoes in the world.

No. 9604—Lots of style in the broad-toed "balloon" last; lots of service in the tough oak tanned soles and springy rubber heels. Tan or black leather

GRINDING
BRAKE
DRUMS

—But When You Do!

You don't need a speed of 70 or better often—

But When You Do—

You don't need four-wheel brakes every time you stop—

But When You Do—

You don't strike detours every day, you don't expect to run into mud and sand on every trip you take, you don't always scrape the side-walls of your tire against the curb when you park—

But When You Do—

Seiberling All-Tread Tires are equipped with an armor of tough side-bars which protect their flexible side-walls (the most vulnerable part of the ordinary balloon tire) against curbs and side-swiping blows from stones and broken paving. And these same sturdy bars become cogs that provide extra traction when your wheels sink into mud or sand. You may not need this protection, this extra traction, of your Seiberling All-Treads every day, but when you do—

You'll be glad your tires are Seiberlings.

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY . AKRON, OHIO
Seiberling Tyre Co. of Great Britain, Ltd., 19 Summer Row, Birmingham, England

SEIBERLING ALL-TREADS

Real Class

YOUNG MEN who, to a greater degree than ever, are smoking Rob! Burns Panatelas, find but one expression to describe this sensation in smoking enjoyment—real class.

Real Class in the manly gentility of cigar smoking; *Real Class* in downright cigar quality.

For the Rob! Burns Panatela • • long • • graceful • • aristocratic • • is FULL Havana Filler from tip to tip. Free-smoking • • sweet-tasting • • mild. A cigar of class and distinction that proves the wisdom of specifying the Rob! Burns Panatela instead of just asking for "panatelas."

General Cigar Co., Inc.

Rob.! Burns

PANATELA · 10¢

FULL HAVANA FILLER [Recognized as the highest type of tobacco grown]

(Continued from Page 100)

feeling of melancholy far deeper than the mere thought of the departure of a number of persons who have left a few million dollars in the mountains in return for their coolness and beauty.

Instead, it is like a warning signal, flaunting its message of bitter days to come. True, there may be that joy of joys—a long fall—extending even into the first weeks of November before the white silence falls—such things happen every few years in the mountains. But more likely, before Hallowe'en is even near, the winds come shrieking from the higher crags, only slightly sharp at first, then steadily colder. The clouds begin to mass about the greater peaks, hanging gray and menacing for day after day, or, drifting up from the lower country, the broken fogs appear, scurrying like wraiths before the chill wind, winding through the canyons, driving through the spruce and pine, which have changed, it seems, overnight from their deep greenery of summer to a somber shade which approaches blackness.

Ghostly, unearthly appearing are these spectral vapors, as the bronze sun hangs for a moment at the edge of the nearest hill, then drops as though jerked like a marionette, while night slinks swiftly in its wake. Then one awakes one morning to find about him, on Old Chief over to the left, on Goliath and the rest of the peaks, a broken, black-spotted mantle of white. The menace has that suddenly become a fact!

Winter is in the high hills, while autumn still clings in the lesser ranges where human and beast may yet enjoy warmth and life while the threat remains in clear sight above, like the skeleton at the feast. It brings a time of activity. Now the cattle are bawling at the drift fences, calling dolorously that the ranchmen begin their riding upon the shove-down, when, whole communities joining in the round-up, the forest reserves are scoured for the cattle which have existed there all summer, bringing them to a common ground where feeders, canners, she stock, beef, heavies, and cows'n calves by their sides are cut out, according to brand, estimates made upon what a rancher can carry over during the winter, judged of course by his hay supply, what shall be sent to market, and what killed for the ranch larder.

The Higher the Fewer

One after another the sheep trains roll over the great divide or along the canyons, bearing their blatting cargoes from high-country grasses to ranches in the lower country or to the killing pens. The homesteader oils his rifle, and picks his spot from which to watch surrounding country. The deer, like the cattle, are moving out of the heights in their annual migration to the lower country, where the snow will not be too deep for pawing, and where swift-moving hoofs can uncover enough grass to keep an animal alive. The shrieking wail of the coyote is louder; he travels in heavy packs now, working his way to lower country with the general movement of other animals.

Like the tourist who has departed a month before, the wild animal also departs in a general hegira which leaves only the small things behind. The bear is holed up, the woodchuck likewise; the deer and elk are in the lowlands, or spending the winter in the vicinity of a ranch, the haystacks of which they raid systematically in spite of guards, dogs and fences. The mountain lion is trailing in the larger beasts' wake, and the coyote is following in the distance. The squirrel, the snowshoe rabbit, the tiny chipmunk, the screaming jay, and the porcupine, snuggled in the fork of a tree that he may chew its bark and at the same time enjoy the sun—these, in the main, are the ones who remain behind to keep the vigil until the drifts shall fade. These and the humans, to whom the high-country winter means nearly eight months of solitude—the prospector or lone miner, remaining in his shack beside his hole in the ground, with the prospect of not seeing another living soul until the country shall suddenly open with the coming of summer; the lumberman, taking advantage of icy trails that he may snake out the necessary stulls, lagging and other timbers for the mines of lower country, the ranchman and the homesteader.

It is a country for hardy folk, accustomed to fighting Nature by hardy methods. Even the forest ranger is gone, his work of the trail and look-out tower completed with the first fall of snow—gone to lower-country activities, where, in his office, he becomes a desk man instead of the open-country advocate which he has been throughout the sunny months. For it is in the winter that trails are swamped, roads built, fireplaces erected, camping spots cleared, new lakes discovered to be filled with trout fingerlings—at least on paper. The United States forest system, efficient branch of the Government that it is, likes to know every minute exactly what it is doing.

Certified Christmas Trees

The result is that when the ranger leaves his usual route in the winter it is not to loaf. Instead, there are his reports, long neglected and, most important, his plans. Like a general preparing for battle, he prepares for the influx of tourists of another year; he plans against the foolishness of a district that has brought forest fires in other seasons; he outwits carelessness by planning a camping spot in a position that will give pleasure to campers and at the same time save a valuable stretch of timber from the danger of matches, unguarded fires and general lassitude.

He works out the problems of building a trail along a ledge which has stumped him for years, and howls like a Comanche to the main office in Washington for money to build more trails, more roads, more shelters and more clearings. That's his job and he fills it. There is seldom need for him to do otherwise, unless the dread alarm comes—as it often does—of a homesteader lost in a blizzard on his way to purchase hay for starving cattle, a prospector missing from his cabin, a red glare against a distant sky, indicative of a blazing abode where some lonely watcher of the white silence has piled one stick of wood too many into an already overheated stove; that and his long, weary trips into the lumber camps to scale their lumber and protect timber from promiscuous cutting, and the wary eye ever ready for the Christmas-tree bootlegger, fill his winter duties, and he is seldom idle.

Strangely enough, too, one finds many forest rangers these days who are working in direct opposition to what one would, at first glance, call conservation—men who smile happily when a person mentions Christmas trees and assure the speaker that there's nothing finer in the world than a pretty tree well decorated for the yuletide. The sentimental might look upon such an attitude as sacrilege; are not forest rangers paid to protect all trees? To which the ranger replies with a grin that they certainly are, and that there's no finer protection than the generous use of Christmas greenery—provided, of course, that it is taken from the proper place.

"Don't go up Willow Grouse way for your tree this year," said the ranger recently as I talked of greenery. "That district is just in the right shape. Go over the hill about a mile and cut there."

All of which means that, district by district, in the mountains, many rangers now are using Christmas-tree enthusiasts as a balance of nature. When they find a region in which are many young trees, too many, in fact, to allow any of them to mature into merchantable timber or even good mountain greenery, that district is marked for sensible, carefully directed Christmas-tree slaughter. The word goes forth, especially to the commercial handlers of trees. The district is thinned systematically by men, often hired by the ranger, who carefully tag the tree, thus giving it free passage along the mountain roads to the cities. Load after load goes out, perhaps to be halted upon a lonely stretch of road by a sheriff or mounted policeman, an inspection made for the tag which denotes its legitimacy, and the journey allowed to proceed.

But when a truck appears without that necessary tag someone goes to jail. It is a worthwhile system; it keeps alive a pretty tradition, allows children to continue to believe in Santa Claus, thins growing stretches of evergreen that otherwise might be killed by self-stagnation, and keeps the larger growths clear of marauding agencies. After the forest ranger has assured himself that all goes well in this direction, he can go back to his book work; or he can put on his snowshoes, so that he may aid in the search for a lost soul of the white places.

For people do die in the Rockies in winter; each year usually carries its toll of about a half dozen. Perhaps the victim may be the prospector miner, his grub gone, who struggles down to town; then, his pack sack loaded, attempts the trip back, only to find that the weight of his load, approaching darkness, the swirl of clear-sky blizzards have piled up obstacles which he cannot surmount. Or it may be the foolish man of the lower country, who, believing in the sunshine of his own altitude, sets forth upon a jaunt, joyfully thinking that the balminess will follow. Or the trackwalker of the mountain railroad, breaking the ice of a frozen joint, seeing nothing until the hulk of a white-crusted engine bears down upon him out of the swirling clouds of a blizzard. Or more often the lonely homesteader, struggling with his frost-laden horses through unbroken drifts, along a forty-mile journey to town, risking his life because his hay is gone and cattle will starve unless he spend his meager savings for oil cake. One hears much of the unhappy lot of the Midwest farmer. Beside the uncomplaining Rocky Mountain ranchman or homesteader, the corn raiser of Iowa or Nebraska leads a life of ease and eiderdown.

All Landmarks Obliterated

The cony, storing his hay, straw by straw, in the crevices of a timber-line rock slide, is no more wary, no more watchful, no more concerned with constant preparedness than is the high-country ranchman, watching the drifts melt and summer come only that he may begin a fresh barrage of activities against the sneaking approach of winter. For him there is little sunshine; he has no time to watch it while the earth is warm. Always in the distance there is winter, hard, cruel, remorseless, carrying in its frigid breast the threat of death for his horses, for his cattle, even for himself!

Winter and work, work and winter; they are synonymous to the man who would wrest an agricultural living from the high country. Unlike the usual farmer whose labors, excepting chores, often end with the true descent of winter, the high-country ranchman's life is an affair of constant activities. Cattle are bawling for food; there is the constant task of hauling from one feedlot to another that heightened sustenance may give the beasts strength to withstand unwonted rigors. There is the breaking of draft stock. The ranchman prefers to accustom his new beasts to harness while the snow is on the ground and the fall lighter when wild horses decide to run away and turn over the sled.

There is incessant breaking and packing of the ranch's roads. Once they are neglected the drifts pile to prohibitive heights, or the whole road snows in to such an extent that it is inseparable from the rest of the landscape. This spells danger, for snow in the high country is an obliterative thing; immense bowlders depart; the scrub oak and sarvis brush are hidden; draws and gulleys, often thirty to fifty feet deep, are so filled with the white substance that they take the same appearance as the rest of the ever-stretching white desert. Often the roads themselves must be marked with

Raise that Line

THIS chart is not the side elevation of a roller coaster. It is the scientist's method of visualizing the rise and fall of mental energy during the course of a working day. It doesn't take a scientist to tell what it means to feel like "four o'clock." But if only Science could tell how to feel more like 9 o'clock throughout the day!

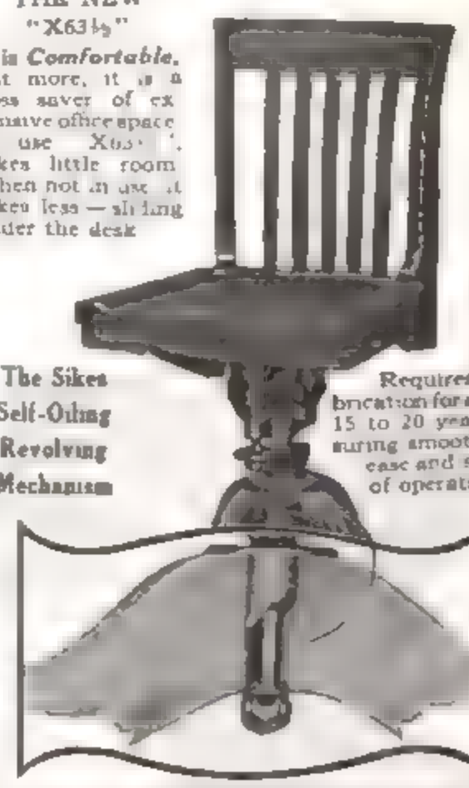
As a matter of fact, Science has told us. Sit in a chair specially designed to fit the natural curves of the body, instead of the ordinary chair which forces the body to conform to the lines of the chair. Yes, sit in a Sikes Office *Easy* Chair. You will be surprised how much fresher you will be at the end of a hard day's work.

The chair in which you spend 6 to 8 hours each day, ought to be comfortable. There can not be an active, alert brain in a cramped, tired body. Tomorrow afternoon, when you notice the "four o'clock" feeling coming on, put on your hat and look up the nearest Sikes dealer. Sit in a Sikes Office *Easy* Chair. The time to really appreciate "Sikes" is when you are most fatigued.

Sikes

THE NEW "X63½"

It is *Comfortable*, but more, it is a boss saver of expensive office space. In use X63½ takes little room. When not in use it takes less—sliding under the desk



The Sikes Self-Oiling Revolving Mechanism

Requires no lubrication for at least 15 to 20 years, insuring smoothness, ease and silence of operation

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

"GLOVE-GRIPS *are the most comfortable shoes I've ever worn. What's more . . . they're the last word in style"*

ENTHUSIASTIC praise is heard wherever men and women have discovered Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes. These people have been looking for shoe-comfort without having to sacrifice stylish lines—a difficult thing to find—yet Glove-Grips have solved their problems.

You will find this rare combination of style and comfort because of the patented Arnold Glove-Grip arch—a feature which no other shoe possesses. The construction of this arch allows the shoe to flex as readily as one of your own muscles. It feels pliant as a glove and follows the most subtle movements of the foot. But what is even more pleasing, it fits so well that it looks made-to-order.

No other shoe can combine such comfort with such good lines, because no other shoe can have the patented Glove-Grip feature. Ask your nearest Glove-Grip dealer to give you a fitting. If you do not know his name, a letter to M. N. Arnold Shoe Company, North Abington, Mass., will introduce you to him and to the joys of

ARNOLD GLOVE-GRIP SHOES

THE NANETTE

pieces of brush placed beside them, that the wind of the night may not lose them to the rancher entirely. And if this happens, a high-country man may start forth upon what he believes to be his road, only to find that he has driven his team into a soft, yielding substance which shields the bed of a creek, there to wallow and sink as if in quicksand, sometimes to be rescued, and sometimes not.

There is the threshing to do, a duty sometimes not completed upon the high-country ranch until Christmas, or even later. There is the hauling of wood and coal—often from thirty miles away—when such a thing is possible. Then there are stretches of from a month to four when a man does not even see his nearest neighbor, even though that neighbor lives but a few miles away, so swiftly has one blizzard followed another.

Then it is that the world is indeed white, even to its animal and bird inhabitants. The jack rabbits and cottontails, gray in the summer and autumn, have become dirty white now. The snowshoe rabbit, a bluish color during the warmer months, is often indiscernible at a comparatively short distance, so thoroughly has his coat changed to match his surroundings. The weasel, diving through snowdrifts with almost incomprehensible speed, is no longer the beautiful dun brown of other times. Now he has the habiliment of kings—a beautiful ermine—but his marauding propensities do not change. He is still the killer, still the bloodsucker, still the most defiant and desperate of all small animals. One who watches a weasel in his attacks wonders if there is anything of which he is afraid. Once, in the Cebolla country of Southern Colorado, my pack train stampeded suddenly, as if frightened by something at least the size of a bear, but it was only a weasel on the hunt!

Where the Staff of Life is Hay

Until deep into the winter months does the softness of white continue, only at last to crust, bringing a great change to the high country. The horses, accustomed to pawing the snow for grasses underneath, flock to the feeding pens. The grouse, truly wild birds in other times, now hurry for the haystacks and the neighborhood of the granary, roosting on the heights of the stacks in the knowledge that they mean safety from the attacks of the coyotes which have returned from the low country, and gratefully accepting the advance of man, even to the extent of eating from the hand of a ranchman, from whom they will flee as before a mortal enemy when the summer comes again. Bluejays and magpies afflict the cattle or raid the henroosts, stealing eggs with all the enthusiasm of a degenerate houn' dawg. There is visiting now—even teams and horses and light automobiles can travel over the snow crust. And the housewife finds it easier to hang out her washing upon a clothesline erected some eight feet higher than its usual position in summer. Now she can carry her basket. Before, she has strapped on her skis, and placing her wash basket upon them, has shuffled it about the yard as she hangs out the products of the tub. And after the crust comes hay!

Not in presence, but in absence. War, fire, flood, pestilence and disaster may come to the rest of the world without much interest being given by the ranchman of the high country. There is something far more important—the question of how hay is holding in the community. For upon the supply of hay depends the very life of that region. Here a man has fed his last wisp and his cattle are gaunt-eyed and starving, until, risking snowed-in roads, blizzards, icy stretches along the ridges of mountains, the owner makes his way to another ranch that he may buy the necessities for the welfare of his cattle. Over the static-filled telephone, wherever that phone may run, the listener-in may hear just one question from day to day and week to week, "How's your hay holding?"

For this is the time of the spring blizzards, worst time of all the year in the high country. When the temperature may rise and drop for a range of forty degrees, all within a few hours, or rising, create humidity enough to bring a slanting snow that lasts for days, blocking roads, snowing in men who have been fighting to bring feed to their cattle and sending forth the rescue parties, for now the mountains are in their true rôle of melodrama and true tragedy. I know a woman who, during a March blizzard of three years ago, traveled for four days through the blizzard, and when, at last, arrived at a haven, spent the night with eight other refugees in a cabin which housed the corpses of two persons who had died in that storm—all that she might save the lives of cattle by risking her own. It is of such things that the drama of the high hills is made during the months of white silence, especially in the spring.

That is the time that is feared above all others. Autumn is menacing, winter is cruel, but spring is treacherous. Because of that treachery, a tremendous district—in fact, the whole northwestern portion of Colorado—awoke a few years ago to the realization that it was cut off from civilization. The calendar said that the season was spring—a time of happiness. It was—in other countries. But here the blizzards had come anew. Telegraph wires were down. Telephone communication was impossible. Stores, depleted through the winter months, were faced with the problem of supplying a great community—without the hope of replenishment.

The one railroad, winding its tortuous course over the very crest of the Continental Divide that it might serve this region until the more efficient substitute of a six-mile tunnel through the very heart of the range be completed, was blocked. Driven by a seventy-mile wind, a relentless blizzard which continued day in and day out without abatement, had nullified the every effort of snow-fighting material that is equaled in few parts of America. Snowplows, tremendous Mallet engines, snowsheds, shovelers, working continuously—all had failed. The force of the gale had been fierce enough to drive particles of snow through the two-inch openings at the top of the snowsheds in quantities sufficient absolutely to fill them. The road was blocked, and a region of some twenty thousand square miles was cut off from the world.

Not the Spring the Poets Sing

The cattle died in droves in the three weeks which followed. Parties of rescuers made their slow way from ranch to ranch, gathering supplies where supplies were plenty, and lugging them to where supplies were few. Stores watched their fast-emptying shelves—but the snow still continued. Atop Corona Pass, more than eleven thousand feet above sea level, hordes of men, their faces blackened with engine grease to combat snow blindness, their eyes so cut from flying particles of ice that they were nothing more than blood-red slits in their faces, their lips torn and swollen and bleeding, fought the blizzard and constant danger of death—all, seemingly, to no purpose. A tremendous plow, striving against the hard-piled cakings of drifted snow, summoned every atom of its energy, roared forward, struck the mass, and then, with screeching of rending steel and crashing of impact, smashed down the mountainside, carrying its crew with it.

At another point five Mallet engines, giving their strength of steam to the plow before them, moved slowly toward a tremendous drift, churned through it; then, as the last engine cleared, that drift moved faster and faster into the roaring of a slide which took bowlders, tracks, trees, even a slice of granite from the side of the hill in its swift descent, thundering downward—a million tons of earth and stone and snow—at last to strike a lake, hundreds of feet below, and force its icy content splattering out upon the mountain-sides as a jelly mold would be evicted from a dish.

In the snowsheds the plows crashed and groaned in a steady succession of six-foot attacks—six feet onward, then the sickening swish of slipping wheels, six feet backward so that gas-masked trackmen with pick and bar might clear away the blue-green ice which clung to the rails, and allow a new advance.

In the engine cabs men reeled with the sickening effect of engine gases, some to fall and be dragged from their cabs that others might take their places and, in turn, succumb. And this while the flowers bloomed in lower countries and the world was warm with the breath of spring! Night and day, day and night, advancing only to find that the incessant winds had blocked the rails behind them, necessitating the resumption of tasks already believed completed; day and night, week-end upon week-end. So the struggle continued, fighting forward literally a foot at a time, that the viciousness of the backbone of a continent might be conquered and that people beyond might live.

Then, in the midst of a frigid moonlit night, at the top of the world, the whistles screamed as they have screamed few times in railroading history. The whistles of victory, shrieking their cacophony to the icy hills, there to be echoed and reëchoed from the frigid heights as though in a frenzy of defeat. But the whistles screamed on, as men were screaming—men whose shouts brought new breaks to caked lips, and started the fresh blood flowing down their grimy throats. All night men shouted their joy, while whistles screamed and blasted. For the victory had been won. Of such is the drama of the Rockies sometimes composed, and strong men are required to fill the rôles.

A Tough Time Was Had by All

Even though the filling of that rôle may sometimes be exceedingly thankless. A cow-puncher friend of mine, for instance, received a rather gloomy message one autumn day a few years ago. A storm was brewing atop the Divide, yet his ranchman employer felt it necessary to make the start, regardless, with a bunch of cattle, to be driven over old Rollins Pass to Denver. The pass had not been used in years; the road was gone in many places; in others, the lodgepole and limber pine had been so twisted across the trail as to make progress almost impossible. There was nothing to do but obey, and the cow-puncher did it, carrying with him as a helper a young Missourian who was unaccustomed to the viciousness of the high country.

After toil and trouble and more toil, they made the crest of the continent, only, once there, to find themselves suddenly enveloped in the first blizzard of the winter. The cattle began to stray, necessitating grueling efforts to hold them in check. Night came, closing down upon miserable men and more miserable animals. All through the night and the next day the work continued; cattle were everywhere now. The horses had bolted, fleeing before the icy blast of the gale. The men were on foot and struggling through more than a foot of snow; at last the Missourian dropped from exposure and exhaustion.

There was only one thing to do. The cow-puncher raised his friend to his back and by herculean efforts succeeded in carrying him four miles down the mountainside into a little town. There he left him, and his charges uppermost in his mind, set forth alone to his duties. Another miserable night and day followed, while the blizzard cleared and the cow-puncher rounded up what was left of the live stock. Then, gaunt-eyed, weaving in his saddle, he pursued his journey to market. A short time later I met that cow-puncher's employer in Denver.

"Sure was a tough time Joe had on top of the pass, wasn't it?" I asked him. The ranchman stared.

"Tough time?" he asked. "Tough time? Say, how about me? He lost seven head of my cattle!"

The Choice of the Nation

SOME
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
FACTS

The Pennsylvania Railroad operates twenty-nine thousand miles of tracks covering thirteen states. Fifty-three million people are served by its lines. Every day the Pennsylvania operates thirty-eight hundred passenger trains and three thousand freight trains. It has over two hundred thousand employees. Eighty-eight thousand of them have been with the road ten or more years and forty-three thousand of them for twenty-one or more years. The Pennsylvania carries one hundred and forty million passengers and hauls two hundred and fifty million tons of freight annually.

In its service to the American public, the Pennsylvania Railroad System serves a direct population of over fifty-two millions. It is the keystone of the nation's travel system.

In keeping with its many refinements, the Pennsylvania Railroad serves on its dining cars Heinz Tomato Ketchup and Heinz Chili Sauce. Like the Pennsylvania Railroad, the House of Heinz serves the nation—its products are the choice of those who demand the utmost in purity, cleanliness and taste in foods.

To meet the particular demands of a particular public, other great American railroads, as well as the world's leading hotels, restaurants and clubs, serve these well-known condiments.

SOME
H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
FACTS

There are over three hundred Heinz kitchens and receiving stations throughout the United States and in England, Canada and Spain. The kitchens are located near the garden spots where the best fruits and vegetables grow. Distributing organizations are so placed that fresh from the garden varieties are always instantly available. Hundreds of thousands of acres are devoted to raising fruits and vegetables under Heinz supervision—many grown from pedigreed seed developed by Heinz. Heinz buyers travel to far-off foreign lands to select the best spices for Heinz' use. The 57 Varieties are sold in every civilized country in the world.

PRR

TWO SYMBOLS OF SERVICE

57

WHEN IN PITTSBURGH BE SURE TO VISIT THE HEINZ KITCHENS • H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

HELEN OF THE HUNDRED WAVES

Continued from Page 23

"And if you'd any scrap of gumption in you," said the captain reprovingly, "you'd go and get work to do—you with them shoulders and hind legs what you've got; you'd ought to be lumping cargo, rather than idlin'."

"It is work, you know," said the young man mildly. "Besides, I dare say I shall have to take to lumping cargo, anyhow, sooner or later; people don't seem inclined to let me do as much as I want of the other." He looked unconsciously at the betraying boots.

"Well," observed Griscom patronizingly, "if you want to see the funeral you can look at it with the captain's glass, if he'll lend you one; it'll be passing quite near to the ship. That's the cemetery island out there."

"It's a pretty place; looks like one of those old glass paper weights they're collecting nowadays—blue and green and sparkle, and a lot of little colors set together. Lend the glass, cap, will you, please? What a lot of odd-looking graves!"

"Those are mostly native," explained Griscom, with a slightly weary, entirely proprietorial air. "They put up colored totems, especially for the young men. A lot of young men buried there. Some get killed every year trying to do the Hundred Waves."

"The Hundred—how much? What's it for?"

"Ever been to Penrhyn?"

"Ay, I have"—from the captain. Telford was silent.

"It's the same thing; same kind of reef, you know. A man must prove his manhood by a test—swimming through one hundred of those big breakers without getting pounded to bloody mince on the reef or picked off by sharks. They carry knives; but the sharks sometimes have it, and the reef gets 'em now and again. A big job."

"Rather," breathed Telford, staring at the cruel seas that were handling the ship so unkindly.

"I suppose you wouldn't believe," said Griscom, still with the showman air, "that two white men have done it."

"What? Not that ——"

"The chap I dare say you saw ashore? No, not he. He's not the kind. The old boy who winked out last night was; so was his father. Both of them proved their—I mean, they did it."

"What did they prove?" asked Telford curiously.

"It's nonsense —— The place can't be worked without local labor, and the nigs won't work for anyone who isn't their true chief, so they say; but I lay I'll teach them different." His manners, in the course of talk, were wearing somewhat thin. Telford noticed that his accent had notably coarsened. "There's more ways of killing a dog than choking it with butter," he went on; then checked himself; seemed to remember that his eleven-o'clock drink had been bigger than usual; bridled his running tongue. "Cap," he said, with an abrupt change of subject, "you might signal for a canoe; I've got to go ashore for the funeral."

"Tell the mate," answered the captain roughly. He had but two white officers and a little ship; nevertheless, he was minded to keep his captain's dignity intact.

Griscom grinned a bright good-fellow grin and heaved himself out of his tethered chair. Telford, holding onto a stay, stood by, watching till the canoe came out; till Griscom, who had ostentatiously tied a black ribbon about his sleeve, was paddled perilously ashore over the foaming, unbroken reef; later, till a fine whaleboat, launched on Man-o'-War's far side, swept round the corner and headed out toward the little sparkling island where the dead of Man-o'-War slept their long last sleep.

The captain had gone forward to look at the cables, grumbling the while about—decorated—idlers who thought that star-gazing and scribbling was work for a—decorated—man. Telford was left by himself.

Borrowing the glass once again, he focused it on the whaleboat. Besides the native crew, there were Griscom, a girl and a second white man, who was crouching humped in the stern. Telford, somewhat indignantly, concluded that he was drunk. If he had known Charles Pentecost III for half a lifetime, he could not have made a better guess.

In the midst of the boat, Charles Pentecost II, he who, like his father, had earned the right to control the wild brown folk of Man-o'-War by passing the fearful test of the Hundred Waves, lay covered in black velvet and heaped with flowers, going home.

Eight bells rang sharply from the poop. At the last stroke, the colored cook scrambled painfully aft, carrying a loaded tray. The captain and the mate and bos'n went down into the tiny cabin.

"Aren't you going to have no dinner?" bellowed the captain. Telford shook his head. "We keep nothing for no one," warned the captain, and went below, grinning over the idiocy of scribbler chaps.

Telford for a hundred dinners would not have left his post. It struck him that strange things were happening.

The funeral, seemingly, was over. From behind the island, the whaleboat had shot out again, with her colored crew, with Griscom, and with the pitiful, humped figure of Charles III. But no girl!

Telford climbed up a few yards of the rigging and turned the glass on the island again. Now he could see farther. He could see the roof of a tiny house on the far side—probably some shed where they kept tools. He could see four heaps of white reef coral, raised, no doubt, to mark the graves of Charles I and II, and the latter's two wives—Telford had not traveled a thousand miles by schooner without picking up local gossip and history—but he could see no more.

"That's odd," he thought. He stayed in the rigging a while, watching the whaleboat come back. It went to a spot a mile or two away, where a narrow boat passage had been cut through the reef. Impossible to see farther. Telford dropped to the deck and stood biting his nails and considering.

"Now I wonder ——" he breathed. Suddenly he came to a decision.

"What time do we sail?" he asked the captain, putting his head down the cabin hatch.

"Soon as we get the blighted cargo aboard. The niggers are goin' to turn to, now they've got the old chap underground. When you was moonin' around yesterday, the mate was ashore, too, doin' business. He got the boys to promise they'd give 'im 'is cargo this one time, because the old boy who died, he'd given orders before he winked out.

"By the way, that's a queer thing about the mortgage. I don't wonder at anybody bein' found to have mortgaged any bloomin' thing—lived too long and seen too much for that but Pentecost, he had been down with a paralettic stroke for munce, and he only come round for an hour or so near the end, just enough to send a message to the boys, and then drop off again. Looks to me as if Griscom had settled things so that the family wouldn't know about it till it was too late. Who's to say what happened to the notices? That island, it's a fine little property; best seed coconuts, bar none, in the Pacific; you'll see us take 'em aboard. There's a raft of them coming now. Did y'ever see the like?"

"Never," agreed Telford, leaning over the ship's unquiet rail and watching the raft, skillfully paddled, tilt up and down the furious swells of the reef. Bunches of nuts in the husk, each as big as a horse's head, were tied all over it.

"Are you going ashore?" asked the captain. "Couldn't do better than the raft, if you are; take a shift of clothes with you and you're all right. Don't you forget we sail at six o'clock, if the cargo's aboard, and we won't wait for no one."

A little later, Telford, having shifted out of the wet clothes in which he had crossed the reef, and stayed his hunger with a handful of ship's biscuit, set out for the bungalow and the leaning palm once more. He did not know just what he was going to do; but nevertheless—with teeth set and his big hands clenching tight every time he thought of a certain crisped red head and an active slender figure—he was very sure that he was going to do it.

Crossing the island, he noticed what had escaped his attention before—the amazing size and quality of the nuts that dangled overhead. Clearly, Man-o'-War was one of those rare places where some peculiarity of situation or soil produced, spontaneously, fruits that were golden in value. A gem of an island; an inheritance worth the keeping—and it had not been kept.

Telford, if he was a writer, was a modern writer; no bad business man. He did not doubt that Griscom—the little tin god of a neighboring archipelago—had managed the business of the mortgage legally, even if there had been a bit of sharp practice in keeping the transaction secret. Not there was the puzzle. It lay in the question that had come up more than once on the voyage, when gossip about Man-o'-War had filled many an idle dogwatch—the working of the place.

This was the Western Pacific, where savagery lingered, and superstition could not be left out of account. The people of Man-o'-War, he had heard, were fierce and intractable to all the world save the ruling white family. The Pentecosts had held them, worked them, and kept the place. Imported labor could not keep it; imported labor would—probably—not be allowed even to keep its head. Griscom must know this. What did he mean to do?

Telford could not have told why; but the vision of that whaleboat returning from the island with two white people—two only—kept coming back to him whenever he thought of the matter.

The bungalow stood wide and silent among its surrounding mangoes and red-flowered poinciana trees. The great old palm tree drooped above the sea. There were no gliding fins like little sails in the lagoon today; no green eyes looked up when Telford mounted the leaning trunk and stared down into the water. He had heard the story of the sharks. He didn't believe it, but—well, odder things had happened. . . . Ireland—Viscount Gortmore—the foxes.

He looked down, to see Griscom below him; Griscom, hands in pockets, a long cigar—probably from Pentecost's box—in his mouth; the air of the proprietor upon him stronger than ever.

Telford had the cunning that is part of the true penman. If he wanted to know a thing, he was ready to pay for the knowledge, even if his personal dignity were part of the price.

"Hallo, Griscom!" he hailed the other pleasantly. "Looking over the property?"

"Yes. . . . When does the boat sail?" was Griscom's answer, given with some anxiety.

"Captain says six o'clock. Lots of time." Telford slid down.

Griscom appeared to calculate in his mind. "I dono what he wants to stop till six for," was the result.

"Why, man, to take your cargo on!"

"My cargo—yes." He drew himself up a little straighter. "Fine place—what do you think?"

"I think it's absolutely top hole; you are a lucky beggar."

"Come in and have a drink," was Griscom's immediate response to the flattery. They went. The house, shadowy, rich, scented with sandalwood odors, shot with flickering green light from the lagoon, seemed strangely personal, oddly alive; you would have sworn it felt its emptiness, lay languidly and mourned.

No such subtleties troubled Griscom. He had broken open a handsome Tantalus on the sideboard, and now he poured liberal drinks for himself and Telford. A queer ruffle-headed figure on a sofa, unseen before, suddenly rose up and in thick accents demanded brandy. Griscom carried him a glass.

"Been drunk since the old boy died," he explained, without troubling to lower his voice.

Charles III had been drunk, was drunk; but the half tumblerful that Griscom brought him seemed to clear his head rather than confuse it. You had to know Charles III intimately before you understood the various effects produced on him by whisky, brandy and wine at different stages of intoxication. Perhaps, if Griscom had understood, he would have left Helen Elizabeth's brother lying undisturbed.

Charles finished his drink and set down the glass with a shaky hand. Then he threw his hair out of his eyes—they were good eyes, when you got a chance to look at them—and said, "Where's Hel?"

"I explained to you before," answered Griscom a little too readily, "that Miss Pentecost preferred to remain a day and a night on the island, to carry out the custom of grave watching."

"You told the nigs that," was Charles' answer. "You told 'em because you thought it would tickle them; but it doesn't tickle me. I know Hel. She may have been brought up here at the back of beyond, but she doesn't do nigger-style grave watching."

"Possibly," said Griscom, still very self-possessed, "Miss Pentecost found the news I brought her something of a shock and made an excuse of the usual custom in order to have a little quiet."

Charles' reply was peculiar. With the mists of intoxication falling down upon him again as suddenly as they had lifted, with the glass dropping from his hand and his legs sinking under him, he still found strength to say, "When fellow makes up sentence first and then spits it out—" he paused, struggling; the sofa caught his knees and he dropped back—"fellow's lying," he contrived to say; and then the wave of insensibility caught and flowed over him, and he was once more a dead heap among dead heaps of cushions.

Griscom filled his own glass again and drank it off hastily, setting it down with a bang.

"Come out and have a look at the place, since you admire it," he suggested, still in a hurry.

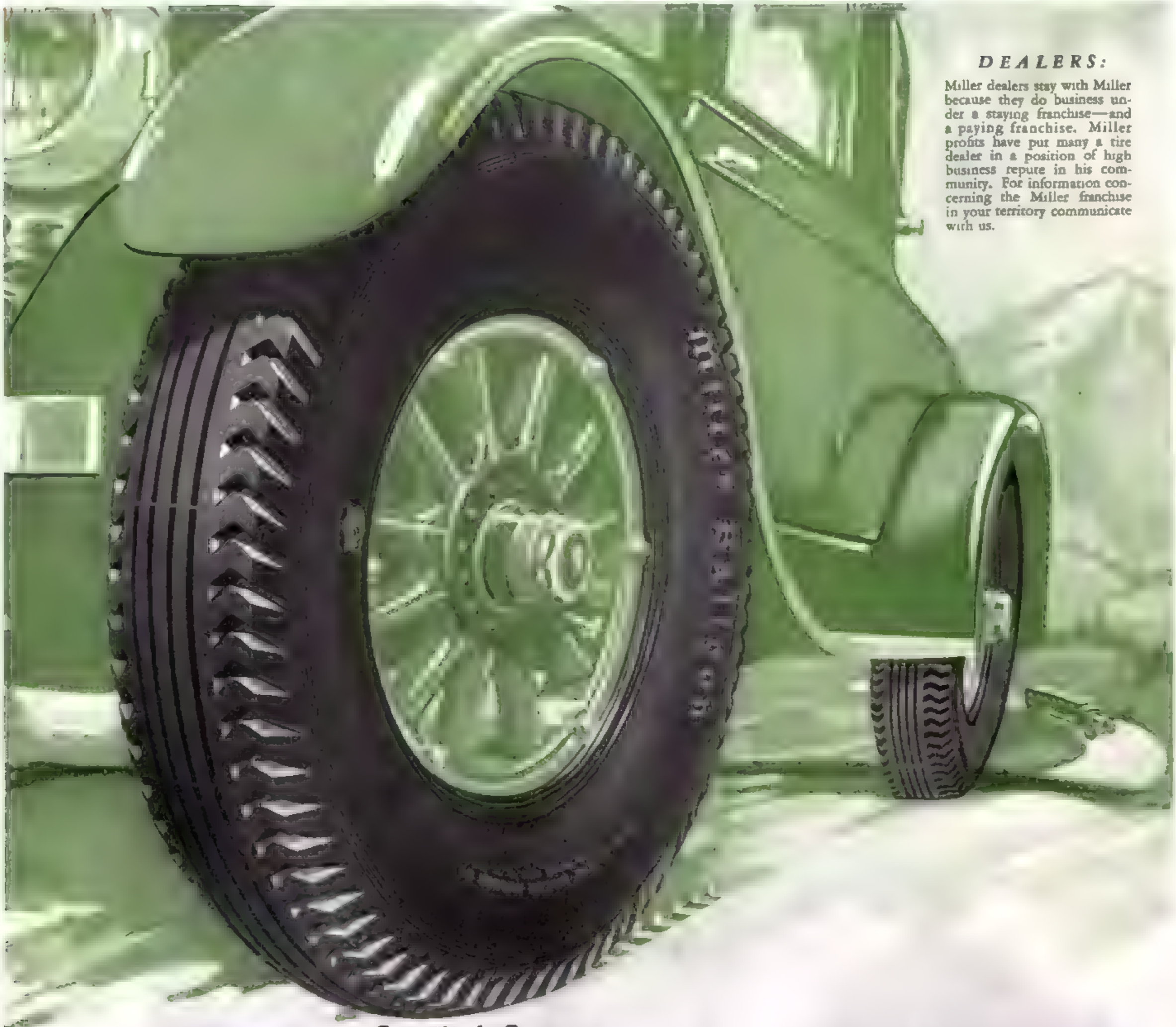
"What about?" wondered Telford.

Whatever it was about, he certainly was hurried or flurried. He kept the visitor going so hard, from new plantation to old plantation, from store sheds to native villages, over crisp yellowy grass full of pink convolvulus blossoms good for curing fever; along blazing white beaches at the back of the island, good for nothing and inhabited by nobody—that Telford could not find a fair chance to put the questions seething in his mind. After all, he reflected, it would be no good. Half-drunk Charles III was right; this man was a liar.

"Nevertheless," he thought, "I don't sail tonight unless I see that girl. Yes, there's a hut—I dare say water and all that—and I dare say she might feel like stopping away from Griscom till the boat sails. All fits well too well—too damned well. I might have imagined it and put it on paper myself. Life doesn't fit like that—life's ragged edges. I ought to know, I who trim them off!"

It was going on toward sunset now, and Telford bethought him that the schooner must be near departure. Almost by force,

Continued on Page 113



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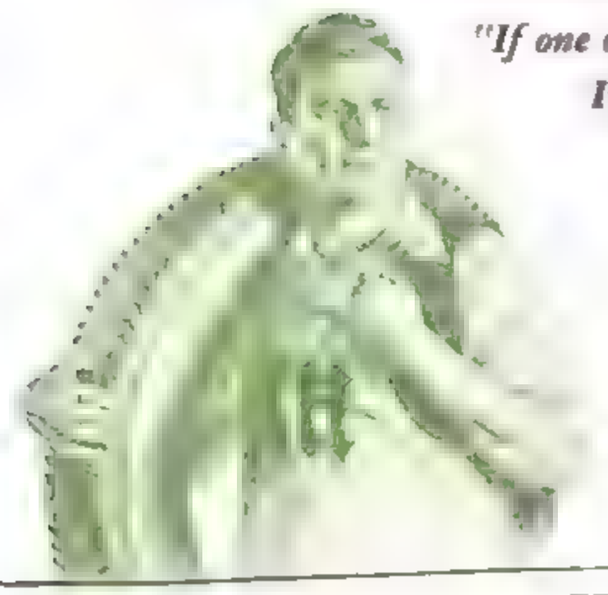

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(Continued from Page 108)

he turned the other man away from the far side of the island and urged him back through the mature, magnificent plantation put down by Charles II, through the spindling, hoary groves that Charles I had set, down to the windward beach again. You had to anchor on the windward side, because there was no holding ground on the other; that was one reason why ships made the briefest of calls. With sundown, the southeast trade—it being August—was blowing up furiously. Cold was growing the blue of the scilla-colored sea; sharper than ever ran the long ruled lines of the waves; louder, more threatening rose the cry of the reef. Sea birds—namesakes of the island, they—were planing and darting about above the water. Following them with his eye, Telford caught a glimpse of something else—something that wrenched a sudden surprised exclamation from him.

"They're there!" he said. "Look—look!"

The sharks, indeed, were there, pricking the wide stretch of water between the death island and the mainland of Man-o'-War, with dark gliding points of many fins.

So absorbed was he in watching them that, for a moment or two, he did not notice the extraordinary effect that the sharks—or something in their neighborhood—seemed to have had upon his companion. Griscom was staring, with his lips drawn in on the teeth like a man in agony; his hands beat restlessly at his sides; he uttered, explosively, a curse that was half a cry.

"What's eating you?" demanded Telford, turning round. Then he saw what was eating Griscom, and shouted out himself.

"It's the girl!"

It was the girl—far out among the awful breakers, fighting to land. And in an instant, Telford, as if he had known her a year and talked to her a hundred times, knew what she was doing—meant to do. She, a woman, young and slight for all the wiry strength that he suspected she possessed, was attempting the terrible feat of the Hundred Waves.

And she meant to do it—if she could—in order to gain the right to hold and rule the island of Man-o'-War.

"But but," stammered Telford to himself, "it isn't theirs. It's —— The sharks will get her if the reef doesn't! Where's the raft? Where are the canoes?"

There was a canoe on the beach; a native of the island, dark, sinister, puff-headed like an adder, at work on it. Both men ran to him, one ordering, the other begging, that he should take the little craft out at once. The native barely looked at them; he shook his head.

"I not go," he persisted. "No good 'top someone he do dat Hund'ed Wave. No luck. Too late anyhow. Close up come."

"Can you paddle a canoe?" screamed Griscom, who seemed to have lost his head. "I never thought she'd—I never dreamed—the sharks will have her—the ——"

"I can't—for nuts. And I swim about twenty yards and go down," answered Telford dismayedly.

The native went on mending his canoe, glancing now and then at the sea. Telford thought wildly of beating him into compliance, though he knew well the man was right. There were scores of other natives now, gathered among the palms, waiting.

It seemed there was nothing to do but wait. If ever Telford prayed, he prayed then. For it was, indeed, the girl with the red hair, and she was like to be pounded to raw mincemeat in another few minutes among the knives and spears of the inner reef—unless, which was likely, the sharks got her first. It seemed impossible they should not; the sea was prickled with them. And yet

Telford's mind was clearing, as it always cleared in moments of danger. Feeling disappeared in the stress of the moment. He recognized with cool certainty one outstanding fact—the girl knew what she was about. Else, she had surely not selected a course that took her so far from the schooner as to preclude all possibility of help. That thought had been one of the first to glance through his mind, and the first to be discarded.

She was not making for the schooner. She was making across a mile and a half of breakers, nearly every one of which had to be dived through, to the point on which he and the waiting natives stood—no doubt, the traditional landing place.

He watched her; saw with relief that the dangerous feat was three parts over.

One could see her clearly now—catch the flashing glint of her arms every time she dived through a mighty glass-green comber and came up, after a breath-stopping interval, on the other side. One could realize that there was, actually, nothing to be done. The ship couldn't help—the canoe couldn't. Long before it could be paddled out—even if there had been anyone to paddle—Fates' die would have fallen one way or the other. She was nearing the inner reef now; the sharks, miraculously, had not touched her. If she could win through that hell of roaring surf, avoid the cruel spears of coral that had taken many a strong man's life, she would be safe.

He was conscious, dimly, of other things going on round him; of a subdued wild chanting from the natives; of Griscom's half-hysterical exclamations—the man seemed near crying—of the schooner captain's appearance close at hand. He saw the sailor nimbly climb a palm and cling to the top of it, looking out to sea. He heard his comments below.

"She'd oughtn't to be allowed, the little 'ussy. Blazes, see her go through that one! She's no girl she's a fish! If she was mine, I'd I'd —— She's 'ypnotizing them sharks; they'd ought to have had her eat ten times over. A white woman, too, with a white skin! Talk of skin, she's doin' it in her skin, or you may call me a Dutchman. Well, she couldn't do it no other way. If she'd any scrap of sense about her, she wouldn't be doin' it at all. But see her! She done that beautiful! She went back five blanky times, and took the blanky sixth wave, she did. She's—she's over! Well, you may call me a blanked Dago, and a blanked dirty Finn, too, if I ain't glad! She's just lyin' down in the still water to rest 'erself. She must be clean done out. What's she —— Well, if I ever—if I never did ——"

He fell silent, his voice trailing away in an accent of naïve disappointment. Telford, afterward, wondered uncomfortably if he hadn't felt just the same when he realized what the indomitable Helen Elizabeth was really doing.

Distant some hundreds of yards from the waiting line of natives and the three white men, she had crossed the perilous bar, and sunk down, exhausted, in the quiet shallows beyond. When she arose, after a brief rest, and a minute of slow gliding about the shallows, apparently in search of something, she was clad as a mermaid of old-time legend might have been—in ocean weeds.

There is a weed in Pacific waters that seems to be made for just such uses; a deep fringe set upon a line of slippery, tough cord. Helen Elizabeth had torn off some yards of this stuff, wound half of it round her waist, the rest about her shoulders, and stepped forth completely clad. The cloak of crinkled dark-red hair, which she had loosed from its tight braid, allowing it to fall about her body down almost to her knees, was too wet to be of use in the same fashion as Godiva's of ingenious memory; but she may have thought it looked well—as it certainly did.

In the westering light, she waded slowly ashore, her pale limbs trailing, tired, through the wide shallows of the lagoon. She was not too tired, however, to draw herself together with all the dignity that five-feet-two and a dress of seaweed could command, when she reached the spot where the white men waited her. Ignoring, as if they did not exist, the captain and Telford, she addressed herself to Griscom alone.

"You made my brother drunk," she said. "You locked me up on the island. You meant to keep me there till the ship had sailed, and you said—didn't you?—that you'd find ways and means to make me marry you! Well, find them! Keep me shut up! You're a nice sort of villain, you who never thought that there were tools in the house and a sand floor to dig through. Why, I could make a better villain than you out of a coconut on a stick!"

She stopped a moment, short of breath; it was plain to see that she was still very, very tired. In the interval, Telford stripped his coat off his broad back and wrapped it round the little creature and her weeds. The girl caught her breath, flung him a glance compounded of he knew not what—but it was a heady brew—and went on:

"I suppose you reckoned the sharks would keep me where I was. So they'd have kept anyone—anyone but me, you Griscom!" She made the name sound like an insult every time she used it. "I knew those sharks had other business. They came for his death. They wouldn't touch me—I knew. Anyway, I tried, and I did something else, trying; and if my brother can't ever work this island, because he can't be chief, I'm chief now, and don't you forget it!"

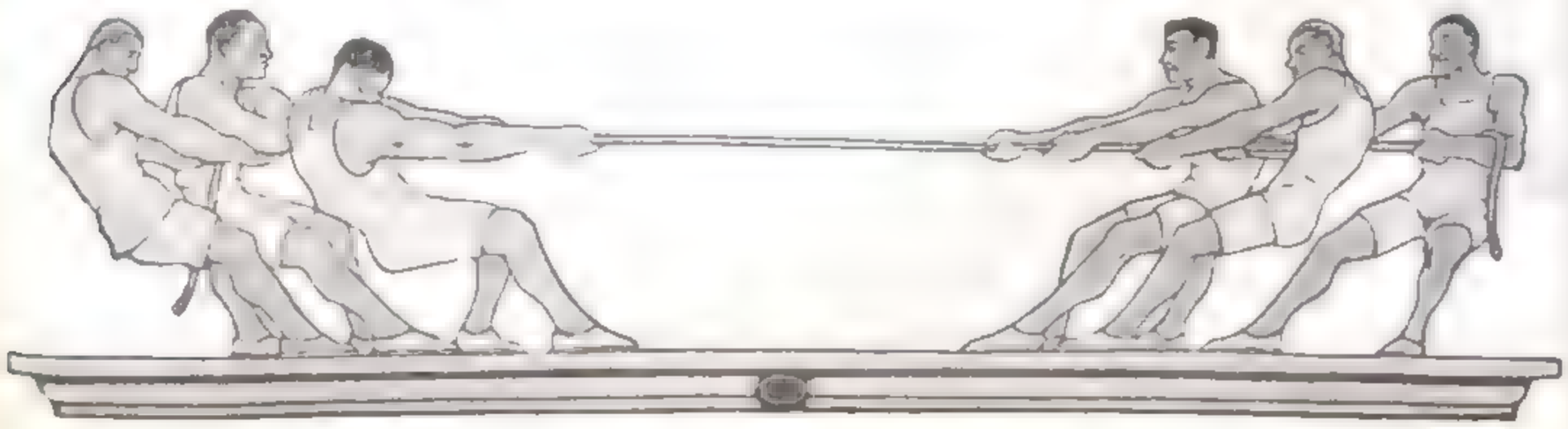
She turned with a superb gesture toward the waiting savages. They seized her in their arms, tossed her high in the air, and shouting, bore her to the house by the leaning palm.

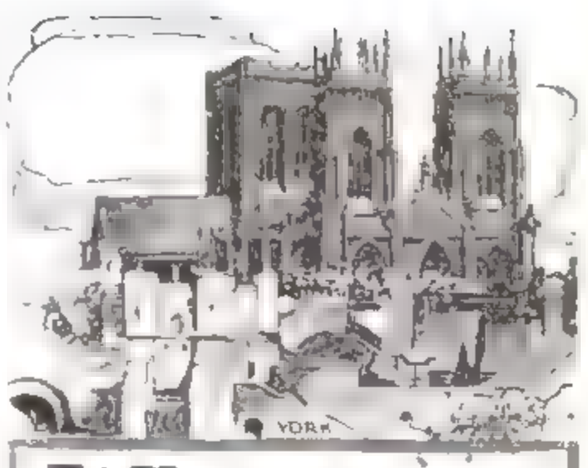
The schooner sailed after sundown. With her went Telford, and—for the time—Griscom, the new owner of Man-o'-War. Behind stayed Charles III, soberer than usual, and the new chief, Helen Elizabeth.

"I suppose you realize," said Charles, looking at his empty glass, "that we don't own a stick or a stone about the place."

"I do," answered Helen Elizabeth. "I realize more than that. You and I will have to turn out and seek our fortunes—but we'll come back."

Editor's Note—This is the first of six stories by Beatrice Grimshaw. The second will appear in an early issue.





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Glistening teeth and healthy gums, according to many authorities, follow as a natural result when film is removed daily this way.

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Thus there was a universal call for an effective film-removing method. Ordinary brushing alone was often found ineffective. Now two effective combatants have been found, approved by high dental authority and embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

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Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then it thoroughly removes film in gentle safety to enamel.

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No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those in Pepsodent.

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PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

LABORERS EAST AND WEST

(Continued from Page 14)

pictures between the massive carved and scarred posts that towered from the corners of the bed's foot. The tenement where the Bianso family lived was a Colonial house built early in the eighteenth century.

The Biansos lived in the old kitchen. The walls were covered, but the huge summer beams of the ceiling were bare. What stories the venerable smoky wood could have told the Italian child, John Bianso! What talk it had heard in its youth; what human bits of American history it must have witnessed! Perhaps some rebel leader once found refuge here from the redcoats. Perhaps at that very fireplace some patriotic dame melted her beloved pewter into bullets for the Continental Army and then said farewell to her soldier sons at that very door. Here, certainly, every important event of the nation's history had been gossiped about and argued over as it was happening.

But no such American ghosts haunted little John Bianso. Between the posts he saw pictures of sunny vineyards, of narrow streets where people in bright clothes were dancing and singing, of a mountain that puffed smoke and sometimes clouded the sky with fire. As he drowsed on through the day and grew hungrier John looked forward to the evening, when his father and some countrymen would come in with a bag of coal picked up in the railroad yards, and would huddle around a small fire and call themselves slaves.

John believed them as they believed the agitators. In America was a terrible devouring ogre—Capitalism! It made slaves of fathers and kept little boys from having enough to eat. At the beginning of every strike papa promised that this time the ogre would be killed. But in the end papa would always give up his fine hopes in the agitators, call them traitors and go back to the shoe factory.

Little John Bianso always saw the shoe factory as a wonderful place. When papa went to it every morning, there was coal for the fire, spaghetti for the table and stockings for his feet. But every winter the capitalist class would make a slave of papa and force him to leave the wonderful shoe factory. Often, after listening to his mother's folk tales and fairy stories, John dreamed of slaying the terrible American ogre when he grew up, so that papa could work at the wonderful shoe factory all of the time and there would always be coal for the fire and spaghetti for the table.

An Unusual Education

But at the age of ten, when he was beginning his fourth year at school, the making of a new New Englander from John Bianso was already well begun. Not that he was inspired to dream grandly by the poor-boy-to-President stories which he learned at school. John possessed none of the gifts that are necessary for grand success. But he did belong to a type among the children of immigrants that was adaptive, keen and energetic. So to him, as to the average American boy, the poor-boy-to-President stories were just good stories and no more. Not thrilling and exciting, like the tabooed stories about desperadoes and Indian fighters in a wild part of America called the Far West; not so absorbing as the adventures of whaling which he often heard from other boys and sometimes from old whalers themselves; but pretty good yarns anyway, and lots easier to learn than multiplication.

Unconsciously, just as he learned American speech and forgot much of his Italian, John acquired a store of live American pictures that crowded out the childish dream pictures of a sunny land over the sea. When he thought of his future he would see himself as a cowboy, or as a locomotive engineer, or as a harpooner giving a fighting sperm whale his death stroke. Often he resented with his fists the characterization of himself as a "wop," a "guinea," or a "Dago." But unconsciously he began to resent the attempts of the older generation to transplant the life of the old country to New England soil. And in the strike times, instead of hating the American ogre, John Bianso forgot it in his envy of the Yankee carpenter's son's stout shoes and heavy overcoat

At fifteen John finished the eighth grade. His parents had allowed him an unusual schooling, and now he was expected to go to work in a textile mill and turn over his earnings to the family. But John rebelled. The flood of immigration was at high tide, despite the slavery to which the agitators declared the immigrant workers were subjected. John was now conscious of a regard for these newcomers as foreigners. Just as his body had developed in harmony with the New England climate, his mind had taken on the character of the life it had breathed in school. His sympathies and prejudices were those of the Yankee carpenter's son. He didn't dream of becoming a senator or a banker, but he didn't intend to be a textile worker or a ditch digger either. A carpenter, he knew, made high wages, belonged to a union that didn't call strikes in the wintertime, and was treated with respect by everybody. So young John Bianso decided to become a carpenter and get out of the textile mills at the first chance.

Helping to Build the Town

Months passed, however, and the chance for an apprenticeship appeared no brighter than ever. The longer he was kept in the textile mills the more John felt his oats and the stronger became his determination to break away from the machine labor. At last he was offered an apprenticeship by a plumber. John accepted it, though he regarded plumbing as much lower than carpentering and his parents thought it the creation of the devil.

At twenty-one John Bianso was a full-fledged plumber and enamored of his trade. It was already past carpentering in importance. Steam heat and palatial bathrooms had become the ideal of the American householder. This householder would usually boast of his handiness with a saw and hammer, but he always faced the grand new mysteries of the plumbing trade with awe. Accepting the industrial ideas and terms of his time, John Bianso regarded himself as still being a member of the working class. Among the shoemakers, textile workers and ditch diggers of Little Italy he concealed the superiority that he felt in his trade. They were his countrymen, his brothers—his fellow workers. He was a skilled laborer, but still a workingman.

So John Bianso wore overalls to work and carried a shiny square tin lunch pail with a coffee-cup turret on its lid. When he dolled up to go to dances, the vaudeville, the burlesque or the opera, he wore what was then called a "hand-me-down suit." The dances were in rickety halls. Beer and wine flowed and knives often flashed. At the opera John shouted his "Bravos!" from the gallery. In much of his leisure time he loafed and drank around the corner saloon, where agitators and alcohol created sobs for the oppressed working class and curses for the capitalists. Only at the Italian-American Republican Club did he lose the sense of class consciousness. There he associated with other skilled laborers, and with business and professional men of Italian birth or parentage. There he would lose the sense of being a particle in an enslaved mass, and there he first caught a genuine vision of a new New England created from a merger of new conditions with old traditions. He learned that he was "helping to build up the town," and he saw more significance in his job than its easy work and high wages.

And now on his evenings at home the usual reminiscences about the beautiful life of the old country and the complaints against American slavery were silenced by John's descriptions of how the old Partlett mansion on the Drive was being made modern, by his accounts of the Saturday afternoon games between the Braves and the Giants, and by his contemptuous references, as a prominent member of the Italian-American Republican Club, to his father's weakness for socialistic oratory. He'd heard that a new uplift organization called the Industrial Workers of the World had come to New England to free the textile-mill and shoe-factory slaves.

Probably papa would join this I. W. W., also, and the Republican plumber son would have to see the family through another winter strike. Why didn't papa move over to the big shoe town where the workers themselves kept the agitators kicked out? There the workers got along without so much trouble and were prosperous. Many of them had homes with modern plumbing. He had helped to install the fixtures in some new houses for workers himself. Over there they had sense enough to keep working all winter and to vote for the protective tariff. What is the protective tariff? Papa should join the club. Then he would learn that without the protective tariff he would be as badly off as a laborer in Italy. "—— that's what I said. Don't try to tell me about the old country. Why, over there they are five hundred years behind the times in their plumbing!"

But John's father was too old and too set in his ways to change. There were scores of factory towns in New England where labor troubles were almost unknown, but the agitators never mentioned them, and the newspapers and magazines were silent about them too. The town where the Biansos lived was one of the celebrated industrial battlegrounds of New England. The industrious, peace-loving laborers shunned it. For here it was strike every winter, with immigrants swarming in to take the strikers' jobs and then striking themselves.

A New Light

Immigration increased. Labor battles raged more fiercely every winter in the trouble centers to which alien laborers were drawn like steel shavings to magnets. In 1912 the I. W. W., then at the peak of its growth, flamed in the news from Lawrence, Massachusetts, to the lumber towns of Washington. Swarms of cart-tail orators and soap-box messiahs plagued the land. The poor immigrants were blamed for the pestilence. The thousands of mills, factories, lumber camps and harvest fields where all was peace were not featured in the news. No one heard of the tens of thousands of John Biansos. In 1912 the newspaper headlines informed the American public that 23,000 Industrial Workers of the World were on strike in Lawrence. One year later all but 700 of this host were disillusioned and had abandoned their red cards. But such an unsensational sober fact had little news value among the hair-raising stories that were coming from new centers of labor trouble. The American public itself began to see red and talked of a revolution of its own—the restriction of immigration. The American-born John Biansos were looked upon as aliens and revolutionists simply because they had black eyes, olive skins and coaly hair. Class conflict was casting its most threatening shadow when war blazed in Europe.

The war threw a new light over the life of New England's foreign population. John Bianso's father no longer lamented his slavery as he talked before the fire; he recalled how his father had fought for liberty under Garibaldi, and denounced Italy's alliance with Germany and Austria. Never would good Italians march into battle beside the accursed Austrians. They would fight against the old enemy. Soon we

(Continued on Page 117)

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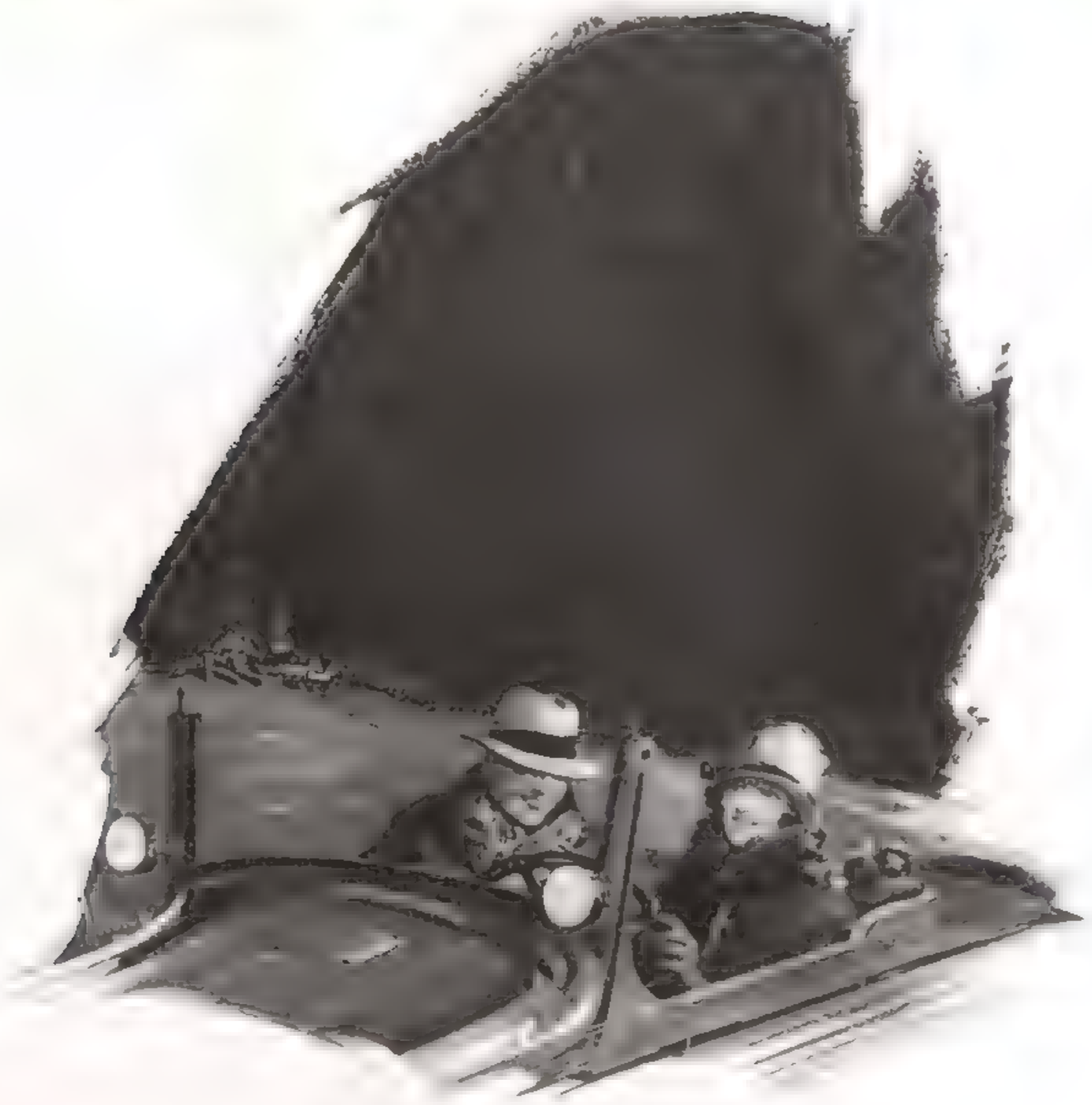

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THE twinkling lights of another town just ahead . . . a full thousand miles of joyous, care-free exuberation behind . . .

A thousand miles of every kind of roadway imaginable . . . of bumpy, worn-out asphalt . . . broken down concrete . . . rut-creased desert sand . . . mountain corduroy . . . bumpy loam . . . sun-baked, wheel-cut clay . . . wicked fresh-laid gravel . . . cobble stones . . . of boulevard macadam . . .

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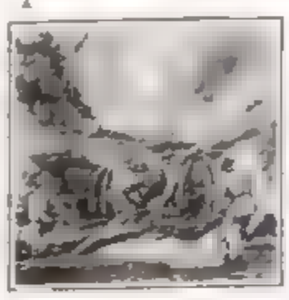

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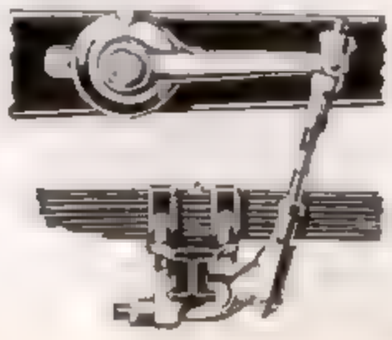

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(Write name and address in margin below)

(Continued from Page 115)

should see. As for those Socialists and syndicalists—bah! Blind fools with milk in their veins who were trying to halt the great liberation war of Europe.

John and his brother should go whenever Italy entered the war on the side of England and France—but here John interposed hotly with quotations from the oratory he had heard at the Italian-American Republican Club. He was an American and he would fight only for America; he belonged to the nation of Lincoln, not to the nation of Garibaldi, and he would go to war under Old Glory. One of the comrades, who had dropped in to call himself a slave for an hour before the fire, sneered at the idea of calling this banner of the capitalist class "Old Glory."

Papa sneered with him until the comrade began to denounce the French Socialists for not leading the people to revolt against the defense of their country. Then papa gestured and shouted in such a fervor of disagreement that the comrade speedily departed, and papa and John resumed their argument about their loyalties to the old country and the new.

In every center of immigrant population there was this three-sided fight after 1914. The ever-weakening revolutionary element denounced all the warring countries; most of the older generation burned with hopes and fears for the endangered homeland; and the younger generation—the American born—followed Roosevelt in his attacks on the radical pacifist and the hyphenate.

The Dawn of the Silk-Shirt Era

The younger generation won, for the flood of immigration was reduced and the factories and mills of New England were running night and day to fill war orders. The striped dawn of the silk-shirt era of American labor began to glow. As its brilliance increased, the clouds of class conflict faded.

Laborers stuck to their big-money jobs, started savings accounts, bought phonographs and royal raiment, and deserted the corner saloons for the movies and Sunday flivvering. The merger of the working class with the accursed capitalist class was on its way.

Though they yelled themselves hoarse and ran themselves ragged, the poor cart-tail orators and soap-box messiahs could not halt the heartbreaking event. The oppressed slaves persisted in sticking to their jobs at wages that matched the incomes of small capitalists. Instead of gathering in dark, secret halls to celebrate the glory of the red dawn in Russia, they rushed with roars of joy to greet the dazzling morning of the silk-shirt era. The downtrodden working class jammed the movie theaters at night, it swamped department stores, tailor shops and automobile show rooms on Saturday afternoons; and what was worse, when America entered the war, it became so perverted that it turned patriotic. Many a cart-tail orator trustfully got himself into jail in the hope that the Biansos and the erstwhile easily led fathers of the Biansos would soon deliver him and lift him to power and glory as a hero martyr of the cause. But the fathers of the Biansos bought Liberty Bonds, while thousands of Biansos at Camp Devens drilled and crabbed in the immemorial fashion of the soldier, then sailed overseas, fought with the spirit of '76, and returned, not to mere jobs and wages, but to the life of small capitalists.

The New Capitalist

John Bianso was now consciously American. He had seen for himself the old lands which he had heard so much about in his boyhood, and he was fed up. No more tenement life for him either. He married and moved from the old industrial battleground to the big shoe town. He used his savings to make a first payment on a $6000 house that had steam heat and a glittering modern bathroom. He bought a six-cylinder automobile and went to work.

John Bianso was now consciously a capitalist. He realized that over at the towering shoe factories were thousands of other men who were capitalists, too; their automobiles covered acres of the streets and the factory grounds; and they owned savings accounts, Liberty Bonds, insurance policies, and deeds for homes; but only a few of the most skilled among them had incomes equaling that of John Bianso, plumber. On this account, John Bianso must drive a better car and live in a finer house than the average factory worker, just as this factory worker must drive a car and live in a house or an apartment, while the newly arrived immigrant who was digging in a ditch for the gas company must ride on a street car and live in a tenement.

There was the heart of the change which cloistered radicals, college sociologists and other uplifters have failed to discover. They are the only ones who still use the term "working class." It is as dead as the tremendous whiskers of Karl Marx; but on a sadder and more idealistic day it squeezed out the tears; so one clings sentimentally to the treasured old phrase. To speak or write of oppressed plumbers, enslaved tin roofers, or downtrodden icemen would make one ridiculous. And though one may bear abuse meekly and welcome

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martyrdom ardently, it is unbearable when one is laughed at in one's self-sacrificing endeavors to lead humanity upward and onward.

There was a time in the period of reconstruction when the agitators and uplifters left their crying rooms and hoped again. Deflation clouded the sky and there were a few rumbles and strokes of the old-time labor troubles. But prosperity shone again and the merger of the classes continued. In every industry specialization in the trades was more sharply defined. When restriction of immigration went into effect, common labor itself took on a higher tone. Laborers on construction work became various kinds of helpers. The automobile repair shop housed a dozen different specialists. Even farm laborers began to specialize, and the master of the milking machine and the tractor driver held themselves strictly above the harvest hand.

Today John Bianso is irrevocably a plumber. His home is paid for, he is driving his third six-cylinder car since the war, he spends as much for luxuries as for necessities, he is as American as the hot dog. He is a respected member of the one great American class. He is a new New Englander, no longer a menace to the American standard of living, but an upstanding citizen of the section that cradled American ideals. Such is the story of John Bianso, one that could be matched over and over in any American center of immigrant population.

Every one of these centers has its success stories, of course; the accounts of ambitious and gifted young immigrants and immigrants' sons who climbed to the top ranks of American life. In the town where John Bianso was born, one educated himself in chemistry and mechanical science and became a millionaire through his inventions. In the same town two Greek brothers started as common laborers in a shoe factory, saved their money as they slowly worked their way to the top, and finally began the successful operation of a factory of their own.

But the price of success is responsibility, and most men will avoid responsibility if they can get comfort and security otherwise. And now when any American may have security, comfort and many luxuries besides from the mere investment of the labor of his hands, the old American glories of success do a fade-out. We must pay for everything we secure, of course, and we have paid something for the elimination of the old class barriers.

Because of his possessions, his pride of rank, and his vast self-content, the average American has lost his awe for those individuals who live meagerly off their learning. The artist, the professor, the editor, the lecturer, the doctor, the lawyer, the congressman, and often even the judge no longer own his reverence. Once John Bianso was thrilled to his toes when some candidate for the board of aldermen or the legislature addressed the Italian-American Republican Club. Today he hardly troubles to vote. Refusing to be led into radical racial or labor movements, he now ignores the leadership sanctioned by the ballot. His possessions have made a materialist of him, and he sees American prosperity as due only to management and labor in industry and the trades.

In Brockton, Massachusetts, the shoemakers and their families turn out in a tumultuous celebration of Citizenship Day. Thirty thousand men, women and children of twenty different nationalities heartily applaud the Americanization orations. It is an inspiring sight, this demonstration of patriotism by the foreign born and their sons and daughters. But the mark is totally missed if the demonstration is regarded as the expression of a group or a class. For the matter-of-fact truth turn to the individuals in the crowd. Here are men who earn from thirty-five to seventy dollars a week at piece work. They have known no labor battles with their employers since the war, though Brockton is the shoe city of New England. They all wear royal raiment. Their wives wear satin and silk. Diamonds flash from scarfs and fingers. Every child is lusty and well-fed. Here is a man who has worked in one factory for sixteen years. He owns a home valued at $6800 and his family of five rides luxuriously in a big sedan. Here is another who drives a $2000 car and whose home cost $3000.

Let him visit the factories during the working hours and see the acres of parked cars, follow the stream of them when the day is done, and even a college sociologist will see that these two examples are average ones of the men who have had the capital of their labor invested for five years or more at Brockton. The real reason they celebrate is because they can afford it so well. Materialism is a fearful word to utter in the land of Emerson and Amos Bronson Alcott. But it is certainly New England industry which has been the greatest force in uplifting its immigrants and Americanizing them. It has made their labor an investment of capital which assures them of the material benefits the immigrants of other days dreamed about.

Through the materialism of industry the old class barriers have been destroyed and ranks based upon efficiency and skill have been established.

Every worker now has a great deal more to lose than his chains. And far more inspiring to the Americanism of John Bianso than the fine ideals expressed in speeches are his modern house, his automobile, his radio, his graphophone, his upholstered furniture, his evenings at the movies, his tailored clothes, his summer week-ends in the White Mountains, his wife's vice presidency in the Parent Teachers' Association, his membership in the Elks, his bank book, his share in the new community hotel, the privileges and the usufructs of his rank as a veteran plumber.

Is a man with such possessions anything like the pitiful wretch who has always been pictured as the typical member of the working class? Then so's your old banker. Here is a new New Englander. Here is a man of respected rank in the all-embracing American capitalist class.

CHARIVARI

(Continued from Page 7)

His hearer murmured that she had personally known several women of the stage who managed to retain a certain amount of decency.

"But they were not Basque," replied the shoemaker conclusively. "Ours is not the temperament phlegmatic. . . . She would have done well never to return to us. *Lo bas*, where so many are wicked, one more or less may pass; but with us, you comprehend, sin is more visible.

"The Spanish husband never accompanied her here. There were other men; *ah, oui*, you may be sure!—women, too, of a sort. Ladies of fashion, in immodest dress, bare arms and bosoms, paint on the mouth, the ear lobes, the finger tips; persons from the stage, eyes rolling, hips rolling—what neighbors for an honest cobbler!" Lastra had evidently enjoyed them very much. "Carriages dashing to and fro at all hours, cavalcades; shouts of laughter coming out of the windows, singing —— Have I told you the little Pilar sang as exquisitely as she danced? One could not sleep for listening. And cards were played there, as in a casino; not our own simple *mus* or *la manille*, at which one loses no more than a few sous of an evening, but the *rouge-et-noir*, the baccarat. I myself have seen there a table of those little imitations of horses which go round and round, losing a fortune for some *malheureux* at every turn. She never troubled to draw the curtains or to close the shutters, that one! All were as welcome to watch as they were to enter; what is pleasure, she would say, if we do not share it with our friends?

"One saw there frequently not only the *habitues*—monsieur the notary, Pedro Urruty, who was then a widower, the young Etcheverray, Comte des Luynes, who could not keep away, although madame his mother raged like a tigress—but youths from the village, less accustomed to the vices of the world, excited with wine and with other things. The son of Olhaiby the blacksmith, for example—that foolish Hercule—who sat at table with Madame Pilar behind him, leaning her bare arm across his shoulders as she taught him how to play. And he was so dazed by the honor of it, and by the loveliness and the perfume of her, that had she told him to fling his immortal soul upon that table he would have watched the croupier rake it in with pleasure. When she left, young Olhaiby left also, taking with him all the savings of his mother. You may conceive the sentiments of the Olhaiby toward Madame Pilar!"

Emily asked an odd question: "But was it Pilar's fault that this young man followed her?"

The cobbler replied severely, "Should she have leaned across his shoulders with the bare arm?" And Emily had to admit that a sleeve might have bettered matters.

"But there, she knew no more of modesty, that one, than a wild bird!" sighed Lastra. "Modesty is perhaps a thing that must be taught, and who was to teach her? Certainly not that shameless *vieux rossignol*, her father! Early in the morning she would often step out on her balcony yonder to salute the hills—she had a great devotion for our mountains—dressed, if madame will believe me, in nothing save the *chemise de nuit!* Ah, but it was unmistakable—little ruffles at neck and wrist, the hair *décoiffée*, the feet, bare and pink below, for all the world to see. And often, catching my eye upon her (quite by accident, of course) she would call out some pretty foolishness. Once it was 'Ah, my Lastra, so early at your needle? Never mind; in heaven it is you who shall sleep all day, while we others make shoes for your poor feet to dance in.'"

"And what would you reply to the pretty foolishness?"

Emily leaned so confidentially across his door that the cobbler found himself answering out of the heart: "I would reply, 'Good morning, little lovely one. If it were always for your exquisite feet that a man made the *espadrilles*, he would be willing to sew throughout eternity!'"

"Bravo, Monsieur Lastra!" said Emily quite warmly. She felt a curious sympathy for this disarming siren who practiced her friendly wiles on prince and peasant alike, this lost enchantress of an earlier day whose very name made music on the ear; Pilar de Maytie, of the family Bikavoia, of the House Ducontentia. "I can see that your little lovely one was a somewhat disturbing element in the community, however."

"*N'est-ce pas?*" said the *cordonnier* with feeling. "*Ça c'est son métier!*"

At last, it appeared, even the priest became anxious about the frivolities of the House Ducontentia, although its mistress went regularly enough to the mass. He spoke to her reprovingly.

"He was young then, like we others, and most severe. But she? She called him her charming little conscience, and kissed him on the cheek—conceive the sacrilege, madame! The women in a body complained to the alcalde, who went to remonstrate—and remained to dine. Never, he told us afterward, was such a menu this side of paradise—the alcalde of that time being a

(Continued on Page 120

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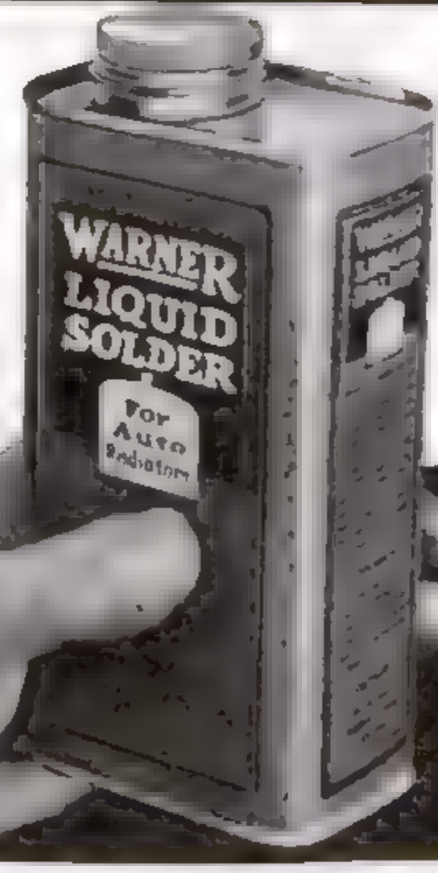

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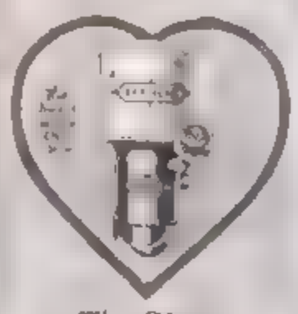

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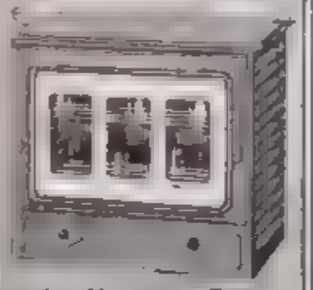

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(Continued from Page 118)

person of a certain *goût*, and fat. In the end her conduct became so irregular that there was nothing for it but the charivari."

His listener gave an exclamation. She had heard of this harmless seeming but most effective punishment meted out to citizens whom Basques find undesirable.

"All one night, the next day, the next, and the next and the next—for nearly a week it lasted, constantly, without pause. Drums beating, horns blowing, scraping of fiddles out of tune, a donkey to bray when the tail was twisted—never for an instant, day or night, did the noises cease beneath her window. When some tired, others took their place—*ah, oui*, madame, I at last with the rest!" sighed the cobbler apologetically. "At sound of such constant noise one excites oneself as with wine; it is a sort of frenzy."

At first Pilar had tried to make a jest of it, he said; came to the balcony and bowed elaborately and threw kisses, as from a stage to an audience. When they flung missiles at her—vegetables and bits of mud—she caught them, laughing, and threw them back—threw them straight and hard. "Ah, but what a beautiful *pelota* she would have played had God but made her a boy!"

Once she sent servants out with refreshment, in case her friends wearied in their entertainment—a gallant irony which touched some kindred strain in the woman who heard about it. Once she tried to make them a serious speech, but who would listen?

In the end the heavy wooden shutters were drawn close, and one heard music issuing from within, careless thumping of the piano, the voice of Pilar, loud and clear—always Pilar, for those with her commenced to have fear.

At last they began to leave her, servants and guests, slipping away one by one through the garden at the back, until at the end she had left only the *bonne* Gerbera, who was too deaf to give heed to the charivari. Madame Pilar came out once more on the balcony opposite to say good-by.

"But she had changed; *ah, Dieu*, how she had changed!" muttered the cobbler. "Her hands twitched, there were circles beneath the heavy eyes, all the fire had gone out of her for lack of sleep. Yet still she laughed; her gay little mocking laugh visible rather than audible above the noises of the charivari.

"'Adieu, my beloved friends!' she cried; her clear singer's voice suddenly stilling the ugly tumult. 'Since a Basque woman no longer finds refuge among her neighbors, I leave you now; though I could have wished for my child to be born in the house of its fathers.'

"There was a silence then, believe me! I for one knew shame. But angry women have no shame," muttered Lastra. "The wife of Olhaiby the blacksmith, frantic for her son, cried out, 'Its fathers, eh? How many fathers has it got?' And somebody laughed; and suddenly Madame Pilar put up her hands before her face and went inside."

Emily shivered again. It was not the first time she had sensed among these clean-living, sturdy people of her adoption an alien harshness, a strain of cruelty—the child Bette's eager interest in a dog fight, for example; Esteban's pitiless indifference toward the sister-in-law who had once tempted him.

She wondered suddenly whether Madame Urruty could have taken part in this charivari, this merciless baiting of another woman. Later she asked.

"But certainly," said the old woman quietly. "One had sons to protect—the sons of neighbors. She was a danger here. It was time she left us."

Emily wondered what had been the end of this tragic young wild thing they had tried too late to cage; this victim of circumstance who had thought to break the laws of convention and had been, as always, broken by them. There, she thought suddenly, but for the mercy of Providence, goes Emily Weldon!

"I think you were not so much shocked by Pilar as were other people, *madre?*" she ventured, greatly daring.

The matriarch shrugged. At her age, she admitted, one found it difficult to be shocked by anything; human nature being what it was. "Pilar," she added thoughtfully, "was the daughter of two of my own cousins who were cousins to each other."

It gave Emily some idea of the close interrelation, the curious solidarity existing among these few great families, shut in together for so many centuries apart from other peoples.

Madame Urruty enlarged upon the theme with a quite modern candor which frequently took her granddaughter-in-law by surprise. "It is our custom, with animals, to introduce at times some new strain of blood; otherwise the breed becomes—how shall I say?—intensified—*un peu trop.* Pilar was like that: *Un peu trop.* They would have done well to marry her to her gypsy," she added calmly.

The girl realized why her own marriage with Esteban had met with so little matriarchal opposition. The realization was not too flattering.

"But Pilar deserved punishment," continued the old woman, "if only for what she had done to the Etcheverray. Our poor Tubal!—a specimen of her handiwork. There are no children to that house; it tumbles about the ears; and in the midst of ruin sits the Etcheverray, indifferent, drugging himself with books as with an opiate. Books! What a life for a man still young, handsome, strong! It is to be understood that he does not care to love again, out of sentiment; there were in his ancestry jongleurs, troubadours, knights who jousted at the courts of love. *Eh, bien!* But what has sentiment to do with marriage? I myself have selected wives for him—girls of sufficient appearance and intelligence, and suitable *dot;* but to what avail? 'No, no, my treasured old friend Leocadie!' he will say. 'Let us content ourselves, you and I, with our memories.' Ah, bah! I have a right to my memories, me; they are at least respectable. But that young romantic of forty years, filling his mind with sterile emptiness—absurd!"

Emily, concealing a small smile, asked whether the count had been one of Pilar's lovers.

"But not at all! He was too gentle for Pilar; she would doubtless have preferred the blacksmith's son. Tubal, of course, adored her passionately from the cradle; she was the mode. All the young men—our sons, our nephews—adored her passionately; and Pilar returned their affection—*en masse*, you comprehend. It was a very loving nature. But Tubal was really too young to be taken seriously; the milk was barely dry on his lip. She teased him, played with him as with a puppy; she could never keep her hands off people whom she loved. She kissed him openly—to make others jealous, perhaps. Nevertheless, after charivari, he swore before the high altar that he would marry no other woman than Pilar de Maytie, whenever she was free to marry him. It was his punishment to his mother for instigating the charivari."

Emily sensed here a deeper tragedy than that of the blacksmith's son; not the only young man, it appeared, to follow Pilar out of the valleys. Who followed Pilar went far and fast.

"He devoted himself to her service from that moment; comforted her grief when the child was stillborn; attached himself to the household, made himself very useful there, I dare say. The dotard, her husband, was of small protection to her, and Pilar was a woman who needed much protection."

"You mean," asked Emily, puzzled, "that their relations were entirely—platonic?"

The matriarch shrugged. "But naturally! How else could a man of sentiment have accepted the hospitality of the husband? He intended to marry her when the Spaniard died; but that one was slow in dying; *vieillards*—husbands of beautiful young wives—are tenacious of life, *n'est-ce pas?*

And meanwhile she made increasing fame upon the stage; and later we heard she had accepted some other admirer. *Le pauvre* Tubal! It was years before he had the courage to return to us; and as you see him now—broken in purse, in spirit, in ambition, content to live at forty as if already old. Ah, yes, if only for this thing, Pilar deserved the shame we put upon her!"

It occurred to Emily that the age of chivalry was not so dead as the world believed, but lingered on behind the ramparts of these hills, with their near memories of courts of love and *cavalièri sèrventi*, of wicked dragons and of paladins who slew them for the sake of ladies all forlorn. But she did not envy the strangers who had taken for their pleasure such an abode of ghosts as the ill-named House Ducontentia.

The Americans, however, seemed content to remain, despite the growing antagonism of the village. People rarely spoke now to the son when they encountered him with his sketchbook. The mother was never seen except in glimpses from neighboring windows, when she walked in the garden at the back; a slender figure, not leaning upon a cane, as might be expected of an old person or an invalid, but never alone; her son or the negress invariably accompanied her. And it was noted that when she became aware of their gaze she would hurry out of sight. The village people began to touch significant foreheads when they spoke of her; perhaps the negro servant was an attendant rather than a maid.

December of that year was like an old woman's memories of April; mornings of misty golden wonder, soft-tinted afternoons which grayed all too early into twilight. Only in winter does one see the earth colors at their warmest beauty, and stars in such high places seem so close that one has only to put up the hands and pluck them, flowers of fire, out of the hanging garden of the sky.

In the little vineyard behind the House Ducontentia, wallflowers in sheltered nooks still breathed a pungent decaying sweetness, and a belated tree toad in a chink of the stones sounded feebly its tiny crystal knell of summer. Dead leaves, still clinging to the trellised grapevines, offered shelter from staring eyes to a woman who, having been all her life accustomed to staring eyes, was come at last to dread them.

At night it was difficult to sleep for listening to the silence; whispering of the *gave*, thin high *sonnailes* of the sheep, stirring in near-by pastures, with deeper accent of cattle bells. Sometimes muffled footsteps trod the cobbles, very late; there were murmuring men's voices, the cautious spurt of a match. These, she thought, would be the *maledetta* returning with contraband from beyond the border. Or a cock crowed suddenly in the dark, which meant that witches were passing to a *sabbat* on La Rhune; and then it was well to rise from bed and scatter salt upon the fire, no matter if one's wise young son laughed at such ignorant superstition.

All the day and through the long, long nights a bell in the three-arched belfry opposite her window harshly clanged out the hours; always twice, insistent, as if to warn the world to make the most of them. How quickly they passed now, the hours! Yet she had yearned for winter to come soon, yearned to see the snow once more, making fairyland of the high forests, dancing on the wind in a dust of diamonds, folding in impenetrable quietness this ancient hamlet, those ancient crosses and discoid stones of the graveyard opposite, where sleep would nevermore be broken by regrets.

She wanted to see the men go out again, the young men and the boys, the *skieurs*, mounting the higher slopes, daring the steeps on their long, fragile runners to spring out fearlessly over the gorge as if on wings. Men, men, how she had loved them always! Men and their hot, wild pleasures; men and the glorious things they did; men and their childish cruelties. She knew, who had so long followed the sun and the south wind, that for the making of men other things are needful—hardship and the tonic touch of winter. Nowhere else in the world had she found such men as these of the Basque valleys; ardent, faithful, passionate as grave, strong children.

She rang a bell for her maid. "My son, Angélique—where is he?"

The other drawled in her patois: "*Mo pas connais*, missy. Reckon he's off somewhars agin, paintin' his little pictures."

The mother frowned. Painting his little pictures of the eternal hills! "Alone, Angélique?"

"He don't never have nothin' to do with folks, missy; you knows dat."

The mother knew it only too well. "He makes no friends, my poor boy!"

The negress shook her head. "Acks like he's sort of scared of folks, specially these yere furriners."

Her mistress winced. It was a woman's punishment, perhaps, to have a son who was afraid of other men.

She buried her face in some roses which had come from the distant hothouses at Biarritz. How charming he was to her always, the boy, as if to make up to her for pleasures that were no more. Yet it was time for him to be sending his roses to other women.

"Angélique, have you seen no young people in this neighborhood, no pretty girls?"

"Aplenty of 'em, missy; likely lookin' gals as you could want. The trouble is Mr. Johnny. He don't see 'em. Reckon you's done spiled him for lookin' at other ladies, honey," she added, with the comfortable, affectionate familiarity of her kind.

Again the mother winced. Was it true? Had her demands, her insatiable need to be adored, enervated her child beyond the power of loving others?

She reached from habit for her mirror, before she realized that there were no mirrors. John had taken them from her during her illness, saying in his teasing, mock-heroic way that hereafter his two eyes should be her mirrors. She knew what it meant—her beauty was going now, with the rest. But since the worshipful eyes of her son would always give her back the face they both remembered, what matter?

"Angélique, I will wear the rose-color tea gown tonight"—he always loved her best in rose color. "And see, my fingers! How they have lost their bloom!"

While the negress rouged and rubbed and solicitously polished them, the lady hummed under her breath one of the English songs John always asked for when she sang for him in these long, empty evenings together, softly, so that neighbors should not hear:

"Pale hands, pink-tipped, like lotus buds afloat
On those far waters where I used to dwell ——"

Sometimes as she sang she would reach her son one of the pink-tipped hands to kiss, as men had always kissed them. The negress paused involuntarily in her work to listen to the lovely whisper. Her mistress patted her cheek for it. At least one was still able to give pleasure.

Lastra the *cordonnier* informed his clientele that the American monsieur Juan Smeet had at last shown the good manners to return the visit of Madame Emily; marching on his two feet, *à l'Anglais*, and in leather shoes; which was foolish, but good for business.

He went on his two feet, as it happened, because he could not afford a horse; and besides, he was rather afraid of horses. He was afraid of a good many things—of these grim, staring people; of these grim, staring hills, with their disconcerting possibilities of violence and their effect of a terrible, unalterable permanence.

"Before God was, I am," he found himself often muttering in their presence; and got no comfort from it.

It had taken him some time to make up his mind to the step of consulting the

(Continued on Page 125)

"Nujol method is better than laxatives"—*say the Medical Men*

Suppose you could have gone with us when we consulted hundreds of reputable physicians about the best treatment for constipation—

Suppose you could have listened with us while 8 out of 10 of these advised the Nujol type of treatment—

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EVERY person who suffers from constipation—either occasionally or all the time—will be vitally interested in the following brief summary of a recent investigation among physicians:

The investigators were impartial—sent out only to find out the truth. They interviewed representative doctors all over the United States—hundreds of them.

They questioned them about the best remedy for constipation. Of the Nujol type of treatment one doctor said: "It is the most natural aid to normal activity of the intestines." Another said: "In chronic constipation the Nujol type of treatment is especially successful." "Laxatives bring on the laxative habit," said the vast majority of doctors. "A lubricant is better than a laxative in both chronic and temporary cases."

Seven doctors out of ten condemned the continued use of laxatives and cathartics as injurious, habit-forming, irritating, and inflaming to the intestinal tract, weakening its natural functions.

Eight doctors out of ten advised the Nujol type of treatment. Why? Because:

1. Nujol is not habit-forming.
2. It's a more natural method.
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Laxatives and cathartics act by irritating the intestinal tract. Nujol acts entirely differently. It contains no drugs, no medicine. Its action is mechanical.

It merely softens and lubricates the waste matter in the intestines so that elimination is regular, natural and thorough.

Nujol appeals to the medical man because it is a simple, scientific and safe remedy for constipation, no matter how severe the case may be. It is gentle in its action and pleasant to take. Children love it!

Get a bottle of Nujol from your druggist today. Doctors advise it for constipation whether chronic or temporary.

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An eight which dealt out miles-per-gallon with lavish generosity—

An eight of distinguished smoothness and soft, sweet silence.

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When Hupmobile Eight quickly became the largest-selling straight-eight in the world, it was only motor car history repeating itself.

Years ago, the four soon replaced the early one and two-cylinder types; only to give way—except in the very low price ranges—to the advancing six.

So the Hupmobile Eight advanced, making complete conquest not only of its own eight market, but taking unto itself large sections of a new market beyond.

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You will find yourself asking where else on earth you could find such super-smoothness, such surpassing ease, such a wealth of power, with such a finished manner of turning it into performance, with speed beyond 70 miles an hour, if you like.

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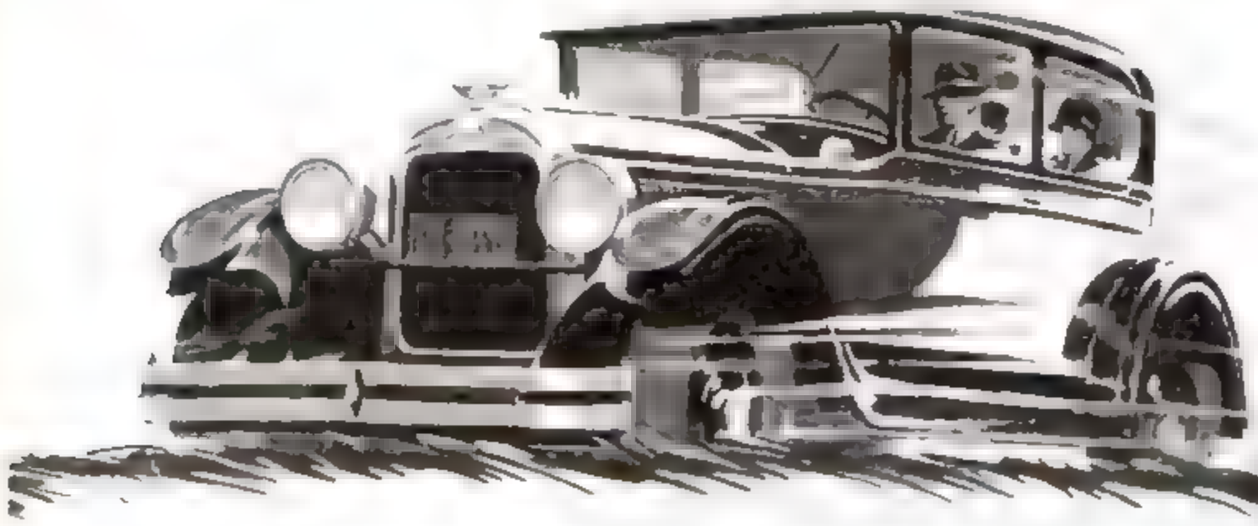

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Numbered printing can help you. Ask us how!

(Continued from Page 121)

Urruty, and he hoped to find the younger of them at home—a man little older than himself, and familiar with American ways. But it was the father, Pedro, who greeted him courteously at the door, having watched his ascent with critical and speculative eyes.

The American explained, with the *brusquerie* of embarrassment, that he had come not to call, merely to ask advice: "Can you suggest some way by which a stranger can earn money in this neighborhood?"

"Money?" Urruty raised an eyebrow. "You lack money, monsieur? You are not then one of the rich Americans?"

The other smiled ruefully. "The terms are not so synonymous as Europe appears to think. Even my mother seems to regard a well-established bank account as inexhaustible; whereas ours happens to be very near the point of exhaustion."

Pedro murmured sympathetically, "Monsieur has perhaps been unfortunate at the tables?"

"I do not gamble. I detest cards," said the other, with the finality of one who may have seen too much of them. "The fact is I am no business man, sir, any more than my mother is a business woman. We have always had plenty of money to spend. It did not occur to me until recently to ask where our income came from."

"And where did it come from?" The question was so sharp as to be almost rude. It was the American's turn to raise an eyebrow.

"My mother is well-known on the American stage," he replied noncommittally. He did not add that she was equally well-known in certain other American institutions, notably those of Rio de Janeiro, Havana, New Orleans—wherever in the New World the old Spanish passion for games of chance persisted unrestrained. "But she has always regarded her earnings as income rather than as capital."

"Ah, these *artistes!*" smiled Pedro gravely. "What optimists, to fancy that the fairy gifts will never fade or fail! To them, perhaps, they do not fail or fade; only to our aging eyes that watch. . . . May I ask what brings you to the Pyrenees, monsieur?"

"What, indeed!" sighed the other bitterly. "One of those whims we dared not cross. My mother has been very ill. The doctors ordered her change and rest—a long rest. She will in fact never ——" His voice broke over it unexpectedly.

"Ah! She has heard a whisper from the pines?" murmured the Basque, using unconsciously a phrase of the peasants for the approach of death.

But the other took him literally. "Yes, she has always loved pine trees, wind, anything to do with mountains. Queer, isn't it? The illness has affected her heart. Any worry, any sudden shock, might mean the end. You see why she must not be troubled by money affairs."

"But," said the other sharply, "do you not realize the risk you take in bringing her to this place, of all places?"

The young man gave him a quick, furtive glance. "Risk? What risk? Oh, the elevation, you mean! My mother is not a person to be deterred from her purposes by any sort of risk. She lives on risk. And she had set her heart on bringing me to these mountains. Heaven knows why! She seemed to think they might be good for me," he added deprecatingly.

"And you do not find them so?" asked his host.

"I detest them. They—they terrify me." The young man bit his lip. This quiet, whimsical gentleman tempted him to be more confidential than he wished. "The important thing, however, now that we are here, is to make enough money to keep us here."

"Perfectly," murmured Monsieur Urruty. "What training have you had?"

"None," admitted the other rather desperately. "I was educated by tutors; my mother never wished me to take up any business or profession. She has preferred to keep me always near her. But I can paint a little." He produced his portfolio. "I have brought some sketches to show"

The other threw up his hands in dismay. "But this is not Paris, my friend! You expect to earn a livelihood here in the valleys by painting pictures? Art, *chez nous*, is confined to lithographic representations of the blessed saints and photographic representations of newly married on the honeymoon. It is true we have produced our artists—among them Zuloaga—but they have not painted for Basques. Wait, however—an idea! You make portraits?"

John Smith answered after the fashion of the man who, when asked to play the piano, replied that he never had done so, but was willing to try.

"Why not?" encouraged his host. People always enjoyed gazing on their own features, particularly if becomingly arranged. "There is a young wife in our family whose husband is so infatuated that he would like to plaster the house with portraits of her," he added. "Come, let us consult my son Esteban."

They found the younger Urruty at the stables, where he was teaching his two-year-old heir to groom a horse. The child, a square and sturdy infant with the ardent dark eyes of his father under his mother's hair of palest gold, was making earnest passes with a currycomb at the person of a patiently recumbent mare.

"Ah, *mon fils*, you now assume the virile duties of the *nou-nou?*" inquired his father, grinning.

"On the contrary," retorted Esteban, "I train your grandson to relieve you of all the labors possible, in this, your enfeebled old age. . . . *Na, na, na*, my Wally! We do not groom an animal in the eye; it impairs the vision."

"You see," commented the elder to their guest, "the fellow is quite helpless with domesticity. It is the very moment to approach him."

But the American had no eye for pretty domestic pictures. He was far too young and too unhappy to savor the happiness of other people. His thoughts rarely left his mother, who must have her roses, her perfumes, her habitual atmosphere of easy luxury until the end.

"I have brought," he began, not without pathos, "just a few little sketches ——"

Esteban looked them over with impatient courtesy, wishing that Emily would appear to set their visitor more at ease, to remove from his eye that suspicious, wary look as of a dog which expects momently to dodge a kick. The sketches failed to interest him. He recognized a high-arched sentry bridge on his own property, from whose crumbling watch tower the approach of many an enemy—Saracens, English, the armies of Gaston de Foix—had been signaled down the valley in more warlike days. Another familiar figure was that of the town crier—a little girl who knitted as she walked, since time was not made to waste, and at intervals perfunctorily shrilled information through a megaphone. Still another represented the usual street-cleaning department of the Pyrenees, a mustachioed old lady who straddled a running gutter stream with shovel and fagot broom, sprinkling impartially cobbles and pedestrians alike.

Esteban wondered, as he had often wondered in the galleries to which he accompanied his wife, why people took the trouble to paint pictures of such commonplaces. But he said amiably, "I will buy this, and this, and this one, monsieur. What is your price?"

The American colored with surprise. "They aren't finished work, you know. I brought them as samples of what I can do. What do you want with them?" It occurred to him that he was being mistaken for an object of charity.

Esteban was good at improvisation. He wanted them, he replied, for a friend of his, to illustrate a book he was making about Basques. "My friend Etcheverray shares your enthusiasm for the Pays Basque, monsieur."

The other muttered that he had no enthusiasm for the Pays Basque—on the contrary. Then he bit his lip, remembering that he spoke to Basques. But the Urruty were more courteous than himself; they apparently did not hear. They were smiling together over another familiar figure—a very dignified old woman in a voluminous black cape, seated imperturbably upon a caracoling young Spanish mule, with a large basket over one arm.

"That is not meant to be a comic figure," said John sharply, forgetting his shyness in professional pride. "That is an excellent type of the Eskualdunak; fearless, independent, so lacking in self-consciousness that it is never ridiculous; more vigorous in old age than most people are in youth. Look at that glance! She might be a warrior returning from battle, instead of some housewife, some shrewd old Etchekandere on her way from market."

"I am familiar with that warrior glance," murmured Pedro. "It usually means that my mother has sold the hogs at a better price than I could get. But for one who so dislikes the Pays Basque, you depict us with a certain sympathy, monsieur." Both men were looking at him quizzically. "You also speak the Eskuara?"

"Oh, no, only a word or two, such as one picks up anywhere." John paused abruptly, realizing that the question had been put in Eskuara, which is not a language one picks up anywhere. But again his hosts were too courteous to notice the slip.

"If he makes so charming a picture of our *madre*," commented Esteban to his father, "what will he do with such a subject as our Emily?"

"Faces of pretty young women never interest me," remarked the artist, somewhat flustered. "They have no shadows."

Esteban burst out laughing. "*Dame*, you are frank enough to be Basque yourself! What sort of man is this whom the faces of pretty young women do not interest?"

Emily herself, appearing opportunely, explained that he was not a man at all, only an artist; an opinion in which her husband all too obviously concurred.

"He is also," commented Pedro, when their blushing guest had gone, "the son of Pilar de Maytie. No wonder the beauty of other women fails to interest him!"

Apparently the alcalde had been mistaken in thinking art would have little commercial value in the Pyrenees. They took to it, John assured his mother, like ducks to water. After the portrait of Emily, in ancient Basque costume, was to be one of Esteban, to match; then one of the heir of the house—the small Etcheko Jauna—provided he could be bribed to sufficient stillness. Then it appeared that Madame Urruty had long been yearning to perpetuate on canvas the likeness of her famous stallion, El Borak, ancestor to half the blooded stock in the valleys. Madame Fancine, Pedro's wife, not to be outdone, decided that posterity was entitled to a memory of her abundant contours before time and fate had entirely obliterated them. Monsieur Etcheverray, their neighbor, could use more sketches to illustrate his book. John saw before him a very busy period, which, since he had at least the makings of an artist, meant almost a happy period.

He accepted all these commissions with the courage of desperation, which is not so bad a taskmaster. If this sudden access of interest in art surprised him, he dared not look a gift horse in the mouth. Nor would he willingly have forgone his visits to the great old haciends whose hospitality offered so warm a refuge to friend and stranger alike.

The winter for which his mother yearned was come at last; not softly, beautifully, as she remembered snow, but whirling down from the Haute Pyr in windy avalanches, smothering road and hillside in shifting drifts which made wayfaring perilous. Yet through it all, unaccustomed as he was to weather, young Smith made his daily visits

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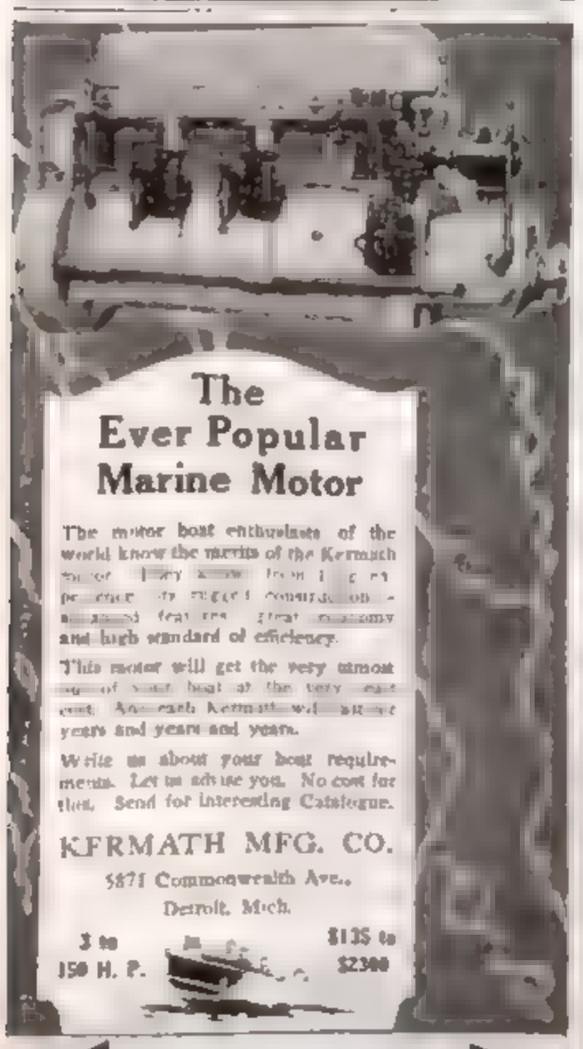

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to the farm in the hills, so that the city pallor soon disappeared from his face and he learned to breathe deep and move lightly, as Basques move, with the aid of a *makhila*. He also bought, on the suggestion of Lastra the cobbler, some heavy felt *espadrilles*, leggings, a *béret*, and a short full jacket of merino wool; so that his mother clapped her hands in joy when she saw him. "Now you look like a man, my Jaun-y! A real young peasant gentleman! If you would but tie a nice little three-cornered shawl over the head and ears! See, like this," she coaxed. But John declined with Anglo-Saxon horror to tie a nice little three-cornered shawl over the head and ears.

These visits of her son to the Urruty gave her a certain gleeful pleasure. She was always watching in the shadow of the window curtain for his return, eager to hear what they had said to him, whether the little American wore a pretty frock, what refreshments were offered. "But, of course, you are careful to accept nothing, my son?"

Emily had often wondered at his carefulness to accept nothing, not so much as a glass of wine or a bit of cake. But Esteban seemed not at all surprised. "Naturally, he would not care to break bread except with friends."

John's mother chuckled with amusement—she had still the gay little laugh of a girl—over the joke of her son's invading the very stronghold of the enemy.

"If the old Leocadie but suspected!—Our Cousin the Lion, we used to call her, papa and I, because of that fierce old ugly face. So each must have a portrait now, even the horse? Those absurd Urruty! They were never beautiful like ourselves," she added complacently.

"Esteban is the handsomest man I have ever seen," remarked John.

"What? Is it possible? Ah, I remember, the first wife of Pedro was quite charming. I must watch for this paragon. How I adore a beautiful man! But his beauty would be of a crude and savage type, *n'est-ce pas?* Nothing subtle; no delicacy of line like your own."

"Oh, damn my delicacy of line!" muttered her son unhappily.

She kissed away his irritation with solicitous, tender murmurs. Was it tired then of its charming nose like a Greek statue? Its sweet little Cupid's bow of a mouth which curled up at the corners when he smiled—as it was curling now?

John grinned unwillingly; neither he nor any other man could resist his mother long. She put an experimental finger on his nose and turned it upward, Irish fashion; she depressed it into Semitic outlines; she flattened it to resemble the nose of Angélique, studying each effect quite gravely. No, she decided at length, *le bon Dieu* knew what he was about when he made another nose so like her own! And now her Jaun-y must tell her whether the little Urruty girls had possibilities; whether Pedro really appeared to console himself with his new wife; what visitors had called at the hacienda while he was there. It always came back to that carefully careless question.

"Never Des Luynes?" she would ask rather wistfully. "You have not yet seen their neighbor, the Comte des Luynes?"

He shook his head. It did not occur to John to connect this name with the Monsieur Etcheverray who ordered sketches to illustrate his books, although he knew that in this country the use of the surname was often determined by property rather than paternity. Pedro, indeed, had been at some pains to keep their neighbor away from the house while the portraits were being made. Etcheverray hungered sometimes for the old stimulating talk of studies. But the resemblance was unmistakable between Pilar and her son; why awake memories which were better dead? What a misfortune if their poor friend were to discover the identity of the invalid now living in the House Ducontentia!

It occurred to Emily that the surest way to cure any man of an early infatuation was to confront him with its object many years later; but she kept this cynicism to herself, out of respect for more naïve sensibilities. She had taken Pilar's son under a maternal wing, somewhat to her own amusement; Emily accustomed herself with difficulty to the thought of herself as matron and mother.

"Take care that this pretty young man does not fall in love with you," warned Esteban. "I do not fancy myself in the rôle of jealous husband."

"Nor I," said Emily, with a shudder only half affected; the savage in this lover of hers was never far from the surface. "My difficulty would be to make you jealous, darling. Any husband who deliberately names his first-born for a friend of his wife whom he never knew ——"

"Wallace gave you to me, my Emily; but for him there would have been no first-born," explained Esteban, so seriously that she laid her cheek on his hand. She loved this deep vein of sentiment in her husband, as frank and unashamed as his touch of cruelty. She thought of a certain headstone in the village *ilerri*, marked with a name and a date and the simple inscription:

HERE LIES AMONG FRIENDS A TRUE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN

It was Esteban who had suggested the inscription, Esteban's orders which kept the grave of her friend decorated with flowers at every season.

Now the infant Wally, mock herself as she might, was completing in Emily what the older Wally had begun. Certain primeval instincts stirred and deepened to the point of poignancy, so that at times she felt as cosmic as the earth mother herself, ready to take to her bosom as she took her son, all the troubled children of men. It was a tenderness by which young Smith profited exceedingly.

He took it impersonally as it was offered, however; relaxed his anxious wariness in her friendly sympathy; stretched his soothed vanity, aired his serious, shy young opinions in the warmth of her approval, and allowed her amiably to minister to him, male fashion; the while his eyes followed with boyish, eager admiration the careless, muscular, rather splendid grace of Emily's husband, who paid him no attention whatever. It was another odd experience for Emily to find herself thus ignored in favor of a rival attraction—an attraction, however, with which she thoroughly sympathized.

"Do be decent to the boy, darling," she often begged Esteban. "He so needs a friend'"

"He so needs a *bonne*, you mean," said her husband bluntly. "What a specimen! Flushing and stammering, afraid of his shadow. Why, I believe the fellow's half woman! If one were to say 'Scut!' to him he would run like a rabbit."

"Then you must be careful never to say scut to him," she replied gravely. "Every real man is half woman, dear."

"I'll be damned if he is!" frowned her husband.

"He'd be damned if he weren't," smiled Emily, out of her growing wisdom.

Fate, which seemed for a while to have granted respite, was busying itself again in the affairs of Pilar de Maytie. Whether confidence had made her careless, whether others besides Pedro had recognized that graceful hand at the blinds, or the whisper of song, or the breath of characteristic fragrance which penetrated from behind closed doors, it so happened that her son, making his way one day toward the house of the Urruty, was overtaken by the umbrella mender, on his brisk little donkey, with the paraphernalia of his trade bulging from either saddlebag. Hermose greeted the stranger distantly but kindly, as became a man riding his own steed to one afoot, and remarked as he passed, "I understand that monsieur entertains visitors today at the House Ducontentia."

The tone was casual enough, but had in it a hint of warning. John stopped, puzzled. Visitors? What visitors could have followed his mother to this remote place? He retraced his steps.

As he neared the village he saw there was a little crowd gathering in the Calle Mayor. He began to run. "You do well to make haste, monsieur!" called out the shoemaker as he passed. "It is those cursed women!"

The excited chattering ceased as John pushed through them toward his open door. From within came the sound of shrill vituperation; then the drawl of Angélique, puzzled but bellicose: "What you-all want? What they jabberin' about, missy? *Ce qu' ye dit mo pas connais!* Ain't they got no manners, pushin' theyselfs in whar they ain't invited? Hi-yi, take yo' dutty hands off'n me, white trash! Help! Help!"

There was a frightened scream. John pushed by the struggling women and got to his mother, lying limp and white among the pillows of the chaise longue, breathing rapidly, blue about the lips. The curtains had been jerked aside from the window, so that the morning light shone full upon her ravaged face, gaunt, yellow, with the skin drawn tight across the bones like the skin of a mummy. She clung to him piteously, gasping. "Make them go, my son! Why do they look at me so?"

"Ah, see, she has her son, such as he is!" cried one of the women furiously; it was the wife of Olhaiby the blacksmith. "She has her son, *mais oui;* but mine, what has she done with mine? My beautiful great boy, my Hercule, strong as a young bull in the pastures, innocent as a cherub—what has become of him?"

The voice of Rachel for her children calling, thought John, wincing, as he held his mother.

The plaint of Rachel rose to an anticlimax, however. "And what," she shrilled, "has become of all my savings, intrusted to the hollow image of the Sainte Vierge? It was sacrilege to steal them from such a place! Money enough to buy a house, to buy a pair of mules! She has made of my son a thief, she is a thief herself."

The lady laughed hysterically. "But it is money she wants then—only money? *Mon Dieu*, give it to her, Jaun-y, give what she asks! Here, take these rings, take anything! As for her cherub son, what would I do with such a cherub—I? One doesn't even remember the fellow, except that he was young and strong and adored me."

"Hush, mother!"

"But I will not hush! Why should I hush? By what right does she accuse me of sins for which I am not responsible? Did I ask her ridiculous offspring to follow at my heels like an enamored pet sheep?"

"Ah, ah, you hear?" shrieked the outraged mother. "She calls my lost Hercule an enamored pet sheep!"

The lady gasped with laughter—went on gasping. John broke a crystal under her nose, found a hypodermic needle, bared the scarred and wasted arm. The women fell silent, staring.

"There, there!" he murmured, as if he were the parent and she the child. "Hide your face on my shoulder, so! Hush! There is only me—only your Johnny—no one else. See, they have gone."

"Yes, I have gone," muttered Madame Olhaiby from the door, with a quiet venom more deadly than her shrieking anger. "It was for revenge I came, and it is revenge enough only to see her face. She, the exquisite Pilar de Maytie, adored by all men, hated by all women! Look at her! I ask you, look at her now! Ah, bah!" She spat upon the floor. "To hate a woman who looks like that would be un-Christian."

The dazed lady lifted her head from John's shoulder. "What do they say? What did she mean, that woman? Am I so altered then? Is it—is it very bad? Oh, my son. . . . Angélique, quickly, a mirror—bring me a mirror! Have I grown—ugly?"

He kissed her face, lips, cheeks, eyelids, in a passion of pity. There were tears in his voice; Esteban would have blushed for him. But he managed an amused laugh.

(Continued on Page 129)

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(Continued from Page 126)

"You, ugly? What a joke! You, the most beautiful person in the world? What do these peasants know about beauty? Apple-cheeked idiots with the figures of hitching posts! Wait until I do your portrait for the salon! I shall be famous overnight."

She gave a queer little sob; perhaps a sob of relief. "Ah, yes, you like your faces with shadows to them, funny boy!" Presently, still clinging to him, she fell asleep in his arms.

But peace was no more an inmate of the House Ducontentia. Fear had taken its place; that fear Pilar had so regretted in her son—the fear of people. All night now she listened for sounds more ominous than the passing of smugglers or witches going to a *sabbat*. Witches can be less terrible than human women. She dared no longer sit near the window to watch her loved hills for fear people might suspect her presence there and be reminded. Many times in the day she would send her son or the negress tiptoeing to the window to be sure that a crowd was not collecting below. Soon she had no longer courage to leave her bed, and John, at his wit's end, could not quit her side for an hour.

There was no more portrait painting; though, indeed, he would not have ventured to go again to the Urruty house, since they must have learned his identity.

Once both were startled by a loud, imperative knocking on the street door.

"Sh-h! Don't be so frightened, mother!" said John from his post at the window curtains. "It's only a man, alone."

He opened to find Esteban Urruty, with skis slung over his shoulder, stamping the snow from his feet, for an incipient blizzard was blowing in with the Tramontana. John's face, which had brightened at sight of him, stiffened when the other declined to enter.

"My grandmother would be angry," said Esteban simply. "I am not, like my wife, a privileged person *chez nous*. I have brought the payment for the second portrait. My wife thought you might want the money to take your mother away."

The other flushed in his nervous fashion, but said quietly, "The portrait is not yet finished; I can't accept payment for it. And why should I wish to take my mother away?"

Esteban curbed his impatience, casting about for words to say what he had come to say, in the tactful manner he had promised.

"We think it best," he finally declared. "We have felt from the first that your mother took too great a risk in returning here."

John paled a little. "My mother was fully aware of every risk. You have known from the first who we were?"

"Naturally. It is my father's business, as alcalde, to know what goes on in his community, and to see that it goes on properly."

"What a pity," commented John, his treacherous voice shaking despite himself, "that your father the alcalde did not make it his business to see that a sick woman was permitted peace in her own house!"

Esteban shrugged in some surprise. "My father is not God. It is your mother's conscience, doubtless, which destroys her peace, rather than the conduct of her neighbors. But *ça m'est égal*," he added, hastily reminding himself to be tactful. "What I wish to suggest is that if you lack sufficient money to go away now, monsieur, I am at your service."

"Thank you; I never borrow money," muttered the other, by this time quite livid.

"You are lucky," commented Esteban with a disarming grin. "Myself, when I have been in the soup, I have borrowed from everybody who would lend. *Alors*, as you will. I make in that case another proposition. My wife has taken a fancy for your house; she would like to buy it, to make some sort of museum here for things of the past. An idea—what?"

John replied as stiffly as possible that the House Ducontentia was not his to sell; it belonged to his mother, who preferred to retain it.

"Till her death, naturally," said Esteban, casting tact to the winds. "But afterward? You are sole heir, probably, and you are not happy in this country. Very well, sell me your interest now, take your mother away to some place where she will die more comfortably. I can recommend Pau, or Cauterets, or Bagnères-de-Luchon; the doctors are excellent there. She need never know that the house has changed hands. We should be willing to pay well; it is a fine property." He went on talking at random, to cover the emotion which, to his dismay, threatened to overcome the other. "*Madre de Dios*, I thought at any moment the fellow would begin to blub on my shoulder!" he reported later to Emily.

At last John mastered himself sufficiently to decline the offer with finality. He had urged his mother to sell, he said, more than once, but now his own mind had altered. The House Ducontentia would not change hands, either now or later.

"Ah," said Esteban, lifting an eyebrow, "you no longer dislike the Pays Basque?"

"More than ever!" The other spoke in a cold fury. "It and everything in it! But it is our country; you will hardly contest our right to die here, if not to live. One weak and undefended woman you were able to drive away. But my mother is no longer undefended."

Esteban was looking at him with a new interest. "So I see!" He suddenly held out his hand. "Allow us to help you, De Maytie," he urged in a very different tone. "It is a cousin's privilege."

The other replied coldly that his name happened to be Smith.

"Never to us," remarked Esteban. "'Smith'—it is too much to ask of our poor Basque tongues! 'De Maytie' goes better here. Use it, my friend; I think you need not be ashamed of it. *Au revoir!*"

The other, closing the door abruptly upon this brusque, arrogant, agreeable young son of fortune, told himself that he hated Esteban Urruty with all his heart. But Esteban was rather difficult to hate.

He came soon to regret his gesture of lofty independence; penniless youths with dying mothers on their hands cannot afford such gestures. Winter had settled upon the high valleys; no more dreaming Saint Martin's summer to lure the heart into false security, no southwind whispering of Africa. The Tramontana howled outside, driving the cold through chinks and crannies of the old drafty house, into the very heart. John went about the cavernous halls glad of his overcoat; the negress Angélique, shriveled to the piteous ash color of her kind, could not be coaxed from the one meager fire that burned on the kitchen hearth for cooking.

But to enter the invalid's room was like going back into summer again. There wood and briquettes burned recklessly day and night, heavy brocade curtains were drawn against the cold, and in the softened glow of rose-shaded lamps and candles the gay Aubusson carpet was like a flowery spring mead.

Often the air was sprayed with the costly scent invented for Pilar by a certain famous *parfumier* in the days of her own fame. John hoped she would not miss the roses; he was no longer able to manage roses. Perhaps she would think they had been delayed because of the deep snow.

But Pilar had her own theory about that. "Tell me!" she coaxed once, in a moment of confidence, forgetting to listen for alarms while he brushed the bright hair across her pillow with those long, strong strokes which only a man can make. "Confess to me something, my Jaun-y. Who is receiving now these flowers you used to order for your poor neglected *maman*, eh? Not that I reproach you; I am rejoiced that I have at last a rival—if she is a sufficiently charming rival? She must not be less so than myself."

"But you ask the impossible, my dear," he proclaimed in the grandiose manner he affected with her, kissing her hand to hide his telltale face.

"Aha, you blush! Come, come, I read you like an open book! Do not try to deceive me. Who is she, then? What—what?" she cried in sudden eagerness. "Never tell me it is the wife of young Urruty, the little chic American! But naturally, who else? These *belles paysannes* would hardly interest you, after me. Ah—ah, that is better than I hoped! The daughter-in-law of my poor old Cousin the Lion—what a revenge! Consider her anxiety! And she, the little wife—you find her kind, my darling? You find her utterly delightful?"

"Only less so than yourself," murmured John, dutifully trying to look as guilty as it pleased her to think him.

"But already married! *Quel dommage!* No matter, presently she will arrange for you some suitable marriage, doubtless," mused Pilar, who had often performed such friendly offices for her own passing favorites. She lay a while quite content, smiling and sighing a little over past triumphs, while the wind howled unnoted and snow drifted deep and deeper over crosses and discoid gravestones; and in the three-arched belfry opposite, the hours tolled slowly on, never hurrying, never lagging.

By the time of Noël the sick woman was too ill to realize that the blessed season was at hand; she who had so longed to see once more the roadside shrines gay with colored lamps and paper flowers, the *crèche* brought out into the open porch of the church, with its familiar antique figures of Mary and Joseph, of God the Father on a cloud above, suspended by a wire; shepherds and Magi and oxen all of the same size as the pink wax Jesu, although less handsomely attired; she herself having made his Christmas costume out of her first-communion veil, in the long-past days when she was devout.

Alone of the village, the House Ducontentia had no cross of evergreen nailed above its door, no candle burning in its windows on the eve of Noël; only persons returning from the midnight mass were scandalized to hear music issuing from it at such an hour as in long-ago nights of revelry; the cheerful thump of a piano, a man's voice singing the strangely syncopated native music of America, loud and strong. It was John, trying to drown the sound of their sabots on the cobblestones, which alarmed his mother.

For though she no longer paid much heed to things about her, having reached that preoccupation with the immediate affairs of life—sleeping, eating, breathing—which precedes the near conclusion of them, she still listened subconsciously, fearfully, for noises from outside; starting up in terror at a sudden footfall or the murmur of voices, to cry to her son that they were coming, they were surely coming now.

John, his drawing board at the north window of her room, worked on doggedly at little sketches he hoped still to sell for Monsieur Etcheverray's book. Often he had to stop to quiet his mother, to relieve the struggling heart with stimulant, to rub away the pain of aching limbs, as Angélique could never do. But always he went back to work again; for doctors had told him that his mother's illness might be a matter of weeks and months; and meanwhile they must eat.

He often marveled at the quantity of food, even of delicacies, Gerbera was able to provide them on the small pittance he could spare for marketing. Eggs, chickens, hothouse fruits, appeared quite as usual on their bill of fare. It did not occur to him that Madame Urruty would have found it impossible to let a sick neighbor, friend or stranger, lack for anything so long as her own larder was full.

But on the eve of New Year he found himself no longer able to paint. He sat all day, watching his mother furtively, despairingly, wondering if it was so that people looked when they were dying. She slept, the sound of her rapid irregular breathing filling the room, the house, the world. At intervals Angélique, eyes rolling white in their sockets, brought him the hypodermic, and the breathing quieted. More than once the old servant Gerbera came to the foot of the bed and stood watching, her lips moving over a rosary. At last she asked timid permission to go for Monsieur le Curé, or for the doctor.

John shook his head, though the presence of any other man in the house that day would have been a comfort. He had long since promised his mother that there should be no priests about her sickbed.

"They would make me confess my sins," she explained plaintively, "and I do not wish to confess my sins. To discuss unpleasant matters is so depressing." He knew that she was beyond the help of doctors.

At dusk, when it was time to light the rose-shaded lamps and candles, his mother woke for the first time in hours to sudden consciousness. "Listen!" she whispered, as she had so often whispered. "What is that?"

The boy assured her, as usual, that it was nothing; passing neighbors, perhaps, or the rising wind in the plane trees. But was it nothing?

The sound that had awakened her came slowly nearer, louder; resolved itself into distant shouts and laughter, the blowing of horns, the dinning of sheep bells, the beating of drums; noises gay and cheerful enough to ordinary ears but to these who listened full of sinister implication.

"Angélique, quick, the balcony!" gasped her mistress. "Go out onto the balcony and see who comes!"

Her terror was contagious. Was it of this Esteban had wished to warn them? John felt his limbs begin to tremble; so a young horse's limbs will sometimes tremble before it goes to the wire.

The negress reported a crowd of people, of men, entering the Place; crossing it toward the Calle Mayor; approaching their own door.

Pilar gave a despairing moan. "*C'est ça!* It is they. I knew they would come. Oh, my son, my poor boy, they give us again the charivari!"

John's lips set over teeth that chattered despite himself. "What of it, mother? We need not listen. Remember, I am an American citizen. This is your house. No man dares enter it, no man can drive us from it."

"Ah, but so many men!" His mother wrung her hands. "That is what I said; for almost a week I bore it alone. But you do not know them; they are tireless, without mercy. I have not the courage now, and you, my poor darling, were always more daughter to me than son. You do not know what it is to bear the constant, horrible noise, no sleep, no rest; the shame, the disgrace of it! Friends of childhood, friends one had always trusted and loved—I cannot go through it again—I cannot! Ah, ah, what are you going to do there?"

It had occurred to John quite suddenly what he was going to do. He took something from a drawer and went toward the balcony.

"I shall ask them to go away," he said, very reasonably.

"Do you think they will listen? Foolish one, they would not listen even to me! They will only laugh at you!"

"I think not," muttered John. "If they won't listen to me, perhaps they will listen to this." He showed her a pistol.

She screamed and tried to get out of bed to go to him. "No, no, not that! Angélique, stop him, hold him! Do not anger them; they would tear you to pieces! Because they are so quiet, so calm in manner, you do not know how terrible is the anger of these Basques!"

Her son answered, with a strange little calm of his own, "Oh, yes, I do! Because I am Basque myself."

It was at that moment Gerbera came stumbling up the stairs, for once quite voluble with excitement. "Master, mistress, the *visits*! The New Year visitors have come for their cake! Ah, *mon Dieu*, and we have no cake!"

(Continued on Page 132)

Three years ago Chrysler STANDARDIZED QUALITY

Introduced the 7-Bearing Crankshaft

AT A TIME when the industry in general is attempting to feature the adoption of the 7-bearing crankshaft, it is interesting to reflect, that *more than three years ago* Chrysler introduced the 7-bearing crankshaft in the field of the moderately-priced six.

It is even more interesting—and extremely impressive—to recall that the 7-bearing crankshaft, incorporated in the first Chrysler and built into all Chrysler Sixes since, was not in any sense an afterthought or competitive gesture.

For the Chrysler 7-bearing crankshaft was *actually engineered into* that first Chrysler.

The result was an engineering and manufacturing triumph which set new standards in performance and smoothness of operation—now being striven for, with varying degrees of success, throughout the industry.

It was inevitable, of course, that others in the industry should appreciate the advantages of the 7-bearing crankshaft and eventually adopt it.

But the fact remains that the Chrysler 7-bearing crankshaft was introduced into the field of the moderately-priced six more than *three years ago.*

Just as Chrysler has been the first to initiate every worthwhile advance in motor-car design—ever since the introduction of the first Chrysler.

That such Chrysler leadership is perfectly obvious to the motoring public is evidenced by the fact that the public has demonstrated its preference for Chrysler to long established cars of both lower and higher price—in four fields.

When public opinion takes hold of a product like Chrysler, and in three years' time lifts it over the heads of twenty-three other long-established cars—from 27th place in the industry to 4th place, the significance is too plain to require analysis.

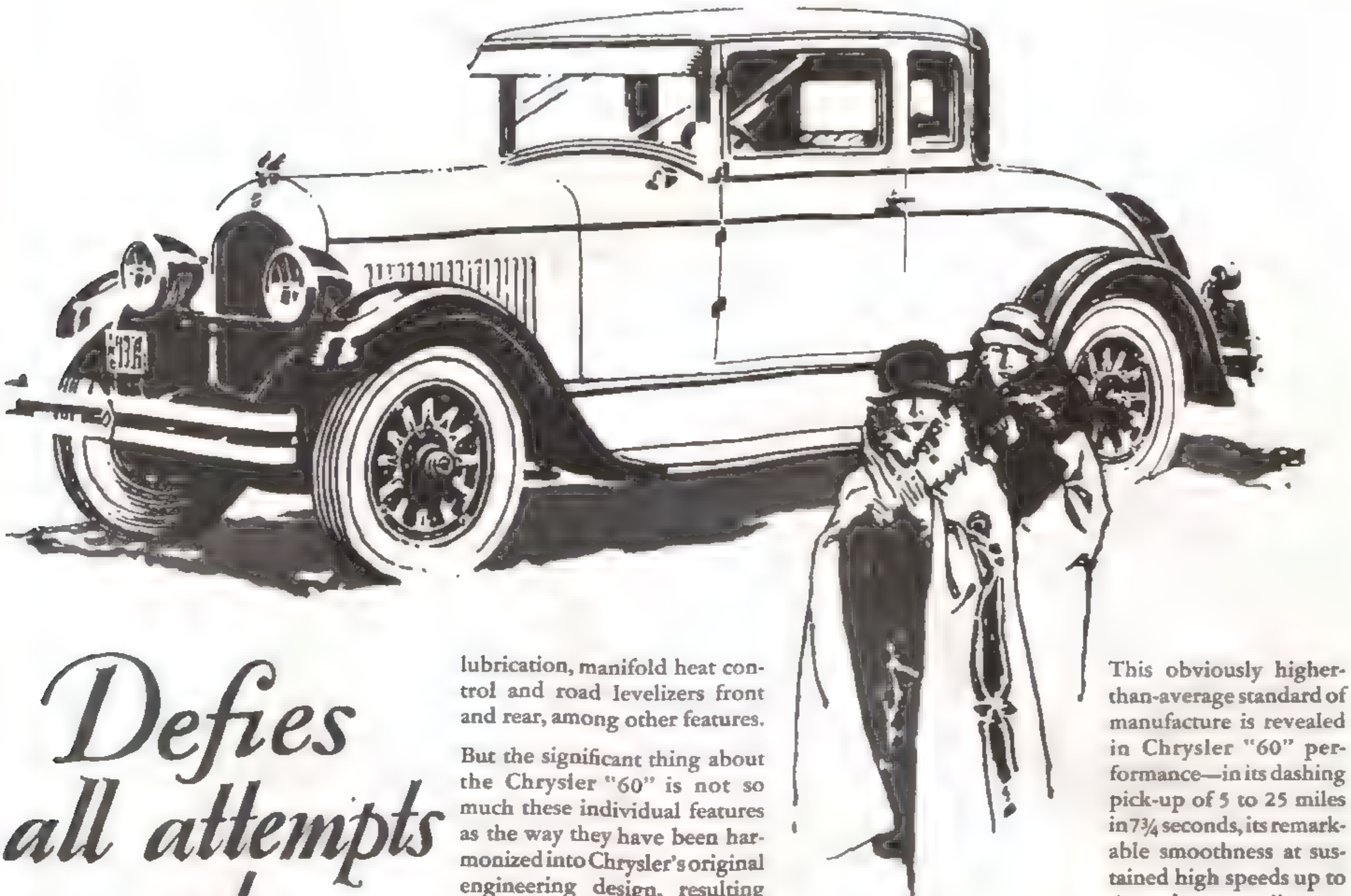
For the public has sensed, in Chrysler engineering, design, beauty, performance, and long life, elements of progressiveness which have inspired them to invest in Chrysler products the staggering total of five hundred and thirty millions of dollars ($530,000,000) in three years' time.

This can only mean, of course, that people have found, in Chrysler, qualities and values they could not find elsewhere.

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS

CHRYSLER

"50" "60" "70"



Defies all attempts at Comparison

BUYERS are finding that the Chrysler "60" has not only the same features claimed as "new" by other makes—but the same features *improved and combined with other features that cannot be copied* because they are uniquely Chrysler. Ever since its introduction, ten months ago, the Chrysler "60" has had finely balanced seven-bearing crankshaft, impulse neutralizer, oil-filter, air-cleaner, Chrysler four-wheel hydraulic brakes, full pressure lubrication, manifold heat control and road levelizers front and rear, among other features.

But the significant thing about the Chrysler "60" is not so much these individual features as the way they have been harmonized into Chrysler's original engineering design, resulting in typical Chrysler superiority of performance, dependability and long life.

Under the unique Chrysler plan of Standardized Quality, the Chrysler "60" is designed and built—in every detail—as if required to give its maximum performance for every mile and minute of its life.

This obviously higher-than-average standard of manufacture is revealed in Chrysler "60" performance—in its dashing pick-up of 5 to 25 miles in 7¾ seconds, its remarkable smoothness at sustained high speeds up to 60 and more miles per hour, combined with its astonishing economy of 22 miles to the gallon.

Before you decide on any low-priced six, check its features and its performance against that of the Chrysler "60's". You'll then realize at once why the "60" is acclaimed as a value "beyond comparison"—entirely without parallel among all ordinary sixes of its price.

COUPE
(*with Rumble Seat*)
$1245
F.O.B. DETROIT

Chrysler "60" Prices—Touring Car, $1075; Club Coupe, $1125; Coach, $1145; Roadster, (*with Rumble Seat*) $1175; Coupe, (*with Rumble Seat*) $1245; Sedan, $1245.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to Federal excise tax.

All Chrysler cars are protected against theft under the Fedco System

All Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

MEAN MILES PER HOUR

CHRYSLER "60"

IMPERIAL "80"

(Continued from Page 129)

The change in the sick woman was incredible. She began suddenly to laugh, to clap her hands. "What, what, the New Year *visite*, and no cake in the house? What a disgrace! Quickly, my girl, run through the door at the back to our neighbors, to Pantchika at the inn, and get whatever they can spare. Cider too or no, it is not enough; hydromel is better, or Jurançon. But get what you can, Gerbera, and be quick about it!"

"*Oui, oui*, madame, I run!"

"And you, my son"—she turned to him in growing composure—"make haste to greet our friends at the door. Present my apologies that I receive them *en déshabillé*. Say to them—in the Basque, of course, as I have taught you—the proper welcome for ceremonials: 'Who crosses this threshold enters his home.' Why do you linger? They are already at the door!" There was, indeed, a loud, repeated knocking.

John obeyed her as one in a trance. It seemed to him that a miracle had occurred. Before his eyes, his mother, a dying woman, was transformed into the gracious hostess of other days, the chatelaine of a great house preparing to receive guests. He heard, as he went, her faint voice giving eager directions: "A tea gown, Angélique! Yes, yes, the lace one. A mantilla to conceal the hair. Certainly, some rouge; now a fan. My rings, so! Do not forget the perfume for the hands."

She had described to him many of the customs of her childhood, occasions of rustic ceremony as unchanging in remote places as the race itself; among them that of New Year visiting, which originated perhaps with this ancient people, when young men of a neighborhood band themselves together as at carnival time to make the rounds of the valleys, singing and drinking and eating seedcake with all from whom they choose to claim hospitality; for to be chosen for the New Year's visit is an honor to any house. It was many years since this honor had been paid to the House Ducontentia.

Esteban Urruty was at the head of the New Year visitors; with him not only all the leading young men of the vicinity but many of the older ones, to mark a special occasion. The alcalde, his father, was there. Monsieur Abbadie, the clever notary, who rarely mingled with ordinary folk; Olhaiby, the blacksmith; lame Lastra in his cobbler's apron; many others whom John recognized by sight. Even Père Marcos, the curé, had come to give authority of the church to this welcome of a returning citizen.

To John's dazed greeting it was the curé who responded with the sonorous phrase of Basque ceremonial: "May peace be in this house!"

Pilar heard, and smiled wryly in her bed. "So, *mon père*, I do not escape my charming old conscience, after all," she gave him greeting.

They hesitated at her door, awkward and embarrassed, the older men recalling the manner of their last visit to her, the younger ones suddenly conscious of their puerile entertainment—the drums and horns and bells; shy of this famous lady whose beauty had become a tradition in the valleys. Something in the dim, fragrant, rose-lighted chamber awed them a little; certainly not their hostess, who soon had them at ease. Propped high on lacy pillows, eyes and lips smiling their old allure from the shadow of the mantilla behind a slow-moving, graceful fan, it was still the most charming voice in the world which greeted them, calling many by name, using for some the *tutoyer* of familiarity, giving to each some little personal word:

"What, Olhaiby, you yourself in place of the lost Hercule? How that is kind! But do not despair of Hercule, my friend; we are always *nostalgique*, we prodigals. . . . And monsieur the notary, who first taught me cards! Ah, *mon* Abbadie, how often I have cause to be grateful to you for it! When all else fails the cards remain—with, of course, religion." She made a little *moue* at the priest. "Truly, dear neighbor Lastra, it takes a cripple to make comfortable the feet of other people! Never anywhere in the world have I found such dancing sandals as those you used to sew for me."

They saw that if she had anything to forgive them, she had forgotten it.

"And these, my friends, all these *beaux garçons*—they are your sons? But how charming of you to bring them to me! Or is it perhaps the sons," she inquired, smiling, "who have brought me their shy papas?"

The youths grinned at one another sheepishly, pleased with the gallant imputation.

Pedro Urruty she drew close with an affectionate hand, to ask for further kindness to her child. "You did not know him, cousin? How amusing! Yet he is mine, all mine, from the tawny hair to the hunger for everything that is beautiful. But he is tamed, *le pauvre petit!* He sings and dances only with the paintbrush. My cousin Leocadie, your mother, will know why I have brought my one ewe lamb back to the home pastures. She must protect him from her savage cubs. Myself, I adore a *beau sauvage!*" she added, making outrageous eyes at Esteban. "What a pity there is not more time, or I should endeavor to give the pretty American wife a twinge or two!"

"Madame, I am sure you would succeed," laughed Esteban, gallantly bending over her hand.

The gay voice tired; perhaps her wits began to fail a little, too, for she kept peering beyond them as if for someone else.

"Is there nobody there, no one standing just outside? Look, my Jaun-y! Tell him to enter; we are friends here—only friends. I must see all of you, all I can of you. Ah!" Her face lighted at a step on the threshold. "*C'est toi*, Des Luynes! At last! Gentlemen, my guests"—she made them a pretty, confidential gesture—"will you leave us now? Will you allow my servants to offer you some refreshment in the salon? Afterward card tables shall be brought; there must be music, dancing—what you will. If you like, I myself will dance for you," she offered graciously, forgetting. "But for the moment Monsieur le Comte and I have much to say to each other, you comprehend—much to say."

Yet when they were alone, except for her son and the priest waiting unseen, those two said very little. His head was bowed upon the fragile hands he held; those hands which do not change as a face changes.

"But, my dear, you have brought me no son, like the others!" she reproached him in a voice barely more than a whisper. "Why is that?"

"I have not married, Pilar."

"No?" She made a sound of regret. "Your poor mother! And how foolish of you, my Tubal, when I myself have married since, and often."

He said below his breath, "You have not married me."

"True," she sighed. "And now it is too late. What a pity! But for that you should be grateful to me, my dear; my one self-denial. I knew that madame your mother was right; as a mistress you might have found me delightful, but as a wife ——" She shrugged.

"Hush, Pilar!" he said sternly. "Your son is listening."

"My son, thank God, is not a woman! So you do not forget? Ah, truly, '*Eschaldene fededen*'—'Basque and faithful!'" She quoted a saying of her people. "Faithful to what? one wonders. Not my virtues; *ils n'existent pas*." She made her droll grimace. "Not to my need of you, for that soon passed—I am sorry, Tubal, but that soon passed. I have loved all men too well to remain long true to any. Faithful to what then? To my beauty?"

"Perhaps, Pilar."

"But what a dangerous vice, this passion for beauty—never to be sated. Worse than the cards, my friend, or the drink, or women. Beauty of the sea, the hills; beauty of music, singing, dancing; beauty of young men, of love in human eyes; beauty of one's own face gazing back out of the mirror—beware of it, Tubal! We do not lose that sterile passion with other passions. Eh, well!" She sighed. "Come close, my dear. Lean over me."

He did as he was bid, thinking she meant to kiss him. With ruthless hand she pushed aside the rose-colored shade of the lamp beside her, so that its light glared full and merciless upon her ruined face.

Watching, she smiled a little at the start he tried to suppress. "So," she said, "that is my reparation, my *gage d'amour!* Now you should find forgetting easier."

From below came the cheerful, familiar clink of glass on glass, some command in a young man's voice, the stirring beat of a drum, the full, fine-swinging rhythm of a Basque New Year's chant. The woman who listened moved her hand in time to it, or thought she did so, paying no further heed to the two who knelt beside her bed, lover and son; nor to the urgent hurried prayers of Père Marcos, who wept as he prayed. Life, she thought dreamily—what an experience! Life that came and went and came again, with the south wind and the north wind, with the hours in the belfry yonder, never hurrying, never lagging, never failing.

The door of the House Ducontentia closed behind the New Year visitors. A breath of haunting fragrance followed them out into the windy darkness; of fragrance and of warmth, which passed like a caress across their cheeks, their lips, their memories. It was perhaps the soul of Pilar de Maytie lingering a moment before it dissipated itself upon the wide night air.

WHY THEY LEAVE THEIR JOBS

(Continued from Page 15)

The personnel manager is the connecting link between men and women workers and the management of our great industrial, communication and transportation systems. He is the product of the machine age, and a century ago was not needed, had not been thought of, and had no place in the scheme of things.

A hundred years ago the scheme of things was ample almost to absurdity. Manufacturing and trade swung around small arcs. Railroads were in their infancy. The West had not been won. It had not yet been thoroughly explored. Immigration poured in from the British Isles and Germany to furnish the necessary labor. Things were made, for the most part, by hand. What machinery there was, was derided and distrusted

Relations between the management and workers in trade, transportation and manufacturing were direct. The owners directed the work either by personal supervision or through a few representatives personally selected. Contact between the supervisory forces and the rank and file was very close. The owner or his superintendent or foreman knew personally and individually every one of his subordinates. There was no labor problem. Everything was reduced to its simplest terms. There was a job of work. A worker hired out to do it at a certain wage. If he did not like it he could get out. Someone else took his place. No time was lost in discussing rights. A man did what his employer considered his duty. If he didn't, he and the boss parted company, usually at the boss' suggestion.

With the coming of machinery occurred the disappearance of direct contact. Trade, industry, transportation and communication swinging into the great arc they traverse today eliminated it. Great companies with thousands of shareholders stepped into the place of the individual owner. The individual worker was swallowed up in organizations containing thousands and tens of thousands of him.

The personal touch disappeared unavoidably; the owners, managers and employes multiplied and a feeling of class consciousness arose, to be followed by class antagonism. Ensued the succession of bitter wars between capital and labor in which the public played the rôle of the innocent bystander, receiving what the innocent bystander usually receives. But the public was for the most part vitally interested in one or the other warring force as either employers or employes.

Women entered industry and business. Immigration was shut off. Product on increased A balance was struck, closely approaching the ideal one of fifty-fifty, between production demands and man and woman power. In the past twenty years enlightened self-interest has been dawning in the collective mind of both employer and employe. The chief problem of human relations in industry, it is recognized, is to find an effective substitute for that vanished personal contact between management and employe which, under favorable conditions when enterprises were smaller, made for the feeling of unity and partnership.

Men and women working for a living have come to realize that greater production means more per capita wealth. Employers are learning that the better the working conditions the greater will be the volume of production. Hence the personnel manager and his intensive study of labor turnover.

Labor turnover, stripped of the trade jargon which has grown up around it, simply means the cost, both to himself and to business and industry, of a worker quitting his job. It is not a fundamental problem. It is a symptom, studied and interpreted as such. It may be either a good symptom or a bad one, healthy or unhealthy. Too high a labor turnover is regarded as unhealthy.

It has been under expert scrutiny only about sixteen years and no one knows its exact annual percentage. An investigation of a cross section of the industrial field as represented by 110 manufacturers employing 500,000 workers, recently completed by one of the great insurance companies, revealed a labor turnover of 75 per cent per year on the average in seven years. Sixty per cent was voluntary—that is, workers left the job of their own free will—and 15 per cent was made up of discharges and lay-offs. This is considered low and very healthy.

No expert will go on record with a figure approximating the normal labor turnover of industry and business. It fluctuates. In periods of prosperity and booms, like 1920 and 1923, labor turnover is high because production demands exceed the labor supply.

It varies inversely with high wages. When Henry Ford adopted the five-dollar-base labor wage his turnover declined sharply to somewhere between 3 and 6 per cent a month, where it has remained ever since. His recent adoption of the five-day week, experts declare, may cut it below that figure

In periods of depression and slack times, such as occurred in 1921 and 1924, labor turnover is low because there isn't enough work to go around.

Several experts, consenting to guess wildly, said that 60 per cent might be considered a normal annual labor turnover.

(Continued on Page 135

Fashions change-but Quality remains the same

Interwoven

REG. U. S. PATENT OFF.

Toe and Heel

Socks

"POSITIVE AGITATION"

— the time-saver and work-saver —

Think of the finest and most efficient vacuum cleaner you have ever seen.

Then think of that cleaner as having added to it a *new* principle, a *plus* advantage, which more than *doubles* its efficiency!

Now you have a rough idea of the immense advance accomplished in the new Hoover, through its revolutionary cleaning principle "Positive Agitation."

By reason of this exclusive principle the new Hoover cleans *faster*, *easier*, *deeper*—so much so that it surpasses even the celebrated standard-design Hoover in these important particulars:

1 For the first time, it makes possible "Positive Agitation" of floor coverings.

2 By actual test, in the ordinary cleaning time, it beats out and sweeps up from carpetings an average of 1[illegible]

3 It is an even greater rug-saver; the oftener a carpet is cleaned with a Hoover the longer that carpet will wear.

4 It is virtually service-proof; every part, including the new motor, requiring no oiling.

5 It increases the efficiency of its remarkable dusting tools because of its 50% stronger suction.

6 Its exclusive new bag is made of the most efficient dust-and-germ-filtering cloth yet devised.

7 Its form and finish are of startling beauty; and every new feature insures even greater operating ease.

This makes the difference

You buy a cleaner to save time and energy—why not be sure you get the cleaner that saves them most?

Your Authorized Hoover Dealer will deliver you the new Hoover complete with dusting tools for only $6.25 down, with the balance in easy monthly payments.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners *The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario*

The New HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

as accomplished in the new Hoover is beating—the time-tested requirement of thorough rug-cleaning—reduced to an exact scientific process. Such beating, instead of being concentrated in a few violent strokes as with the carpet-beater or broom, is modified by The Hoover into a series of swiftly repeated air-cushioned taps. This is achieved by means of a totally new appliance—the exclusive and patented Hoover Agitator illustrated above. Suction lifts the rug from the floor and floats it on a cushion of air while the Agitator gently flutters out all the embedded grit as the strong suction draws all the dirt into the dust-tight bag

(Continued from Page 132)

Of this only a third is preventable. The other two-thirds is caused by economic conditions which are beyond control—the law of supply and demand, seasonal fluctuations, dull times.

The preventable third costs industry billions a year. The sickness tax alone, which authorities on insurance declare can be cut a half or a third, runs into a sum respectably comparable to our war debt.

In a bulletin sent out by the Policyholder's Service Bureau of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company there is presented the cost of sickness to both industry and the worker.

"Under present conditions," it declares, "more than 300,000,000 days are lost by the working people of the United States annually from sickness and accidents. In other words, the 42,000,000 men and women of the country gainfully employed lose together about 1,000,000 working days each day. This means that there is lost, through sickness and disability, to American industry the labor of 1,000,000 workers for an entire year. Compare this loss with the addition of 350,000 persons who, it is estimated, are added to the working population out of the 522,919 immigrants to the United States during the fiscal year of 1923.

"Taxes paid in the United States, in 1922, if distributed equally, would have cost every man, woman and child almost sixty-five dollars, according to the National Industrial Conference Board. The high cost of sickness now is coming to be realized by business organizations. Mr. Howell Cheney of Cheney Brothers, silk manufacturers, estimates from the experience of his own company that $125 a person a year is lost to the factory community on account of employes' physical disability. Of this amount about sixty dollars is borne by the industry and is reflected in reduced output, deterioration in quality, idle machinery and expenses incident to employing and instructing new help. The remaining sixty-five dollars is borne by the worker and his family. It takes the form of lost wages, medical expenses, and reduced earning capacity after illness."

Another factor which adds to the expense of quitting a job is the cost of training workers. It is estimated that from $50 to $200 is spent in preparing mental and physical laborers for industrial tasks. This cost is doubled when a trained worker quits, because another must be trained to take his place. Hence the deep interest of employers in the subject of voluntary quits, the burning desire to know just why men and women leave their jobs.

The Spur of Discontent

There are as many reasons as there are individuals, but the two main causes are the desire of men and women to better themselves and unpleasant working conditions. These conditions may be physical or mental—a bad employes' entrance, ill-ventilated rooms, or a grouchy foreman, superintendent or employer. The same fundamental reasons cause the same results, whether the person affected wears overalls or a white collar. The volatile, uncertain, imponderable but powerful human element is what decides finally whether a worker shall leave the job or anchor to it for better or for worse till death do them part.

John Ludvok, going away from Lawrence and the loom and leaving his late employers under the impression that he was a no-account nomad, is representative of many people who leave their jobs. The thing that took him out of New England was the belief that he could better himself. And John is typical in another way. By inference and by his failure to give any explanation for quitting his job, he hinted a reason which was as far from the real one as the North is from the South Pole. One of the axioms of the science of personnel is that the real reason for an individual's quitting a job is as far as possible from the reason he gives. Many a sick mother whose ill health demanded constant care and resulted in a good stenographer's resigning from her position has metamorphosed into the same job at a higher salary with a competing firm, generally about two weeks after the dutiful daughter has left her late employers.

Temperament, other things being equal, has a tremendous influence on labor turnover. And by temperament is meant exactly the same thing as that troublesome factor which causes an opera star to refuse to sing because someone in the horseshoe is wearing a red evening gown. When a superintendent or a foreman—a "key man" as he is called—has it, his department becomes as full of potentialities as a supposedly extinct volcano. This holds true whether the affected workers wear white collars or blue denim. They are all brothers under their shirts.

A. M. Grouch Loses His Job

In a New York department store recently a buyer was given charge of one of the most profitable departments. Two weeks after he had taken charge there began an exodus as big in proportion as that of the Hebrews in the Old Testament. The number of voluntary quits threatened to equal the number of employes in the department, and the personnel manager investigated. The first thing he learned was that the new executive was the victim of an early-morning grouch—a gray-black cloud which arrived with him every morning, to stay till about eleven o'clock. By that hour everybody in the department had felt the weight of his wrath. From then on he was affable—to those he liked. To the others he was kind enough to suggest that, in the interests of harmony, if he were they, he would look up another position in a department far removed from his. The personnel manager achieved the harmony at one stroke—by separating him from his job.

During the war one of the leading small-arms manufacturing companies, in sudden and sore need of drop forgers, learned the far-reaching influence of foremanship on shop morale, when their employment manager went out to several great industrial cities to recruit men for the work.

The first person interviewed in Chicago had excellent recommendations and was willing to go East to work, but would go only on condition that he be allowed to work for John P. and not Frank X. With some surprise that a Chicago drop forger should have a preference of foremen in a distant shop in which he had never worked, the manager granted the request. However, the next man applying for work expressed a similar preference, as did the majority of the other applicants. In Kansas City, Cleveland and Cincinnati, John P.'s name kept bobbing up with that of Bill Roof, who also enjoyed a great reputation in the trade. Out of 200 foremen in the forge shops of the country these two men were known to possess the qualities, such as leadership, self-control, initiative and tact, necessary in their position. These qualities made men eager to work for them. Turnover in their departments was negligible.

Executives, major and minor, are not exactly distinguished for restlessness in their jobs. Generally an executive position is a prize that has come only after years of training and effort. Naturally executive turnover is not very high. Nevertheless they do leave their jobs.

The secretary of one of the biggest management associations in the country has such an affable manner and sympathetic personality that men about to change positions without knowing exactly where they are going, seek his advice.

"A frequent cause of restlessness among executives," he told me, "is the change of the financial control of a firm or a corporation. This usually brings in its train a new set of high officers—president, secretary, and treasurer. The minor executives, trained under the old management, realise that their methods may conflict with new ideas. Following such a change anywhere in the business world there come letters to me asking for advice, and often for my help in finding the writers new positions; though finding jobs has no place among my duties. My advice to these people is: 'Hang on to what you've got.' In the majority of cases their feeling of restlessness is justified and they receive their notices a few weeks after the installation of the new régime.

"Stretching the family ties so that they enmesh the opportunities of ambitious employes is a great source of unhappiness to executives. There are many firms of this type. A man founds a business, and after many years brings it to success. Meanwhile his relatives gird themselves to fill the bigger positions in his organization. It soon dawns on other employes that they can go just so far and no further. All the plums are saved for members of their employer's family. The exodus of executives from this type of organization is steady and unfortunate for the organization, which often shrivels and dies of premature senility. Too close breeding is as harmful to business firms as it is to races.

"Then there is the man whose ambition and drive have landed him into a minor leadership where he seems doomed to stay for the remainder of his career. A sales manager builds up his department to the highest point of efficiency, looks up from his task for more worlds to conquer, and finds there aren't any. The men above him seem healthy and efficient enough to keep functioning in their positions. The president or the owner of the organization tells him he is very much pleased with his work and counsels him to have a little patience. 'Wait a few years,' he says, 'and you'll be given something more worthy of your ability.' Naturally, he doesn't wait, because he is not built that way. He looks around for another job, and often writes me to help him search for it, or he goes into business for himself."

Big-Towners in Small-Town Work

"One of the most unhappy mortals in the business and industrial world is the man who has brilliant ideas, but no ability to sell them. Sheer merit lifts him to the position of minor executive, and from that vantage he starts shooting at the job above him. Ideas pour in on him as they must have rained on Alexander Dumas, and he sends them out again as often as Dumas wrote his novels. But he lacks the ability to convince the men above him. He can't sell his ideas, though many of them are good. He generally succumbs to disappointments and becomes a victim of chronic mental indigestion. He either quits in disgust or is discharged, because the aura of gloom he carries about with him has a depressing effect upon the whole office force. In other words, his employers feel so sorry for him they have to kill him.

"The inability of wives and families to adapt themselves to new communities is another frequent reason for executives quitting their jobs, and it is also one of the reasons why many executive positions in the great cities are held by men from the small towns.

"It is much easier for a woman from a smaller town to adapt herself to city life than it is for a city woman to take up the social rounds in a smaller community. On my desk now is a letter from a New York man who was sent out to Indiana to take charge of his company's affairs in a small town. Three months after his family settled there his wife tearfully confessed to him that she simply could not stand it there. She was dying, she said, of sheer loneliness. He pointed out that his stay there would not be long and that it was a step in his sure advancement. She tried heroically to conform to small-town standards and ways, but her efforts put such a strain upon her that she became ill. Alarmed, he sent her back to New York and began to look for another position which would enable him to join her there.

"It often works the other way. Many small-town wives succumb to the apparent

(Continued on Page 137)

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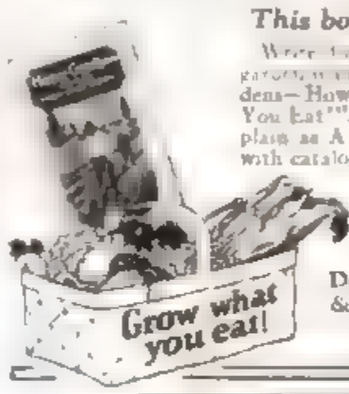

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Twenty Million Dozen Eggs

hauled last year by these International Trucks

Read this letter from Washcoegg:

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Gentlemen

In line with our own quality product, which we have every reason to be proud of, we want to give you credit for the part International Trucks are contributing to the success of our organization.

From a point of service Internationals are entirely satisfactory. Our oldest truck is still rolling and the cost of repairs is very negligible.

The International Truck is a high class product and International Service is second to none.

Yours co-operatively,

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EGG & POULTRY ASSN.

FROM the hen ranches around Seattle to the breakfast tables of New York is a long jump, but the big white eggs of Washcoegg make it regularly. "Washcoegg" means Washington Co-operative Egg & Poultry Association—and that stands for more than 6,000 poultry raisers of the State of Washington.

Last year the hens of Washcoegg laid to the tune of millions of dollars. The Association hauled and shipped twenty million dozen eggs, more than half of the pack going to the Atlantic Seaboard, and great shipments to Alaska, Hawaii, South America and Europe.

Transportation is a vital factor when eggs are handled on this gigantic scale, and Washcoegg prefers International Trucks to all others. They standardize on Internationals! Their high praise of International performance comes out of years of heavy-duty truck service. Year in, year out, the great International Fleet of Washcoegg ranges up and down the hills and valleys of Washington, carrying tons of feed and supplies to the ranches, bringing back tons of eggs—loaded both ways, always on the job.

Here, as the world over, International Trucks are delivering the sturdy service the Harvester organization has built into trucks through more than twenty-two years of truck manufacture.

The International line includes the Special Delivery for loads up to ½ ton, Speed Trucks of 1½-ton and 1½-ton sizes, Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 1½-ton to 5-ton sizes, Motor Coaches, and the McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractor. Served by 125 Company-owned branches in the United States and 17 in Canada — the farther you go from one the nearer you get to another. Write for literature.

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(INCORPORATED)
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INTERNATIONAL
TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 135)

indifference of a big city and flee back home to escape from it. New York and other big cities are full of wifeless husbands who have refused to give up their jobs and chances for advancement and so are compelled to live a more-or-less bachelor existence.

"The type of executive who spends at least 50 per cent of his time looking for a new job is the one who is beating the gun, resigning just before he gets fired. I can tell him from the tone of his letters, which are full of bumptious awareness of his own great ability and a half-contemptuous pity for the men above him. He cannot understand how men so poorly equipped should have reached such responsible positions.

"He wants, he says, a place where he will be appreciated; and so burning is this desire that he is willing to sacrifice a little of his present salary in return for future possibilities. This is the type of man who is misplaced in an executive position. There are hundreds of him—men on whom authority acts like bootleg liquor. Needless to say, he doesn't last long either in his intoxicating job or with the firm which has made the mistake of promoting him."

Labor turnover among the professions is not so heavy as in business and industry, but it is present and fairly prevalent. Clergymen, doctors, lawyers, college professors, engineers, scientists and journalists often leave their jobs.

Literature, with its huge rewards of fame and fortune and the opportunities it offers for recording human experience, attracts many from among the professions. A casual glance over current best-selling writings reveals that popular authors, taken together, represent a cross-section of professional life. Mary Roberts Rinehart started her career as a nurse; Theodore Dreiser, Kathleen Norris, the Irwins, and a thousand of others did time in newspaper work; Harold Bell Wright was a clergyman; Bruce Barton was, and still is, an advertising man; A. Conan Doyle, S. Weir Mitchell and Havelock Ellis were physicians before they took up the pen; Arthur Train and Thomas McMorrow remain lawyers; Stewart Edward White, before becoming a writer and big game hunter, was an engineer, and George A. Dorsey, author of Why We Behave Like Human Beings, is a college professor.

Business also draws men and women from professions which have demanded years of apprenticeship, causing the greatest turnover among newspaper men and women.

A Stepping-Stone to Everything

Newspaper work—not to be termed "journalism" when talking to anyone engaged in it—has always been limited in its financial rewards. True, everyone in it has a chance to become a managing editor, but the chance is about equal to that of a bookkeeper becoming president of the corporation whose financial records he keeps. Below the managing editor is the city editor, one of the most nerve-straining positions in the world and, like every other post in the work, underpaid. In these days of the standardization of news-collecting agencies, the reporter is not a tenth as important as he was ten and fifteen years ago, and the experienced men who can write are assigned to the job of rewriting the news from the copy of press associations or the verbatim reports of leg men. This job is pretty well standardized, as is the salary. Then there is the pleasant custom of the annual clean-up, by which the dead wood is removed from the staff. One owner of newspapers suffers a bad reputation in the news-gathering field because of the activities of his efficiency men. Toward the end of the year a check-up of his assets and liabilities reveals that he is exceeding his appropriation for staffing his newspapers. The efficiency experts prune the staff much as a man with very little money sets about ordering a meal. They read the salary list and cut from the pay roll those receiving salaries that are higher than average.

Against this gloomy side of the picture there shines the fact that the opportunities for bettering himself are unlimited to the newspaper worker. He can write, and often does. Publicity calls him, and this field, which in the past fifteen years has grown from a humble side line to one of the most intricate sciences of our civilization, has brought many a fortune. All kinds of businesses are opened to him because of his contacts and his training in marshaling facts and meeting individuals. The most spectacular recent example of the metamorphosis of a newspaper man into a big business potentate is Frank Vanderlip, former president of the National City Bank, who entered the field of finance by way of reporting financial news for the Chicago Tribune. Scratch a writer, editor, big-business executive, fight manager, promoter, diplomat or politician and you are liable to find a former news-gatherer. That is what is meant by the statement, "Newspaper work is a stepping-stone to everything."

Increased Opportunities

Lawyers are next in point of turnover. The fields they choose after some years in the profession of their first choice are literature and business. Corporation lawyers are prominent among financial leaders, being chosen because of their knowledge of financial law and their executive ability. Sometimes sheer boredom with the seamy side of human nature as revealed in the courts drives a legal light into other fields. Not long ago a San Francisco judge, after several years of hearing divorce cases, retired from the bench and went in for truck gardening. He declared he believed there was still some decency left in vegetables and fruit.

No college professor, with his low salary, is safe any more. Big corporations are luring him away in ever-increasing numbers from his chosen life work of teaching the young idea how to shoot. Insurance companies want him as an expert for the compilation and the interpretation of statistics. Transportation organizations need his help in solving engineering problems. As business offers financial rewards from two to ten times as great as those given for teaching, you can give "increased opportunities" as the reason for his quitting his job.

Literature and business are also responsible for an increasing turnover among clergymen. Better financial reward, wider fields, and the conflict between the modernists and fundamentalists are given as the reasons.

The doctor reveals himself as a glutton for punishment by having the lowest turnover among the professions. He and his coworker, the nurse, are the least-appreciated and the poorest-paid professionals. A queer quirk in the human brain has resulted in two beliefs—that the doctor can wait for his money and the nurse is overpaid for her services. Possibly it is because both appear on the scene at a time of physical and mental *malaise*. They are greeted as saviors, and prove themselves such. The patient recovers, and from the vantage point of renewed normal health fails to give them due credit and shows an almost universal unwillingness to pay the doctor or to fail to discredit the nurse's efforts.

"Last year," a young New York surgeon told me, "I made $17,000 on paper, and when I succeeded in collecting $6000 I considered myself fortunate." Doctors' accounts are familiar among bad-bill collectors. They would lead all others if physicians employed more businesslike methods and dunned their patients.

But doctors and nurses do abandon their professions in favor of literature, business and, in the case of nurses, matrimony. Many nurses forsake the medical profession for practitioners. They make up about 70 per cent of doctors' wives. One doctor gave up medicine for politics and writing. He is United States Senator Royal S. Copeland, "the gentleman from New York." Besides performing his senatorial duties and mending his political fences, Senator Copeland

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The annual turnover of the office worker ranges from 35 to 40 per cent, the personnel manager of a large New York brokerage house told me. This firm employs 636 men and 314 women in its home office, and the personnel manager based his figures on voluntary and involuntary quits in this and fifteen branch offices throughout the United States. Office employes consist of stenographers, bookkeepers, typists, billing-machine operators, addressing-machine, tabulating-machine, dictating-machine and key-punch operators, filing clerks, cashiers, correspondence clerks, general clerks and office boys.

The stenographer, only as old as the practical typewriter and the advent of women into business, is as prevalent in the business and industrial world as is yeast in a loaf of bread. She deserves the special discussion which she will get later.

"Much of the turnover among office workers now regarded as unpreventable will be cut in half," the personnel expert told me. "Most of it today is caused by putting workers into jobs haphazardly. Office work is distinguished by the round peg in the square hole. The science of personnel is still in its infancy. The first steps in scientific management began no further back than 1910. Then, there were no such things as job analyses, selection promotion and wage administration. The preventable third of our turnover is caused by inefficient department administration and by the idiosyncrasies of the workers themselves.

"A week ago my attention was caught by the large number of people quitting a certain department. Investigation revealed that the department manager was asking too high an average of work for the age and ability of his force, and was ruthless with individuals who could not give it. When the average was lowered the turnover in that department decreased.

"When we installed time clocks in the office our percentage of voluntary quits shot up to 60 per cent. Our employes declared that the time clock smacked too much of the factory. When it was pointed out that the executives also were compelled to punch the clock some of our old employes returned and the newcomers accepted the innovation without objection."

The Office-Boy Shortage

"The problem of the office worker is the problem of the white-collar man, which is altogether different from that of the plant worker. The plant worker is concerned with present wages and working conditions. He or she is not particularly interested in promotions. The office worker is. He will not stay put, and he will leave if he is not being continually adjusted by promotion and more pay. Most of the people who quit us voluntarily do so because of a chance for bettering themselves.

"One of the biggest problems confronting office managers today is the supply of office boys. The increased number of children who are continuing their education through high school, and the high wages offered in industrial work and for driving trucks which attract the youngsters, has resulted in a shortage of office-boy material. His salary, therefore, has gone up. Even then the turnover is high. If he is smart and ambitious the office boy is promoted, leaving a vacancy that is often long unfilled. And if he is kept in the same position at the same salary, he forsakes business and the white collar to make twice as much driving a truck.

"Turnover among our women employes is influenced a great deal by matrimony, though not so greatly today as it was years ago. Marriage among business women is decreasing. Many of our women leave us because, trained in a small office, they find the bigger one uncongenial. They are much like the small-town woman coming to a big city. They miss the intimacy of the small office and they object to the rigid rules enforced in the larger offices. At the first opportunity they return to the more congenial kind.

"Often an employe leaves the job shortly after being transferred to a position which carries responsibility. All through business and industry are individuals who will not accept a responsibility of any kind. When it is forced on him he quits."

The prevalence of the stenographer is the response to a demand which increases daily and which already has made her one of the biggest factors in business. Some of the time she is temperamental. Most of the time she is faithful and efficient. All of the time she is human, responding to outside stimuli, if anything, a little bit faster than does her brother worker. She draws from twelve dollars a week as a tyro just out of business college, to fifty a week as a secretary, to ten thousand a year as an executive.

The stenographer's turnover varies inversely with her skill and experience. The better she is, the less liable is she to leave her job. The turnover among highly efficient stenographers runs from zero to 20 per cent; among those of average efficiency it ranges from 40 to 60 per cent; among the beginners it runs as high as 120 per cent.

Retarded by Ability

There is a type of employer who specializes in the hiring of inexperienced stenographers, figuring that the high turnover is compensated for by the service obtained at the lowest wage. One chain store is known among business schools and employment agents for its low wage and the opportunity it offers to budding stenographers for acquiring business experience.

The majority of stenographers who quit their jobs after acquiring a high degree of efficiency, do so because they find the way to advancement closed to them in that particular organization because of their employer's belief that women have no permanent place in the business world. The rapidly increasing number of college women who are taking up business as a career is solving that difficulty by forcing employers to realize that they are just as permanent, and often more efficient in their particular line than men.

Despite this, however, marriage continues to be the biggest influence working against the permanence of stenographers as well as other women in industry and business. It is blamed for 70 per cent of all turnover among woman labor.

Often a stenographer becomes so valuable to a department manager that he refuses to recommend her for promotion, because by doing so he will lose her services. The personnel manager of a large corporation found twelve cases of this after a resigning stenographer had given this as her reason for quitting. It is, he believes, the real reason why a great many efficient stenographers leave an organization to take a better position in another firm.

The clash of personalities between a boss or an executive and a stenographer who has been assigned to take his dictation often causes her to leave. The dictatorial manner of the type of man who refuses to believe in a stenographer's intelligence and the attitude of the other type which demands that she shop for his ties and render other personal services do much to send her out looking for another job.

"The type of man who is in the habit of reminding his stenographer of every detail of an order is a very prevalent reason for her quitting," an employment agent told me. "This man, for instance, will dictate a letter. Then he will say, 'Type that letter. Fold it. Address an envelope. Insert the letter. Put a stamp on the envelope and mail it.' And he wonders why stenographers are so restless.

"Also the employer who offhandedly orders his stenographer to do his or his wife's shopping is a very healthy cause of her searching elsewhere for employment. One man who has been thrust upon my attention eleven times in the past eleven weeks

(Continued on Page 141)

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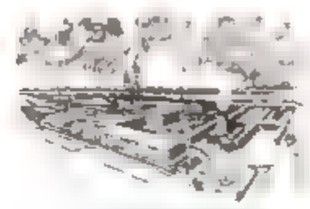

Port Chester Plant

NICHOLAS FOX
70 years
started April 13, 1856

THOMAS KNOTT
58 years
started May, 1868

AARON F. ADAMS
57 years
started March, 1869

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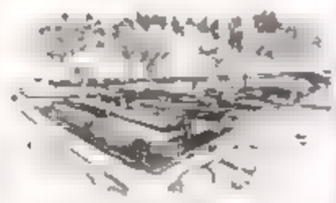
50 years
started June 21, 1876



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Besides showing big savings in office or store space [worth from $1.50 to $4.00 a square foot annually] Shaw-Walker Counter-Height Equipment saves steps—cuts out useless motions—reduces fatigue—simplifies and speeds up service. In the St. Louis installation pictured above, for example, one person acts as information attendant, file clerk and stenographer.

Shaw-Walker Counter-Height Equipment includes files for every purpose—letters, cards, credit reports, checks, maps, ledger accounts, and orders; also safes for the important records; cashier, clerical or stenographer desks; and the odd bits of space can be utilized for storage and shelving. The equipment comes in Shaw-Walker standard stock filing units which readily permit changes in your office or store layout. Structural building columns need not interfere with their location.

Send for the Shaw-Walker "Skyscraper" man. He is in your phone book. Let him show you how Counter-Height Equipment—by combining railings, counters, files and department separators—can pay you big yearly dividends.

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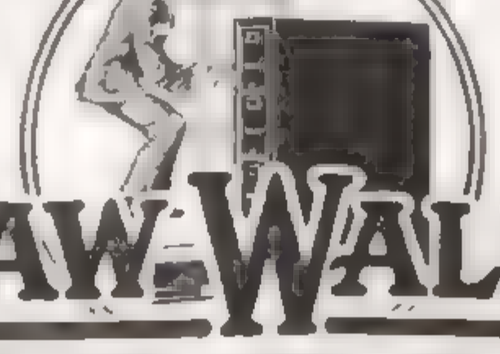

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Including FILING CABINETS . . SAFES . . DESKS . . BANK EQUIPMENT . . SPECIALIZED INDEXING . . CARDS . . GUIDES . . ETC.

(Continued from Page 138

by eleven requests for a girl to fill the position of secretary, had, up to that long ago, dyspepsia and a secretary who had spoiled him. He had the dyspepsia before he had the secretary, and she was with him twelve years. And every morning at 10:30 she cooked some milk for him on a little oil stove in the office. When the disease gave his gastric juices a chance to act normal which, I will admit, was seldom—her duty was to go out and buy some little snack for him to eat. She left him, finally, to marry. That was eleven weeks ago. Each of the eleven girls I've sent has lasted a week. The reason for their leaving has been resentment at being called upon to render a personal service.

"Employers' wives sometimes are another source of trouble, especially in the smaller one-man offices. These, especially if they are brides, are consumed by the certainty that their irresistible husbands are being exposed to the wiles of a worldly secretary. After a while they go to see how well she is equipped for vamping purposes, and woe be to her if she is blessed with too much beauty. If she is, she is usually slated for the shute. When they aren't jealous, they are forgetful. On a shopping tour they forget some article and call up their husbands and order them to bring it home. The husbands pass the buck to their stenographers, generally asking them to get it after working hours. Yes; a lot of that and they lose one perfectly good assistant."

Among the average run-of-the-mine stenographers the reason for quitting varies. Some will quit because they get too much dictation, but more will quit because they do not get enough. Western business men, locating in the East, have acquired a bad reputation because of their demand that stenographers work from 8:30 in the morning till 5:30 at night and Saturday afternoons in summer. These men, an employment agent pointed out to me, do not realize that many of New York's workers consume from two to three hours a day in commuting to and from their offices from suburban homes. It takes about a year and a constant stream of departing office help to educate them to the nine-to-five régime.

Badly lighted and ill-ventilated offices will invariably result in an exodus of office help, which suggests the story of Hortense, a good stenographer, who had ability, poor eyesight, a craving for rest, and the misfortune to have had a run of jobs in poorly lit offices. Hortense one day last fall quit her job for this old reason of bad lighting, and took her place among the applicants in the employment office of a company which makes a very well-known typewriter.

Too Dark for Hortense

"I knew she was a very capable worker," the employment manager told me; "and when a firm on West Street sent in for a high-class stenographer I gave Hortense the address and saw her on her way.

"Hortense loitered. It was a dark day, and as she sauntered along it got darker. By the time she reached the West Street address it was almost twilight. West Street, as you know, is busy, noisy and not particularly attractive. If it was the first section of this town you visited, you would never get the impression that New York was a garden city. To reach the office of the firm she had to climb a dark stair. When she convinced the manager of her capability, he hired her on the spot and she went to work at a salary ten dollars higher than she received in the job she had just quit. But Hortense resigned that night. When she came back to my office two days later she smiled at my anger.

"'Too dark,' she said.

"'I know,' I pointed out. 'But it was dark all over the world that day.'

"'Yes,' she admitted; 'but I'm tired of darkness. I want light and I won't work again till I get it.'"

In this employment office I got my first glimpse of the tragedy awaiting stenographers who grow old with a business and then lose their jobs. The employment agent told me there were a great many of these women in New York and other large cities. They become set with the years. Their disposition turns acid. Then, too, employers for the most part demand youth in their offices, especially if the office is a show place for their business. When these women are discharged or quit in a moment of anger, they find there are no jobs for them. They haunt employment offices for a while, eager for by-the-day work. Then they disappear.

At present there is a high labor turnover among department stores in New York, caused for the most part by competition with specialty shops which are attracting many of the best saleswomen by the payment of higher salaries. The increasing demand for saleswomen has resulted in a shortage, and wages among them are going up.

A Change of Scene

The personnel manager of one of the largest stores, employing 5000 people, placed the average annual turnover at 75 per cent, but explained that this was abnormally high. Marriage he ascribed as the cause of about 50 per cent of the defection of saleswomen from business. Being misplaced is another frequent cause which is remedied by transfer. A girl who betrays no interest in pictures or other works of art may turn out to be a whirlwind among the tinware in the basement. But if she doesn't get work that interests her she quits. A large number of resignations are caused by the personality of the buyer. If he shows the slightest favoritism or fails to register appreciation for good work, his force will dwindle daily till it reaches the vanishing point. Punching the time clock is another reason why salesgirls quit their jobs. Then there are floaters and experience seekers. The floaters come, stay a while, and then announce they are quitting. When asked for their reasons they say they have a job at another store. Most of the time the job is in the same department at the same salary, and when this is pointed out to them they say that what they want is a change of scene.

Economic pressure often sends an individual out of a job in a department store to search, often unsuccessfully, for another which will supply more money. Not long ago a salesman in the furniture department demanded that his salary of $27.50 a week be raised five dollars. He explained that he needed the extra money because he was about to get married. Investigation showed that he earned his salary and no more, but when the raise was refused he quit.

Locality often has an influence on turnover among department-store employes. One firm is confronted in New York with the turnover problem caused by competition with other stores and specialty shops. In its first store, located in another city, its turnover is below normal. In that store work descendants of old employes who came with the first owner, who started the business.

Labor turnover among hotels and restaurants is very high. As the American people eat 30 to 35 per cent of their meals in either hotels or restaurants, the labor problem is interesting. The 17,797 hotels of more than twenty-five rooms in the United States employ 1,500,000 people, and the 92,500 restaurants employ 1,387,500. The turnover among 400 of the leading hotels and commercial restaurants was 150 and 200 per cent respectively, according to figures compiled by J. O. Dahl of the magazine, Hotel Management.

Dishwashers quit more often than any other hotel employe; maids are next in their refusal to stay put. After them come porters, bus boys, and the lower type of waiter known in the trade as "hasher." The cooks follow them out, and from the kitchen the turnover moves to the clerks and the front-office employes. The lowest quit rate is found among the junior executives.

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of bad working conditions, like enervating heat, lack of proper ventilation and long hours. Lowest in the working scale, they are unstable. But often other things enter into the exit, often hasty, of a worker from his job. In a hotel kitchen it is not uncommon to employ from ten to fifteen different nationalities. They work side by side and they bring from Europe all their age-old animosities. A good chef, who is really a big business man and a large employer of labor, seldom makes the mistake of putting a German next to a Frenchman or an Italian next a Greek. When he does, someone is likely to leave the kitchen swiftly, pursued by a hereditary enemy bearing in his hand a huge butcher knife.

Waiters of the higher type—men who know every trick of serving food and selling their service to their customers—are often afflicted with the itching foot. So are bell boys. Many of them follow the sun—going south in the winter and coming back to the Atlantic Coast for the summer. It is no rare thing to find the waiter who is serving you the possessor of an intimate knowledge of Ciro's in Paris, the Ritz in London and Shepheard's in Cairo.

The Globe-Trotting Waiter

A publicity man in one of New York's big hotels was struck with the perfection of the service given him by a new waiter. Within a week the waiter, always keeping in the minds of both the fact that he was a servant, told the publicity man his Odyssey.

He had been a headwaiter in Nagasaki, Japan, for two years, when a new manager came in. He disliked the waiter, who left. He drifted across Europe and worked his way along the Riviera and then across the Atlantic to New York. Meanwhile, he had a letter from the maitre d'hôtel at Shepheard's in Cairo, who invited him to come to Egypt and take up his old job as headwaiter. He was working at the New York hotel till a vacancy occurred in the dining salon of a vessel bound for Egypt. He considered it beneath the dignity of his profession to travel other than first class.

There are waiters who will take a steady job for a summer, only to quit when the banquet season opens. The banquet waiter knows all the stewards of big hotels, and long before the first snowfall he has put his name on the available list. Each banquet waiter has his own table, at which are seated from ten to fifteen persons. The custom is to hand around a water glass at the completion of the meal. Guests drop their tips in the glass, and these often run as high as fifty dollars—good pay for a night's work.

Both bell boys and waiters are paid only a nominal wage and eke out the rest of their income by tips. The big hotels, like other great corporations, are seeking to stabilize their help. Most of them look out for the general health of their waiters, aid them in buying shares of hotel stock, and give the ones longest in their service the choice stands in the restaurants. Bell boys are now compelled to serve an apprenticeship of six months as elevator boys and their wages have been subjected to a slight raise.

The servant-girl problem, always troublesome, has become acute in the past few years. The jewel of your kitchen is liable to leave you for any reason under the sun, or for no reason at all. The turnover among domestics is tremendous, and it is caused for the most part by restricted immigration and the consequent shortage of human material, increased opportunities for education, competition with the factory demand for steady labor at high wages, and the chance to obtain positions in offices. The more ambitious immigrants do not remain domestics long.

Two of the preventable reasons for Hilda's hegira are the tactlessness of housewives and the complete inability to regard their servants as human beings and to treat them as such. This attitude, added to long hours, insufficient time for recreation and the unreasonable demands of her employers, are making the old-time servant as rare as the dodo bird.

In the past sixteen years there has dawned the realization that labor turnover is a tremendous economic drain upon industry and business, which can be lessened only by an intelligent study of the laborer, his needs, his capabilities and the increased economic value of contented workers. This study has already resulted in benefits to the working people of the United States which would make a capitalist of the old order turn in his grave to accuse the modern employers of labor of coddling the workingman. There is nothing philanthropic about it. The production demands of a complicated civilization call for a tremendous labor output, and most of the citizens of the United States and of the world work for a living.

There are more than 50,000,000 people in the United States who depend for their living on some form of business or industrial activity. Most of those old enough to work are employes. Most of their children will become employes, because to be an employe of one rank or another is now the common status of the brain and muscle workers carrying on American business and industry. Today more energy is directed toward improving one's condition as an employe and less toward escaping from the employe's ranks. This is indicated by several things.

One of them is the sharp swing upward in recent years of the standard of living among working people. Another is the entrance of organized-labor groups into investment and credit banking in behalf of their members. The most significant fact, however, is the spread of the coöperative principle in the conduct of business which depends on the capacity and fidelity of day or weekly wage earners. This is shown in the new type of industrial management in which representatives of employes are given the facts regarding the business and a voice in settling the terms of their relations to it. It is also shown in the different attitude of employers toward workers and the recognition that they merit the courtesies and consideration pretty generally neglected not so long ago.

Big business cannot maintain the necessary organizations and little business cannot compete for workers with big business, if the measures for making work attractive and employment more compatible with the general desire to live decently and with self-respect are neglected. Discovery of this fact has forced American industrial management to give a great deal of attention to securing and keeping employes and to promoting among them loyalty to the business which employs them.

To Stay the Floaters

The Bethlehem Steel Corporation, in a bulletin issued to its employes, points out a program worked out by the management and men which provides for better living and working conditions. Prominent features of this work are:

Employe representation, which brings the management and the employes together regularly for discussion of matters of mutual interest and concern.

Saving and stock ownership, which provides each employe opportunity to save and to become a part owner of the corporation through the purchase of its preferred stock.

A pension plan which provides in part for the support of employes after their retirement, supplementing their income from their own savings.

A relief plan providing an income for employes when sick and aid for the families of employes who have died.

Aid toward home ownership, making it possible for employes to own their own homes on favorable mortgage provisions and at minimum interest rates.

An accident prevention and first-aid program providing the maximum safety in working conditions.

The relief and pension plans and accident prevention are generally administered with the aid of group insurance, which in ten years has established itself as a major service in giving security to those who live by wages. Figures recently published by a large insurance company reveal the fact that in ten years American insurance organizations have built up a total of about $3,000,000,000 of group insurance. On January 1, 1926, the total group insurance of one company alone was $1,124,286,927. There are 708,001 lives covered by this company's group policies, making an average protection of $1587 per life.

This mass method of extending life-insurance protection has set unprecedented standards for workman's insurance, not only in the United States but everywhere. Within a short time, merely through additional purchases by members of insured groups on their own account, the already impressive coverage will be greatly increased. The members of one railway group, for example, recently added $9,000,000 to the original $12,000,000 group policy by buying more insurance for themselves at group rates and they now have an average of $2900 protection against death or total disability, the average for supervisory forces being somewhat higher. The services given business and industry by the companies insuring working people in the mass probably is one of the biggest factors working toward the maintenance of satisfactory relations between workers and employers.

Exit Interviews

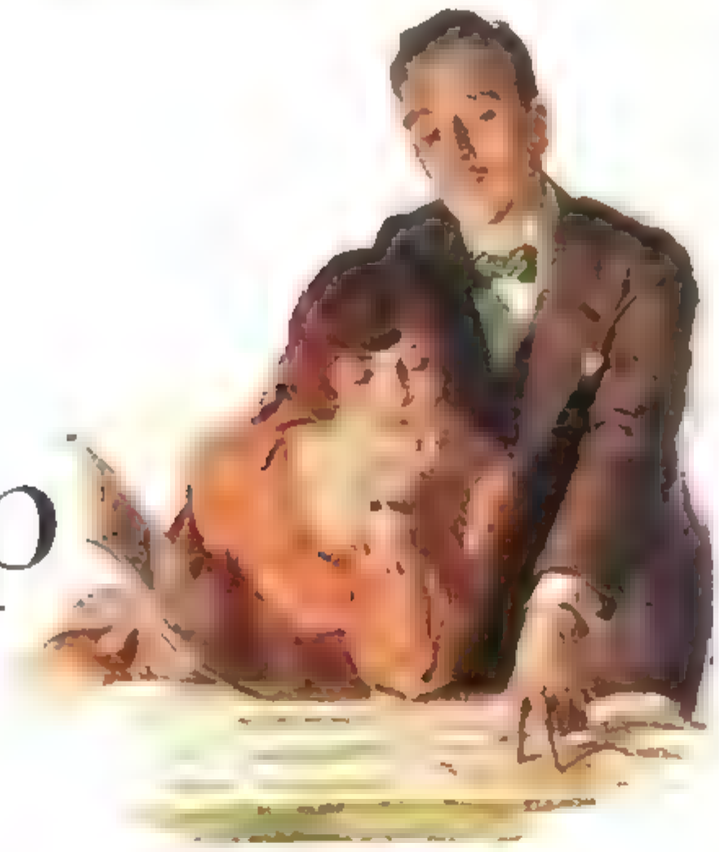
The large company mentioned above has a bureau for group insurance which is charged with the duty of advising the policyholders as to measures for their health and the maintenance of their standing in their work.

Personal visits are made to policyholders by a staff capable of assisting employers in the practical questions of labor management. Five of the staff are graduates of leading technical schools; others are seasoned executives in the special business of managing employment and personnel departments; others are trained investigators of industrial-relations questions; still others are specialists in questions affecting the employment of women; some are specialists in business management who provide practical knowledge of the numerous collateral business questions that come up in consideration of the efficient selection and organization of employes.

The most vitally important question in business and industry today is: Why do they leave their jobs? And the answer to it is procured, for the most part, by exit interviews—asking departing employes just exactly what made them quit. Careful records are kept of these answers, and experience shows at least six good results from these interviews.

They prevent arbitrary discharge by foremen or department heads and beget a better understanding of how to handle men. They disclose personal grievances and misunderstandings; they reduce the turnover which is caused by improper selection and placement. They expose unsatisfactory working conditions and unsatisfactory personal, home and community conditions, some of which can be corrected. And most important of all, they develop employe good will, without which modern industry could not thrive.

Labor turnover is still pretty much of an unknown quantity. It has not yet been ascertained for a certainty what percentage of it is good and what is bad. But the facts already known about it have started industry and business to cutting it down at least 50 per cent. The ideal question of the employment and personnel managers today is not, "Why do they" but, "Why should they leave their jobs?"

To help  you choose

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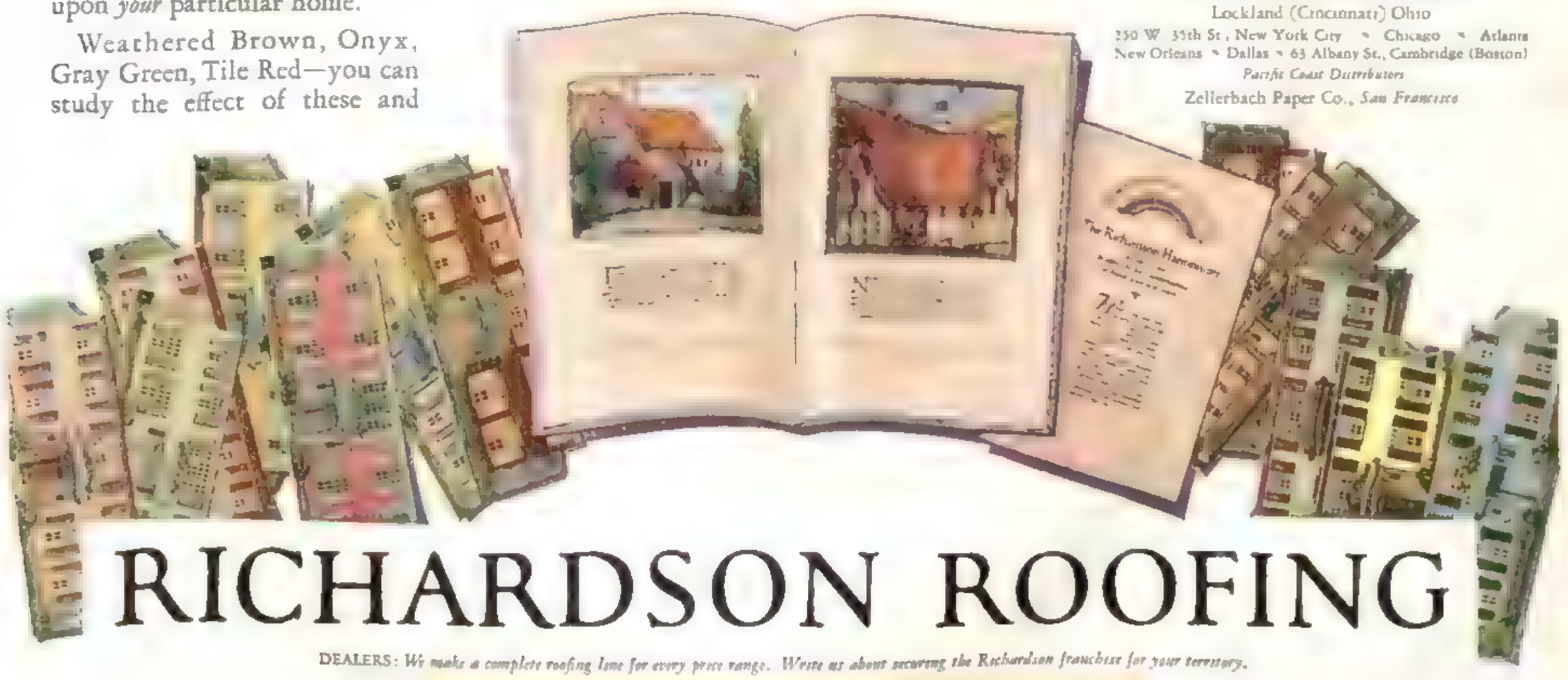

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BACK OF BEYOND

Continued from Page 34

night and the tempest was upon them, they fled, nor looked back. And the sovereign sun, giver and taker of all life, rising next day in the early morning truce of the Great Rains, beat down on his germinating world. Everywhere in the crater the beasts stood sleek and grateful for the warmth, and the fresh strengthened waters shouted aloud, and in the steaming earth of the new-made grave the seeds of life stirred.

XLIII

THE storm swept across the veldt, enveloped them. For a few minutes they tried—at least to a certain extent—to keep dry, utilizing the single thin blankets and Maclyn's jacket. But in no time at all these flimsy defenses were penetrated. The fire was beaten flat. They huddled close together, shivering, seeing nothing, their ears deafened by the roar of waters.

It was a cold business and a miserable business, without a single redeeming point of comfort. The two clung together as closely as they could huddle; not one glimmer of self-consciousness crossed the mind of either; and when at last along toward morning the rain passed by and the stars came out, Maclyn released her from his arms and set about helping Mavrouki's attempt to rehabilitate the fire and forgot her the next instant.

But the deluge had accomplished several things. Mavrouki, spry and chipper as a lark, summed them up. "There will be no more thirst, *bwana*," said he. "We can march where we will. There will be no more tracks. If those *shenzis* wish to follow us, they may pick their path from the whole plain."

But Mavrouki could know nothing of another effect. The chill water pouring over their bodies in the night had for the time being forced the attention of the two young people on those bodies and away from subtler affairs. When they returned to the subtleties, the shapes of their opinions and desires remained the same, to be sure; but the sharp edges had been blurred. Each rather vaguely presumed that by now the other must have seen that he—or she—was right. They had yet to find out that they had not changed.

Morning came and the sun rose gratefully and their stiffened limbs thawed into life. About them the veldt stretched newwashed. But it was empty. All around the compass it extended to the far horizon, over its edge. The Mountain of God had disappeared—vanished as though it had never been.

This phenomenon, unfamiliar to Maclyn, gave occasion to the first rational intercourse between the two since Breck's death.

"It's the heat haze," Kits answered his astonishment. "It happens that way most often after a rain."

"But I can see the sky right down to the horizon!" exclaimed Maclyn.

"It looks like it, but the blue is really a blue of the atmosphere between us and the mountain. I've seen it down at Kilimanjaro quite as perfect as this; and then, way up in the sky, halfway to the zenith, the snow cap showed. It was as if it were suspended, like a soap bubble."

"Then the Mountain of God is still there! It seems incredible!"

He turned his eyes toward her, as he had done dozens of times before; but for the first time he looked at her. She was shivering convulsively, unable as yet to drive from her tissues the chill of the terrible night. Her face was pale. Dark circles were about her eyes. But the eyes were undaunted. A kind of pity welled up in him, but could not break through. His mind rust back in his numbed memories of the past few days. She had uttered no complaint, though quite evidently, even to Maclyn, she was at this moment near the point of exhaustion, and must have been even nearer it in the course of the long hard days' marches.

"Do you think you'll be able to make it?" he inquired anxiously.

"I wouldn't mind your slowing up a bit, now that we are safe and there's plenty of water," she admitted.

"Maybe we'd better rest a day."

"No; the rains are on. I can make it. I'm not nearly as dead as I look." She made a wry face. "Anybody would look as if she'd just been dug up in these things. I hope you have some extra clothes in camp."

"Oh—ah, yes," assented Maclyn vaguely. "Well, you set the pace."

But the broken crust soon re-formed over their consciousness. The monotony of the long day's journey saw to that. Nothing presented itself in the external world to attract their thoughts—nothing at all. There was no grass, no game, no trees, no bushes—no striking rocks, even. Nothing but the desert veldt stretching away forever. So Maclyn plodded along mechanically, dropped back into his brooding; and as his inner being absorbed him more and more, his outer being fell once again into its mechanical rhythm. Thus, naturally, it soon came about that it was he who set the pace, while Kits and Mavrouki struggled as best they might to keep up.

But early in the afternoon Mavrouki forged alongside and determinedly seized Maclyn's elbow. "It is well we make camp, *bwana*," said he.

Maclyn came to with a start and looked about him. He had been traveling straight as an arrow along the proper route, but his following of the sun had been subconscious. His real life was inside, with the misery of his grief. It was a very deep-seated sorrow. Mystically, he felt himself in some vague way responsible, as if he had killed Breck. It was a symptom of his sick mind. He was completely wrapped in a terrible frozen-hearted aloofness, a numbness, pent up, with no outlet. Everything he touched he seemed to bring trouble to, to injure. It had always been so. He had never amounted to anything; he never would.

In some curious fashion, he gained a remote comfort in the thought that his relinquishment of this chance to amount to something in the eyes of the world was an atonement. The medieval in him was coming out. It was all very vague. His was a sick soul, suffering from shock, and would recover, of course; but, as often happens, the one solid idea to which he now clung was likely to carry through and remain.

"Camp?" he repeated the old man's suggestion. "It is long until dark."

"Yes, *bwana*, but consider: the rain will come again; and here is water, and there in the donga is *kuni*—firewood. It is well to prepare."

"I—*sura*," assented Maclyn indifferently, throwing himself flat on the earth.

Mavrouki, who seemed to be made of whipcord and iron, trotted cheerfully down to the donga. He returned shortly with—rare sight—some indubitable brush stems of quite respectable size and length. With these and the three single blankets he made a crude sort of pup tent.

"That, *bwana*, will be better," he chattered. "See, I have stretched them very tight. Now if you take care and do not touch them, the water will run off and you will be dry. I will now cook the *posho* and the *nyama*, and when the rain comes we shall be ready."

Neither responded. They lay on their backs, staring at the sky. Kits was resting numbly, Maclyn was brooding.

Mavrouki collected all the unfortunate bushes in the donga, cooked the simple meal, boiled some tea. They roused themselves to eat. Maclyn set down his *balaari* with a sigh. "Blessed be tea!" he commented.

The tension had relaxed a bit. They watched in silence for a long time the clouds piling themselves into hugeness.

Kits drew a deep breath and stretched her arms. "I feel better," she remarked; and then, after a few moments: "Let me look at that gold vase, will you? I never did get time or interest or something to look at those hieroglyphics, or whatever they are. I think I can tell if they are Egyptian."

"I haven't it," replied Maclyn shortly.

"Haven't it?"

"I left it with Breck. It was his."

She cried out vexedly: "You are incredible! Your mind is positively medieval! Do you mean to say —— Good heavens, you are exasperating!"

"It's his. I don't care to discuss it," said Maclyn doggedly.

She calmed to an attempt at reasonableness. "But don't you see," she argued, "you're so inconsistent. I know how you feel about dear old Kali Sana. I loved him too. And I've known him a great deal longer than you have, don't forget that. And I want just as much as you do to honor his memory. But this is no way to do it."

"I think it is."

"Almost the last thing he said to us that afternoon before he became delirious—don't you remember?—when he wanted us to go out and to leave him. He wasn't worrying about us so much, but he was worrying for fear the secret would be lost to the world. 'We don't count, but progress goes on.' And again: 'This is no longer a personal affair; it's a world affair.' Surely you remember! Why, it would be the last thing he would desire—to bury his great discovery with him. Can't you see it?"

Maclyn glanced at her obliquely and set his lips. His obstinate silence aggravated her as no amount of dissent or argument could have done.

"You're—you're positively barbarous in your ideas!" she cried. "I suppose if he'd had a wife you'd have wanted to burn her on a pyre!"

She struggled again for self-control and partially gained it.

"I give you fair warning," then she said, "I'm not going to permit this. I'm not going to permit Kali Sana to lie forgotten. I shall raise him a monument in men's eyes."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," gritted Maclyn through set teeth.

"Why won't I?"

"Because it's my discovery and I shall do as I please with it."

"Yours!" she echoed contemptuously. "And what had you to do with it? You tagged along!"

Maclyn flushed. "That's as may be," said he. "But the fact remains that it was Kali Sana's and mine, and I shall give it back to him."

"I'll have something to say about that."

Maclyn looked dangerous. "Will you?" he said softly. "We'll see about that."

She stared at his determined-looking face with a mixture of fascination and curiosity. "And how," she asked finally, "can you prevent me?"

Maclyn shrugged his shoulders and turned away as though to end the discussion; then reconsidered his intention and turned back.

"You wore a calabash on your head coming in," said he, "and saw none of the route. You'll wear a blindfold going out."

"You wouldn't dare!" she cried indignantly.

"Oh, yes, I would—and I shall."

She laughed in mingled defiance and derision. "Why, you aren't even veldt-wise!" she mocked. "Do you think I'm a fool? Do you think I have to see in order to feel which side of me the sun is on, to know in which direction I am going?" She laughed again. "About southeast," she stated—"and it would be pretty difficult to miss a chain of mountains." She stared challengingly at Maclyn's change of countenance. "Well, what are you going to do about it—kill me?"

His face hardened and his eyes suddenly blazed. "I'd like to!" he cried.

He turned away and sat down on an outcropping rock and buried his face in his hands.

The afternoon rains swept toward them, overtook the little camp. Kits and Mavrouki crawled carefully beneath the shelter.

"Come in, you'll get wet!" she called. Maclyn did not move. "Oh, come in! Don't be more of a fool than you have to!" she cried. Her practical spirit had lost all its patience with quixotic foolishness. Maclyn rose wearily, crept beneath the shelter. He did not look toward her. The torrent swooped down upon them.

XLIV

MACLYN did not refer to the subject again. Indeed, he referred to very few subjects, confining his conversation with the girl to the few phrases made absolutely necessary by circumstances. If she could have felt in this aloofness any trace of anger or resentment or sullenness, her own spirit might have flared in the response of opposition. But there were none of these things. For a time she managed to tell herself that his attitude was that of the small boy who, overborne by authority so superior he could not combat it, sulked at the loss of his lollipop. But a certain underlying dignity in him would not permit her that for long. Then she veered toward an attempt at amusement because he so heartily disapproved of her. But it was evident that he did not particularly and actively disapprove of her. His consideration of her was kind and helpful—when she occurred to him at all.

"I know," she told herself next. "It isn't that he disapproves of me, but he deplores me."

In that she was nearer right, as far as her personality entered into the matter at all. That was not very much. Maclyn hardly considered her; and the fact that her knowledge and opposition it was that threatened his poetic dream was only a factor in the situation. In short, to name it by no fancy names, Maclyn was quite simply submerged in disappointment and discouraged resignation. He had had his poetic dream, and a magnificent dream it was. Unexpected, unforeseeable factors had arisen that made it impracticable. He fully recognized that. She could do as she pleased and there was no way to stop her, and the height of his former exaltation measured the depth of his present depression. That was all there was to it.

Gone was his fierce thrusting energy. There was no difficulty in keeping up with him now. Indeed, most of the day he simply followed, dragging his feet, far in the rear of the two others. The day's journey was a chore—a tiresome, disagreeable chore—to be put behind him somehow or other. And strangely, he was tired, with a drained-out tiredness he had never experienced before. The only impelling motive in his mind was to get out, to thrust all this behind him, to shake himself entirely free from the influence of this terrible, alluring, bloodsucking, numbing, demanding thing that was Africa; but the motive was not alive enough to generate in him any energy.

When the day's journey was done, he sat listlessly, answering in monosyllables if at all. But there was no antagonism in this brevity, merely profound preoccupation. Kits would have liked to believe in an antagonism—that would have fortified her own resistance; reluctantly she realized that she was only one factor in the dissolving of his dream—one impersonal factor, like deep rivers or thirst or the length of days. Deprived of the answering resentment, her spirit was open to the appeal of the pathetic; and Maclyn's resigned acquiescence had in it something of pathos, like the disarming pathos in the brown eyes of a dog ordered to stay home for reasons he cannot comprehend. The sight of his dejected figure sitting apart filled her with mingled desires—to shake him in exasperation at his stupidity, to shame him for his lack of spirit, to draw him to her breast and

Continued on Page 116

"*There is a tide* in the affairs of men which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune . . "
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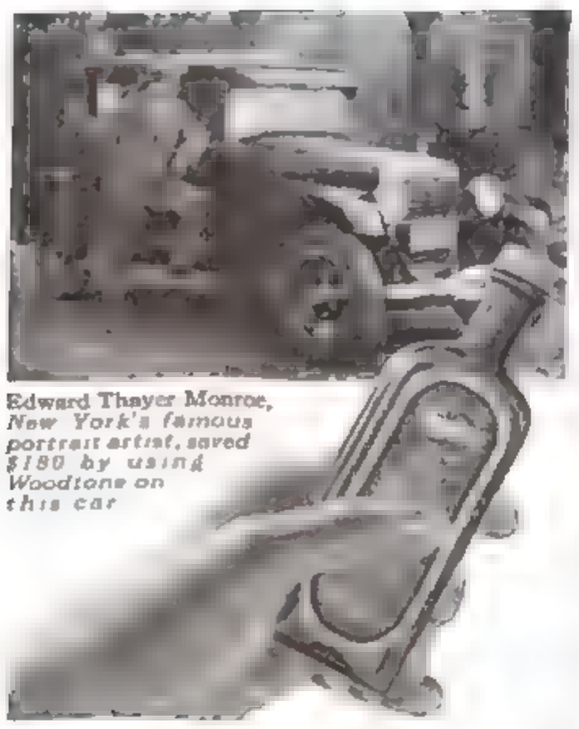

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(Continued from Page 144)

mother him and console him and make him forget.

They arrived at last at the grass huts by the river. They were still there, and the men had not deserted, and M'bogo was efficiently in charge. The game was in again, and for two days they had marched through swarms of beasts. Kita stared wide-eyed and Mavrouki cast longing eyes on Tommies that would have roasted well in the circumstances; but Maclyn hardly glanced at them. The inhabitants of the village rushed out with loud cries of greeting and question as soon as the three figures topped the rise. Maclyn greeted them absently, without stopping. Mavrouki said a few words. The shouting died. In silence, they followed.

Maclyn disappeared into the living hut, almost immediately to reappear in the entrance, his arms full of things. "M'bogo!" he summoned.

The tall gun bearer tore himself reluctantly away from the compact group listening eagerly to Mavrouki.

"You will have men place the large canvas around the opening of the *banda*," he ordered. "Place the bath there. Bring hot water and soap. Give these clothes to the *mem-sahib*. When she has bathed, have men put up my bed in the *banda*. Take my box there. Make the other bed for the *mem-sahib* here in this house. *Sikia?*"

"Yes, *bwana*."

"Where is the *mem-sahib?*"

"She waits—in the *banda*."

"Is there meat?"

"Yes, *bwana*. This morning I killed a *swarra* with the small rifle you left here. There are still many cartridges for it."

"Tell *M'pishi* that we will have food in one hour, *bassi*."

M'bogo hesitated. He would have liked to say something in the way of sympathy; perhaps to have asked a question. His eyes were full of sorrow; he had hunted with Kali Sana for many years. But the look in Maclyn's face deterred him.

"Yes, *bwana*," he assented, and turned away. Old Mavrouki would tell him.

Maclyn strode to the *banda*. "There'll be a bath here in five minutes," he told Kita, "and I've sent you some clothes—such as they are. Will you kindly let me know when you have finished? I've put you in the hut yonder."

"It's sheer mad luxury already. A chair—a real chair ——" she began. But already he had turned away, unhearing.

"Mavrouki!" he called. The old gun bearer rose from the midst of his attentive audience. "When you have eaten, you will examine the *potio*. As soon as possible we make *safari* back to the *moto* cars. Tomorrow—the day after at latest."

"But, *bwana*, we have not men enough now to carry all the loads."

"We shall take only enough to make small *safari*. One load for the *mem-sahib* and me; one load of kitchen; three loads *potio*; one load for you and M'bogo. Yes, and one load for the box of *bwana* Kali Sana. That is all. That is seven men. Select the strongest. You will find what *mashara* I owe the rest, so that I may pay them and send them back to the *sultani*."

"But some must be kept to guard the other things, *bwana*. And for how long?"

"The rest of the things I shall give away as *bakusheshi*, to the men and to the *sultani*."

"All, *bwana?*" cried Mavrouki, scandalized.

"All," repeated Maclyn.

"But the lion skins, *bwana;* and the great koodoo and the horns of ——"

"All," reiterated Maclyn firmly. "*Sikia?*"

Mavrouki hesitated. "Yes, *bwana*," he said at last.

"Very well, *bassi*."

Mavrouki hesitated again, looked up into Maclyn's face, turned slowly away.

At the sight of his bent old figure, Maclyn seemed to come into focus with the immediate. "Mavrouki," he called the gun bearer back.

"*Bwana?*"

"Not today—tomorrow. Today you will eat *nyama;* you will sit by the fire and hold *shauri* with your friends; you will *lala*—rest. It has been a long *safari*."

"A long *safari*, *bwana*."

"And you are weary, Mavrouki," said Maclyn gently. He laid his hand caressingly on the old man's shoulder. "And I would not have you weary, old friend."

A miracle happened. Harsh old Mavrouki's eye suddenly dimmed. Hastily he shook snuff into the palm of his hand and applied it to his nose.

"*Assanti, bwana; assanti sana!*" he muttered

M'bogo awaited him outside the squatting circle of the men. His ugly face was cast in lines of anxiety.

"We make *safari*," Mavrouki answered his look of inquiry. He told the plan. M'bogo's look of anxiety deepened.

"It will be difficult," he commented. "You and I must make *shauri*, Mavrouki. These *shenzis*"—he pointed his lower lip at the chattering men—"are fat with much eating and no *cazi*. They make *kalele*. There is trouble. Can you and I govern them? We are not *mazungos*."

"We have a *mazungo*," said Mavrouki. "He is a boy."

"He was a boy," said Mavrouki; "but that is of *zamani*—the long ago. He is *bwana makubwa* now—a very great master."

XLV

THERE was, as M'bogo had foretold, trouble of the semimutinous variety common to travel in the remoter parts. Some of it was because the men were, indeed, "fat with much eating and no *cazi*"; some of it the usual native desire to try it on every new boss to test his quality; but most of it arose from the fact that Morenda and the rest had dared violate the sacred mountain and had not returned.

Maclyn handled the trouble like an old-timer; almost left-handed, as it were; with a grave and kindly abstraction, as a very beneficent and mighty god might turn aside from error the most moronic of his lowest microscopic creations. That is the way, in essence, the culprits felt about it when the show was over. Then Maclyn went again to sit in his canvas chair on the westward side of the dining *banda*, to stare out above the river jungle to the distant hills.

Nevertheless, he returned often enough from these mysterious inner communings with the past he had here shared with Breck to give very efficient attention to the closing out of the affairs of the camp. They did not get off the following day, as he had ordered, nor even the next. The *safari* grew a bit too. Seven men were not enough. Belatedly, it occurred to Maclyn that in the rains a tent or two might be well, and cots to keep them off the ground. Still, when all was arranged, it was a remarkably compact little *safari;* and the majority of the camp keepers, paid off and burdened with spoils from the camp's surplus, were to return to the sovereignty of the Sultan Masela, there to brag for the rest of their lives of the marvels of their experience with the white men.

The distribution of the aforementioned spoils was the object of the most painstaking care. Maclyn had them all laid out in the morning, while the day was yet clear. He was astonished at the accumulation. He laid aside certain things for the Sultan Masela—a canvas chair, a coal-oil lantern, a tin of kerosene, two lion skins, a dozen empty gunny sacks—truly a princely gift. The rest he contemplated for some time in silence, his brows knitted. The heap looked like a rummage sale. Finally he made duplicate numbers on slips of paper. One number he assigned to each article. The duplicates he put in his helmet. M'bogo explained the system. Each man stepped forward and drew a slip. At once he darted to the prizes, comparing eagerly to see what he had won. Mavrouki and M'bogo watched vigilantly. No one dared take anything until one of the gun bearers had verified the figures. It was great fun. The natives shrieked and yelled. By the aid of M'bogo, Maclyn picked out the men who were to carry Masela's presents to him. He designated others to take charge, in trust, of the shares of those who were to go out on *safari* as far as the *moto* cars.

The next morning he was afoot before sunup. The fires came to life. In the dim gray light he summoned all the men. Those who had been paid off he commanded to get ready to depart at once for their villages. They stirred uneasily, shifting feet, looking at one another. They had had no intention of going to their villages; at least not at once, not until they had eaten the food that remained to them, and had played with their new belongings a while, and had lived in these large and delightful grass huts the white man was abandoning. But this was not to be. As soon as M'bogo and Mavrouki understood Maclyn's command, they darted here and there with feverish activity.

"*Bandika! Bandika!*" they cried. "*Huya! Pesi—pesi!*" hustling them like sheep; so that, almost before they knew it, they were lined up, each with his pack ready; and Mavrouki and M'bogo, panting, bright-eyed, like eagerly conscientious sheep dogs, stood watching Maclyn for his next pleasure. With the volatile readiness of the native to abandon one thing for the joy of another, the file of savages were all agrin, anticipating now in mind's eye the gorgeous spectacle of the triumphal return, and how they and their splendid possessions were going to knock the stay-at-homes dead.

Maclyn aroused himself from a brown study. "You have done your *cazi*," said he simply. "*Qua heri.*"

A babel of cries and shrill whoops answered him. "*Qua heri, bwana! Qua heri! Qua heri!*"

They surged restlessly, as anxious now to be off as a moment or so before to stay.

"*Bassi!*" Maclyn gave the word.

They turned, marched away, singing, chanting, beating their loads with their sticks. Down through the scattered mimosas the ragged procession made its way, dwindled in the distance, topped a rise, was gone. Only the confused diminishing babble of their voices marked their route. That grew fainter. A bird in the thorn tree overhead burst into song. When it had stilled, the veldt was silent.

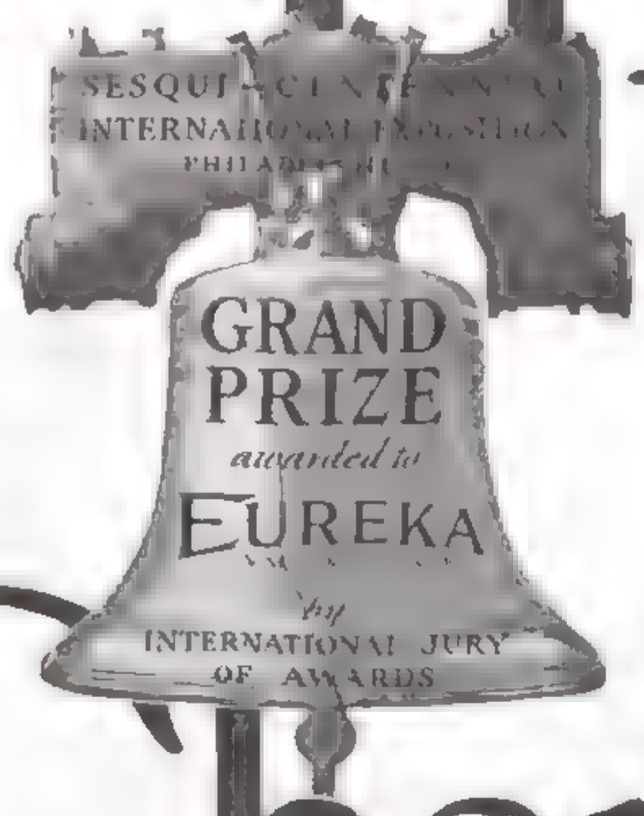
Maclyn had, until this moment, remained motionless, staring after them, watching this last bit of the old life leaving his own. He aroused himself with a sigh. "Have the *safari* fall in there, outside the camp," he ordered.

The men picked up their loads and carried them to the place indicated. There they deposited them on the ground and waited. Kita, who had all morning—as, indeed, for the past three days—stood aside, a silent but interested spectator, followed them. Maclyn stood alone in the little plaza formed by the circle of the village huts. He raised his head slowly, deliberately let his eyes pass in turn from the *banda* to the big house, and thence by the skinning house and the storerooms and all the beehive huts where so long the men had dwelt.

Then, so swiftly that those watching hardly understood his intention before it was carried out, he strode to the fire, seized a brand and thrust it into the thatch of the big house. The light fuel caught like tinder; the yellow flames licked up the slope of the roof eagerly; the black smoke, gaining momently in volume, curled and eddied for an instant, only to be seized by the draft and sucked upward with a roar. Waving his brand to keep it alight, Maclyn ran quickly to the *banda*, the thatch of which burst immediately into flames. From one building to another his tall figure darted, pausing before each structure, burying the torch for an instant in the thick thatch, dashing on, leaving behind him the small exultant crackling of new fire taking its eager possession. The tiny absurd chicken hut was the last.

Continued on Page 149)

7 TIMES



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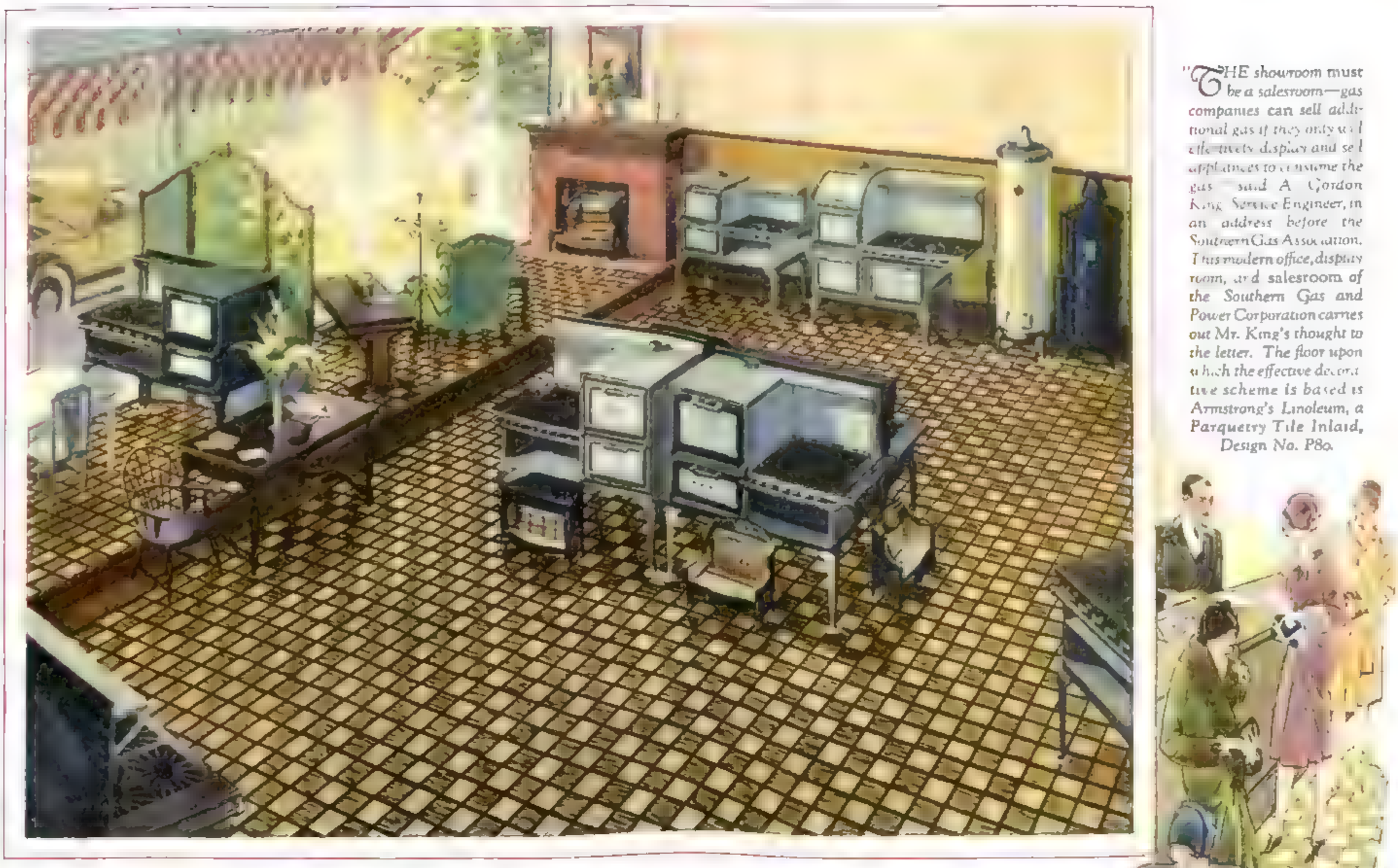
(32)



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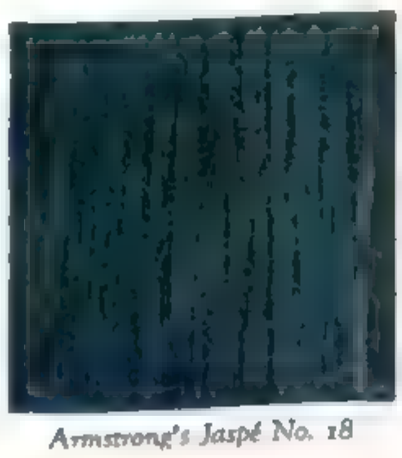

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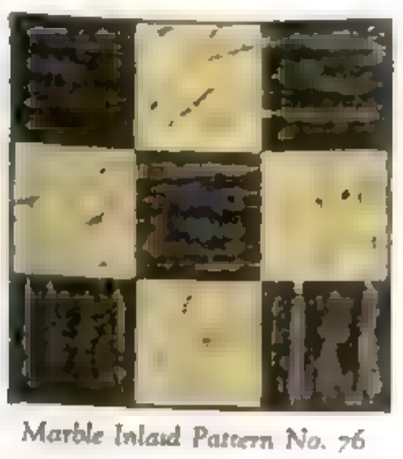

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PLAIN INLAID JASPÉ ARABESQUE PRINTED

Continued from Page 146

Maclyn threw the brand from him and burst through the thickening smoke to the group of awe-stricken watchers.

"*Bandika!*" he commanded sharply, and without waiting for the execution of his order, strode on down the trail. He did not look back.

XLVI

IT WAS not a pretty journey out to the great rock where they had left the *moto* cars. To be sure, there was now no lack of water, and game abounded; but there were other things. There was the mud, for instance, clogging and dragging at the feet; and the terrific daily tempests of the late afternoon; and watercourses boiling savagely full. Days' journeys had to be made dependent on these things. The mud tried them beyond human endurance in a few hours; it was absolutely necessary—though not always wholly effective—to get under canvas before the torrential downpours began; they had to wait with what patience they could summon for the brimming waters to recede. What had been dusty dry ravines had become rivers. They waded sometimes up to their breasts. They crossed, clinging to a rope—Mavrouki had insisted on the rope, though it required an extra man to transport it—which had been carried across by swimming. Maclyn did the swimming. It was hard work, wearing work, and progress was slow. Nevertheless, it was steady; and the time came at last when in the blue distance plainly could be discerned the landmark they sought.

In the reality of the struggle against tangible obstacles, Maclyn returned somewhat to his normal self. He was cool, efficient, executive, completely in command. He met difficulties cheerfully, with a certain zest, sizing up the situation, his head on one side, even laughing a little at times, joking over unexpected exasperations and delays, obviously rejoicing in the exercise of his strength and resourcefulness. It was evident to Kits that he harbored no rancor toward her; but it was equally evident that she was at such times nothing more than one human member of the party—like Mavrouki or M'bogo, or even Kibilongi, who carried the tent. Then when the day's job was over he withdrew in spirit from them all.

Kits, in spite of the fact that in such terrible journeying she must—and did—do her whole part, stood aside as a spectator. She watched; with no personal impacts to deflect the even steady current of her inner inclination, she watched. She saw him strong, sure, effective, dominating the situation, leading men, a great figure; and she saw him, the need withdrawn, groping bewildered, sitting apart, in a great loneliness of spirit. Something grew in her, welled up in her; something cherishing and maternal and pitiful. Unobserved, she studied his drooping figure, and she found her eyes filling with tears.

The day they came in sight of the rocky *kopje* where the *moto* cars awaited them was a particularly hard one. More than the usual number of difficulties had imposed themselves, and had been successfully passed or surmounted, but at a tremendous cost of physical effort. Ordinarily they would have called a halt after a certain ample quota of tribulation; but now that the goal—one of the goals—was actually in sight, they kept at it. Maclyn was keyed to a high tension by the demands made on him. His spirits were up, meeting the obstacles with the gay defiance of a superenergy. At such times the overflow made him observant, communicative, his old self. He threw off remarks and comments on what he saw; though, as Kits could well discern, it was all entirely impersonal.

At one time he was struck by the spectacle of driver ants making their way across country, and stopped for a moment to examine them curiously. There were millions of the insects, closely packed, in a sort of rope several inches in diameter and forty or fifty feet long. Those next the ground were progressing at a sober pace, shoulder to shoulder, so to speak; and above them, and using their—and one another's—bodies as a causeway, was layer after layer of faster travelers. The lot looked like a huge brown snake. They were all very intent on their journey. The fact that the men of the *safari* stepped across them, one after the other, seemed not to disturb them in any way.

"They're not even aware of us! It's just another shadow crossing them!" cried Maclyn interestedly.

They were forced to camp before reaching the *kopje*. The rains began early upcountry. They could see the blackness of the tempest close along the horizon, and in consequence the waters of a rivulet were in a freshet that even Maclyn's energy could find no way to cross. Nothing to do but wait its subsidence during the night.

But, unexpectedly, the flood of his own energy, called forth by the day, did not at once fall to its accustomed level. His mind was still busy with the spectacle of the driver ants, and he gave expression to his thoughts.

"Strange," said he, "how many levels of life there are in the world all unaware of one another. Those ants have their own lives to live and their own world to live them in, but they were absolutely unconscious of our existence!"

She knew he was only thinking aloud, and she sighed. She was very, very tired. "No stranger than we are," she observed a little bitterly.

Almost as though wakened by the sound of her voice, he looked at her questioningly.

"Here we are," she burst out in spite of herself, "the only two creatures of our kind within heaven knows how many miles, alone in a great wilderness—as far apart as the poles, even though we've shared the most astounding experience. Doesn't that strike you as curious?"

She leaned back against a tree and closed her eyes. Startled, he looked at her for the first time with examining, focused eyes; for almost the first time since he had first seen her near the Loieta he realized her. She had, he found, changed much since then. The color had drained away from beneath her clear skin; there were deep shadows under her eyes; the corners of her mouth drooped downward. She was so slender, so flowerlike, in the floppy old terai hat—too big for her—and the loose khaki shorts stopping above the knees and the man's shirt tucked into them, wide at throat and rolled up as to sleeves! There was pathos in the drooping figure, and suddenly Maclyn found himself susceptible to it. This frail-bodied girl—what courage she had shown! What hardships she had suffered! Any other woman would have been prostrated, knocked out, helpless—long ago! And not a whimper out of her! Not one word of complaint! Yet now, in the complete abandon of repose, of weariness, her face was like that of a wistful little child.

It was as though a dam had given way within him. Pity flooded him—pity and lively self-accusation.

"Good Lord! What an utterly self-centered beast I've been!" he cried aloud in contrition.

She opened her eyes wearily. They were full of tears. He remembered she had fiercely protested she was not a crying woman. It was when Breck ——

The tide rose in him, a devastating flood. "Self-centered brute!" he declaimed against himself. "All wrapped up in myself! Thinking of nothing but myself! Good Lord! You ought to hate me! I hate myself!"

The mature, bent-browed, driving, efficient man of the past month or so was gone. This was the boy again—the eternal boy in Maclyn, passionate, eager, engaging. So earnest was he in his self-abnegation that Kits had to laugh, even as she blinked back the tears. It was a rather rueful laugh, with a touch of tenderness in it, and no ridicule.

"I expect I'm far worse," said she. "I didn't realize, I suppose, quite all that you were going through. I've been cruel!" she ended decisively.

That was all for the moment. The subject was only once referred to again, and then indirectly. But the space between them had been squeezed out. They were aware of each other, and they lived in reference to each other, no longer pursuing each his way in uncharted space. Indeed, Maclyn displayed at first such exaggerated solicitude for her fatigues and comforts and states of health that he ended by becoming ridiculous; and she told him so rather tartly, implying that she did not need a wheel chair quite yet. He sulked a bit over the rebuff, in quite a normal healthy masculine fashion; got over it; chuckled at himself for having forgotten that she was—he told himself humbly—probably, all things considered, a better and more experienced veldt man than himself.

After that, when difficulty arose, he found himself consulting with her as to ways and means; and discovered thereby that she was able to suggest several minor labor-saving expedients of which he would never have thought.

That was after they had picked up the cars and dismissed the Watassi to their distant homes. The *moto* cars were just where they had left them, none the worse for their long sojourn under tarpaulins. The four truckmen were well and quite happy. They would remain so as long as the food held out, though at once they suggested that fresh meat would not come amiss. Maclyn marveled at the easy adaptability of such people; content to squat here in this one place half a year, on monotonous diet, in monotonous surroundings, without certainty for the future.

They rested a day, then made a start. The three cars were now traveling very light. The slender equipment amounted to nothing, the food was nearly all gone, the gasoline nearly half used up; and it was not now necessary, as in the dry season, to carry so much water. This simplification, Maclyn found, was very lucky. Except in those infrequent places where the soil was sandy, or rocky outcrops near the surface, the mud was half-hub deep. Toward the end of the roadless part of the journey the bands became so worn that they slipped badly. It took a half day to reënforce them with green rawhide; and Maclyn might not have been able to accomplish it if it had not been for Kits. She was able to direct his greasy fumblings to the best advantage.

"There!" he sighed at last, straightening his back cautiously. "I hope she works. Golly, the fellow who designed these things certainly was an ingenious cuss!"

"The principle isn't so very complicated," objected Kits.

"I wasn't thinking of the principle. I was thinking how cleverly he'd made everything inaccessible or hard to get at. He overlooked one bet, though. He forgot that nut there. You can get it off without any trouble at all—just a twist of the wrist. I'll bet he caught hell for that from the boss when he found it out."

She laughed. "You certainly look funny," she said irrelevantly. "You've got two smudges of black grease and one of yellow."

"That's my war paint," he replied. "I always put that on when I fight flivvers."

Their worst difficulty was the rivers and dongas. The former delayed them many days, for they were forced to wait until the waters were reasonably shallow. Even then the cars rarely got across under their own power. Maclyn removed the coils; then the machines were dragged through by main strength or with the aid of block and tackle. After which the crank case and carburetor must be drained, the oil separated from the water and returned, the coils replaced. It was slow business, and laborious. Once they had a great fright. While one of the trucks was still in midstream the water began to rise. The rains must have already begun somewhere upcountry. They worked frantically to get the machine across in

Continued on Page 151

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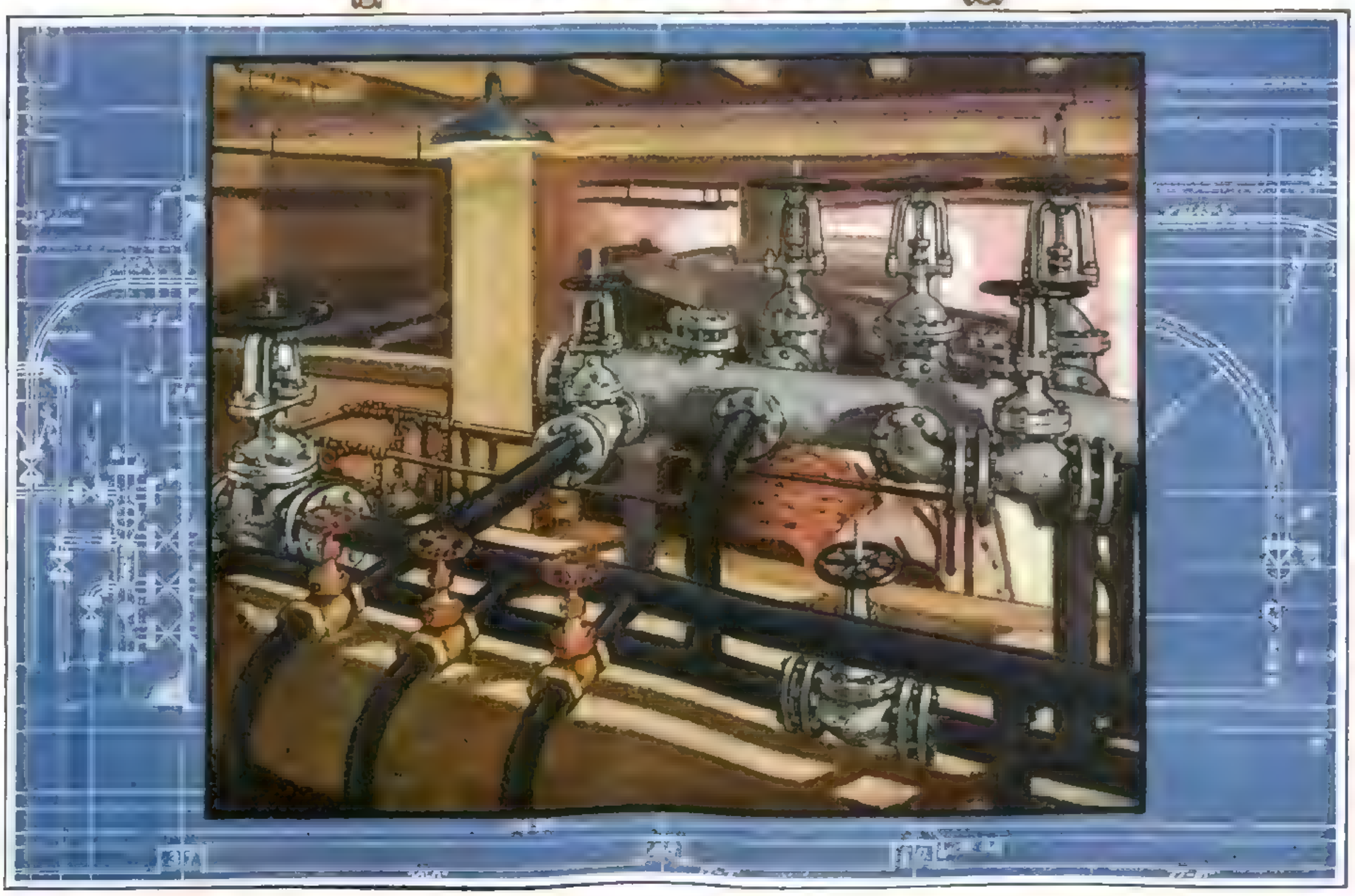

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time, and only just succeeded. Five minutes later the water was boiling by, bank full, rolling great bowlders in its yellow flood.

"Hereafter," observed Maclyn, contemplating this spectacle, "we take pains to observe the skies on the upstream side."

But that proved to be an unfortunate truck, for it got started sliding sidewise on one of the sidehills in the boundary mountains, and ended bottom up and thoroughly smashed in the bed of a ravine. The driver and his mate jumped and so escaped injury.

"In which fact," observed Maclyn, philosophically observing the wreckage, "is no poetic justice, for I never saw such a fool piece of driving." He looked about him. "This is a hoodoo place, anyway. See that rhino skull?" He told Kits of their adventure with the beast on the way down. When he came to Breck's share in the episode his voice hushed, and a touching reverence stilled his manner, as always when he mentioned his friend's name. He mused for a moment. "Well," he observed then, "lucky we've got two more cars to draw to. This one is hopeless. I suppose we'll smash the other next. Those fellows drive all right when the going is good, but that lets them out."

"Let me drive," suggested Kits. He stared at her, doubtful merely because the idea was new to him. "I'm used to them," she assured him.

"I don't doubt that; I was just thinking it was pretty hard and wearing work for a woman—this cross-country stuff. Hold on! Don't shoot! I'll come down!"

They both laughed. Thenceforth she took the wheel of the smaller car; Maclyn drove the truck. Thus they compromised.

They broke through the hills safely, struck into the old *safari* road at last. Maclyn recalled his former opinion of that road. Now it seemed to him like a concrete boulevard. He remembered the feeling of utter remoteness that had filled his being then. Now it seemed they were getting home. Nairobi was only just around the corner. It was as though they were already there. There were no more stoppings; only temporary delays while one car pulled the other out of a mudhole, for instance. Familiar landmarks, though almost forgotten until recognized, crowded on one another. At Garnett's Drift the gentle-voiced babou still lived his dreary, patient life under the corrugated iron roof of the go-down. Maclyn bought cigarettes of him, and a variety of mad luxuries in the way of canned goods. Kits expostulated that they were to be out only two or three days more.

"I'm going to give the whole bunch a feed," Maclyn explained.

Kits laughed. "They'll die dead of astonishment," she predicted.

The babou talked to them in his soft voice.

"You have been away a long time. Good sport—no? I have not seen your *safari* with trophies. You want I should look after when they come?"

"I have no trophies," Maclyn told him. "I've been traveling."

The babou waited for further information—if the young man chose to give it. He did not, so the babou went on. "Two *safari* in the Loieta now," said he. "One of *bwana* Jordan, who takes a rich American; and one of *bwana* Whitmore, who has an Englishman and his *mem-sahib*." He went on, laying out item by item what he knew of the present situation in his portion of the frequented hunting fields. Maclyn listened almost indulgently. It all seemed rather piling to him.

"Look here," he asked Kits as they moved toward their cars, "do we have to stop at that government post up the road here? you know——"

"Maji Nyussi?"

"Yes, that's the place. Do we have to see those people?"

"We have to report, but usually there's an *askari* down by the post office with a book to register in. We don't need to go up to headquarters unless we wish to see Colonel Marsden."

"Let's not. Too much explanation and fuss and palaver."

So they passed their first real outpost of civilization almost without stopping and swung into the made road—with bridges—that would, if their luck held, take them into Nairobi within the two days.

That night they camped not very far from the spot on the road where Breck and Maclyn had stopped for the first night on the journey out. Here in the thorn country was plenty of fuel, so the men had built large and cheering blazes, which the cold and the season made very grateful. They were silent for a long time.

"I've been thinking," said Kits abruptly, "it's absurd for me to go in to Nairobi. Fred's farm is on the Naivasha side of the Rift Valley. If I go to Nairobi, I'll just have to come right back again. The road forks in the bottom of the Kedong. I've no clothes. I have nothing to take me to Nairobi."

"No reason at all," agreed Maclyn, rousing himself. "We'll turn off and go to the farm. By the way, how about your brother? Funny, I hadn't thought of him before!"

"Oh, he went to England—for a year."

"Yes, I know. But hasn't he been alarmed—not hearing from you all this time?"

"Oh, he knows I'm off on *safari*. I wrote him," she said carelessly. "He knows me; he isn't worried. The farm is in good hands."

"Well, I'd worry!" stated Maclyn with conviction.

"What I propose is this," she suggested after a moment: "If you'll let me borrow the small car, I can drive home in three hours from the forks, and you can go right on with the other car to Nairobi."

"Certainly not!" cried Maclyn, arousing himself. "Do you think I'm going to let you go off alone like that——"

He stopped, checked by her quizzical eye. "Oh, you needn't worry about taking care of me," said she. "I've driven it before a few hundred times. It's done every day—even by women."

"I'm going to see you safe to your home," he said obstinately.

"You haven't been invited," she reminded him mockingly.

But he refused to respond to the light touch. "I shan't stay, but I'm going to see you home."

She in turn became serious. "Please," she begged, "I'd rather have it that way. It will be easier—oh, for a great many reasons. Odero can go up with me and drive the car back to Nairobi for you. It's so simple."

"But why—what's the object?" persisted Maclyn.

"I have neighbors—people on the farm. Too much palaver, fuss and explanation, as you said. I've got a lot of business taking over again. I'll be terribly busy."

"Rotten reasons," grumbled Maclyn. "You just don't want me. Whyn't you say so?"

"No, I really don't want you—not just now. I'm just getting home, after—after—— Don't you understand?"

"Can't say I do," replied Maclyn bluffly. "But if that's the way you feel, it's all right with me. Take Odero and the little car. Send him to me at the Norfolk when you're through with him." He gazed moodily at the fire for a long time. "Then I suppose this is more or less good-by tonight," he growled at last.

"More—or less," she assented.

He fell silent again, staring at the flames. She watched him. At first, and for some time, his shoulders were tense and his eyes smoldered with the sullen resentment one may see in a thwarted child; then he relaxed, his eyes widened, became dreamy, far away, and into them crept the hurt bewilderment again. Tiny lines grooved his brows; his lips parted and their corners drooped.

"You loved him very much, didn't you?" said she softly.

He jerked as though she had too suddenly awakened him from sleep, and turned startled eyes on her. A passionate vehemence welled up in them. "He was a great man," he said, almost with belligerence; "the greatest man I have ever known, and the truest and the gentlest and the most understanding—and I as much as killed him." His voice caught in what was almost a sob. He gulped and frowned fiercely at the fire, ashamed of his emotion.

She said nothing for some time. "About the crater——" then she began.

"I don't think I can discuss that any more," he stopped her.

"I don't want to discuss it," she persisted. "I just want you to know that you need fear nothing from me. I shall do nothing."

He stared at her a moment, bewildered. Then a great light leaped into his face. He turned on her, glowing. "You mean—you agree with me?" he cried.

"No," she interrupted steadily, "I do not agree with you at all. But it shall be as you say."

Maclyn leaped to his feet, striding to and fro, all his old exuberance, suddenly released, bubbling up in him.

"Oh, you don't know! You don't know!" he fairly shouted to the night, in the vastness of which his dream, rehabilitated in all its poetry, hung glowing before his mind's eye. "Thank God you see it!" He calmed and turned toward her. "It is the only thing, you know," he told her earnestly. "It is the only beautiful, fitting thing. I can't talk well—express myself well. I wish I could make you see. But this is so—so appropriate to what Breck was. Of course, I see what you meant; I've seen all along. But somehow I couldn't explain about it. I'm sort of dumb that way. Not as long as you felt the way you did. Of course, excavations and discoveries and all that would have made his name known and remembered all over the world. You were right there. It would have been a great monument to him—in men's eyes. But, don't you see, that wouldn't have been Breck!"

He was carried away with the struggle of his idea for expression. She stared up at him, fascinated; at his strong erect young figure, vibrant with youth and eager enthusiasm; at his head thrown back against the stars, at the shine of his spirit.

"He never cared for name or fame and all that sort of thing." Maclyn grasped after his idea. "He just was. He just did and went his way quietly and content. He used to talk to me a little—sometimes—when things weren't just going right, you know." Maclyn was becoming self-conscious, a little youthfully shame-faced in confronting the subtleties of Breck's mysticism. "He had a sort of a notion—well, not a notion; just a kind of poetic idea—of Africa. Africa was almost a person to him; not exactly a goddess in the literal sense, but a great spirit——" He broke off in confusion.

"I know," said Kits softly. "And he was hers completely, to chasten and test and mold and use, and at the last to reward in her widsom. I know."

"You do understand!" cried Maclyn. He hesitated, groping again. "So, don't you see, his monument, which we must give him, must not be something for his memory in men's eyes, but something just between him and her. That is as he would like it. That is the important thing. It would not matter to him whether his name was known to the world or remembered by the world. But—don't you see?—this is something of herself, a thing complete and remote and beautiful that is the Africa he loved. And she gave it to him—all for himself—at the last. And we're helping keep her gift to his memory just for him." He broke off, passing his hand confusedly across his forehead. "I can't say it," he confessed; "it isn't really an idea. I just feel it, somehow." He glanced toward her, a little ashamed. "You must think I'm a fool," he muttered.

"Ah, no, not that!" she whispered to herself. She was staring into the fire. After

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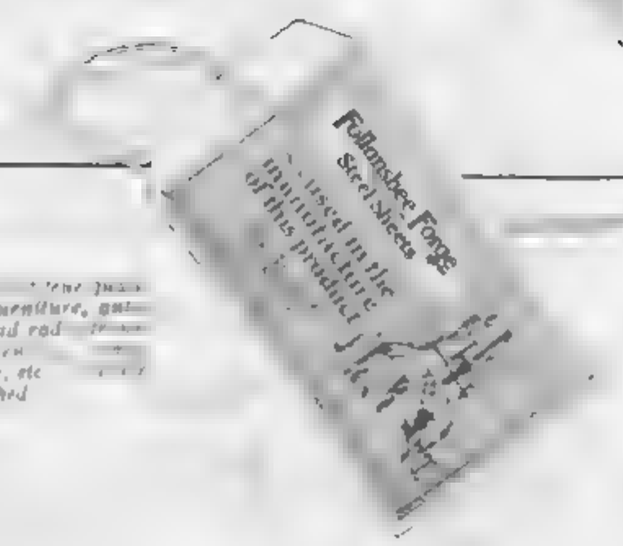

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(Continued from Page 151)

a moment she looked up. "I think I do understand—a little. That is a very beautiful thought of yours. It shall be as you say."

"I feel I am right," said Maclyn. He sat down by the fireside. His manner was awkward again.

"I say, you know, I'm awfully glad you've come to see it," he blurted. "It's bothered me more than I can say. I know what it must mean to you. I'm glad you're willing to do this for dear old Kali Sana "

"I'm not doing it for Kali Sana," said Kits; but she said it under her breath, and he did not hear her.

XLVII

AT NEAR noon Kits' car, which was leading, pulled up at a fork in the road. Maclyn drew alongside. They both descended.

"Here's where I leave you," said she

Maclyn was dissatisfied and bothered, and in consequence was masculinely grumpy.

"I wish you'd let me go with you," he grumbled. "I don't approve of this arrangement at all. There's no sense to it!"

"Run along to Nairobi," she advised him gayly. "We've had all that out before"

"I've got no strings on Nairobi," he objected.

"But think of Mavrouki and M'bogo and the other boys. You wouldn't want to disappoint them, would you? Look at them! Think of how long they've waited for this, and what they've been through to get here."

Her voice was gay and mocking, but Maclyn scowled under his brows at the inescapable justice of her words. All his abstractions had vanished. He stared at her, quite unabashed, between times of puttering about the car, lifting the coil cover and testing the buzzers, raising the hood to examine the plugs and distributor, peering at the spring leaves, unscrewing the radiator cap. And all the time he was giving minute directions of what to do in case of this or that—things she was quite capable of attending to—repeating himself and generally hovering about. Kits bit her lip in a partially successful effort to hide her amusement. At last there seemed nothing further to look after.

"I don't approve of this arrangement at all, you know," Maclyn grumbled pessimistically for the last time.

She burst into the laughter she could no longer repress. He frowned at her seriously. She was standing close to him, and she was very attractive. Even the misfit man's shirt could not conceal her feminine charm, which the boyish effect of the knee-length shorts rather accentuated. The easier travel and the excitement of the return had brought a color to her cheeks and erased the shadows from her eyes. The bright aureole of her hair glittered alively under the shading of the old terai hat. The man's shirt was wide at the throat, the sleeves were rolled up. Against the dusty setting of the old flivver, her skin was exquisite.

"But you don't approve of so many things I do!" she cried joyously. "And this, remember, has the virtue of being the last of them!"

"You seem mighty glad to be going," said Maclyn sulkily.

"I can't help being gay today. Do you disapprove of that too? I'm so excited over actually getting home! I really haven't believed it until today. And now that I'm actually at the road itself—that I've traveled so many times—why, all the knives and fires and savages and things are just a nightmare that I've waked up from. I'm going to sing, all the way home!"

She turned toward the car. Odero jerked the starting handle and leaped into the box body behind. Maclyn stepped forward and offered his hand to help her in, as he would have helped a woman into a car anywhere in the world. She looked at the hand and burst out laughing again.

"It is kind of funny considering," he agreed, examining his own hand with interest as he would examine a strange specimen. "As you said, we're back." A gleam came into his eyes. "However ——" he said grimly, made a step forward, seized her and tossed her lightly up into the seat of the car. She gasped.

"Is that your usual way of helping a lady—when you're back?" she inquired severely, after a moment of recovery.

He did not answer. He was staring at her, and his breath came a little quicker than ordinary. Her own eyes fell. She leaned forward and released the brake.

"Good-by; good luck," said she.

The flivver gathered headway, bumped into the road. Maclyn came to himself with a roar.

"Hye! Stop! Hold on a minute!" He was pounding along after, waving his arms. She pushed on the brake and turned an inquiring face. "Look here! You can't go like that! Aren't we going to see each other again?"

She contemplated him gravely, her lower lip caught under her teeth. "Come up to the farm after the first of next month—if you will be in the country that long."

"I'll be here. But why the delay?"

"Fred gets back then, if he carries out his original plans. This is February, isn't it? He'll want to thank you."

"But I want to see you."

"Oh, I'll be there too."

"But why can't I come ——"

"The first of next month," she repeated firmly; then added the emphasizing word used with natives to settle any matter. "*Sikia?*" she demanded.

"Yes, but I—look here ——"

She thrust down on the low-gear pedal. The car moved. "Good-by; good luck!" she said again over her shoulder. She met the steady gaze of his devouring gray eyes and looked back hastily to the front. The flivver jolted into the ruts, moved rapidly away.

Twice she looked back. He still stood where she had left him, staring after her.

At length he roused himself, shaking his shoulders, and clambered to the seat of the truck. The men all crawled in behind. They turned down the other fork of the road, winding between the walls of thorn toward the foot of the escarpment.

Four or five more hours of driving should take them into Nairobi. But when they reached the first steep pitch that marked the long climb, Maclyn immediately discovered that the low-speed clutch band, with its makeshift patching of rawhide, was not going to be equal to the task. It slipped and dragged and protested until at last the young man was reluctantly compelled to acknowledge to himself that it was no go. With considerable difficulty he managed to turn around, and so slid back to the tiny stream where he and Breck had eaten their first meal so many months before. He stared disgruntled at the placid sign that told him, "Nairobi, 28 Miles"; then rolled up his sleeves, called Rupandi, the truck driver, to his assistance, and plunged into the finicky and exasperating job of improvising another band.

By the time it was finished the sun was low to the horizon. He stretched himself wearily. "No good, Mavrouki," said he. "We cannot go in tonight. Make camp."

He was dully sorry for the chopfallen childlike disappointment on the faces of all the men, but personally he did not care. A great inertia had fallen upon him, such as he had never experienced before. It did not matter much whether he was here or in Nairobi, or anywhere else for that matter. In his spirit was a curious blanking of all the past and all the future. He was hollow. Nothing remained to him but a dull wonderment. There was no savor in life: he did not even want to contemplate life. He stared off into timeless space, in the blackness beyond the fire. He was not aware of the fire.

And slowly he saw, without comment or surprise, arise within from the depths of himself an onlooker. The curtains parted, disclosing the vision of a vivid world beyond himself. It was just like a curtain parting before a brilliantly lighted stage. Hardly consciously, hardly as recognition, a great clarity was his. He was in it vouchsafed the reason for his dull wonderment. Of course the world was empty; of course there was no reason for anything! Of course there was nothing to which to relate his days! Stupid! Why not? Yonder, across the fire, the world was void—stupendously void of a bright presence with shining hair.

The onlooker within Maclyn gazed on him with an almost contemptuous pity at his obtuseness.

"Now I ask you," said the onlooker, "what did you expect? You can't take away the light and not have darkness. You can't take away something bright and glowing and living and not have emptiness. Now can you?"

Maclyn could find nothing to reply to that, but he was strangely unabashed by the chiding. Indeed, paradoxically enough he appeared rather exultant over the simple information thus acquired. He looked quite cheered up, so that old Mavrouki, inquiring for the morning's orders, was struck by the change in him.

"It is good to be near home, *bwana*," said he.

"Very good, Mavrouki."

"For tomorrow, *bwana?*"

"*Sau-sau-leo*," Maclyn made his usual reply—"the same as today." He stared at Mavrouki so steadily that the old man waited, though it was plain to be seen that the young man's thoughts were elsewhere. Maclyn aroused himself at last.

"The first of next month—hell!" he observed.

"*N'dio, bwana*," agreed Mavrouki, cheerfully if uncomprehendingly.

XLVIII

THE men required no arousing the following morning, but were up inordinately early, eager to be off to the long-anticipated delights of the bazaar. Indeed, it was still black dark when, breakfast finished, the truck packed, Mavrouki reported all was ready to proceed. But in mid-sentence he stopped, looking off across the plains below. Following the direction of his gaze, Maclyn could discern a moving glow of illumination. As he looked two eyes of light appeared, were occulted, appeared again.

"It was another *moto* car, *bwana*," said Mavrouki. "It must be *bwana* Reese, who lives in the farm in the Kedong."

They watched for a moment or so. The lights were still distant, but drawing nearer.

"Shall we go, *bwana?*" Mavrouki reminded him.

"No; wait," commanded Maclyn.

The lights grew larger; rose at the dip, climbed the grade toward the little stream. Maclyn stepped out into the middle of the road full into their glare. The car ground to a halt and the sunburned face of a young man peered out.

"Good morning," said he.

"Are you going to Nairobi?" asked Maclyn eagerly, without greeting.

"Yes; anything I can do?"

"If you'd be so kind—could you take these men in for me?"

"Surely; glad to. Broken down? Want any help?"

"No, I'm all right. But I've got to get them in, and I—I've got business the other way. I'd be glad to pay ——"

"Oh, delighted to oblige. Plenty of room."

"If you can wait just a minute then ——"

Maclyn darted to his truck, snatched open his box, seized a handful of money which he thrust into Mavrouki's hands.

"Here, take this," he ordered. "Give some to the men. Make yourselves a grand *n'goma*. I will be at the Norfolk Hotel soon and will pay the wages. You and the others will go with this *bwana*."

"And you, *bwana?*" inquired Mavrouki composedly; and without pause went on to answer his own question: "You will go to Naivasha. It is a straight road, *bwana;* you cannot go astray."

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Maclyn stared at his shrewd wrinkled countenance and laughed shortly. "You old devil!" he barked.

The transfer was expeditiously made in the newcome daylight. Maclyn thanked his chance acquaintance again, clambered to the seat, was off down the grade. The white man stared after him.

"Your *bwana* is in a hurry," he commented to Mavrouki.

"He has lost much time," said the gun bearer.

The natives clambered aboard. Reese addressed himself to the long hard climb. From time to time he could look, from some point of vantage, out across the plains, and so could follow the cloud of dust that attended Maclyn's progress.

"Well, he'll certainly make up some of it if he doesn't come a smash!" he commented to himself.

Maclyn did not come a smash, but that was due more to good luck than good driving. The poor old flivver bounced from rut to chuck hole and out again, groaning and cracking at every joint. But it held together. It is safe to say that never before had this particular section of the Kedong Valley been so rapidly crossed by anything except perhaps a gazelle pursued by wild dogs.

And then, just before the climb of the Mau Escarpment was to begin, Maclyn, rounding a curve, saw something that caused him to jam on his brakes in a wild skid. The flivver came to a spectacular halt.

Kits Forrester, a spanner in one hand, a bolt in the other, her hands black with grease and her amazed countenance liberally bedaubed with the same, straightened up from her labors, her eyes wide. Maclyn leaped from his seat to gather her—spanner, bolt, grease and all—into his arms. Odero's feet, which protruded from beneath the car, stopped wriggling in a paralysis of astonishment. The entire universe held absolutely still for an appreciable time.

At last Kits gasped, catching her breath. "Oh!" she breathed. "Oh! I thought you were going to do it yesterday—when you lifted me into the car!"

(THE END)

LOVE WILL FIND A WAY

Continued from Page 13

"Say, Mac," he began, taking a chair, "you know I'm your friend, don't you?"

"Do I? I'll tell the world I do!" came the hearty assurance. "If it wasn't for your confidence in your golf game I'd have to go to work!"

"No, but I mean it. Cut out the comedy—I'm in earnest."

"What're you trying to get at then? If this is a touch, your approach is rotten. Break down, boy, and tell me all about it, so we can get it behind us and fix up for this afternoon."

Stringer cleared his throat, hesitated the fraction of a second, and said, "Well, it's your wife."

An opener like that would make most husbands apprehensive and resentful, and that Mac could laugh simply goes to prove his sublime confidence.

"All right, shoot! What about her?"

And Stringer told him. Very haltingly, it is true, and feeling his way with many preambles like "Of course, you understand I'm only telling you what I heard" and "Nobody would dream of Bernice ever doing anything foolish, but still ——" Yes, the idiot told him—told him every last silly bit of chatter he had picked up from his wife. Mac listened quietly, a puzzled frown gradually giving place to wonder, then cold repulsion.

"You can't take a wife for granted Mac," Al urged. "You've got to show affection and tenderness. You've got to keep on courting them. You've ——"

"That's enough, Stringer."

"Now don't get mad, Mac. I'm just telling you what everybody's saying. As your friend, I thought—well, I considered it my duty."

"Sure," Mac assented. "Regulating the other fellow is the national pastime, so why shouldn't you take a crack at it?"

"Say, listen, Mac—don't get me wrong. It was only because we're such close friends. I know you'd do the same by me in similar circumstances."

"You do? Har-har!" And Mac's laugh sounded so sinister to Stringer that he worried over it for weeks. Were there things he didn't know about Mrs. S.?

"Mac, you're taking this too hard," he said. "All I meant to say was that sometimes you neglect Bernice without knowing it. Wives won't stand for that nowadays, because they see the way other women's husbands treat them."

"Who, for instance?"

"Well—now—why, I could name fifty!"

"Name one."

"All right, look at Hal Beasley. How about him? There's a model couple."

"Wow!" cried Mac. "Why, that's only Hal's technic! He's got a mighty good reason for sugaring his wife, that bird has—she's blond and lives over on Cathedral Street."

"Well, anyhow," continued Stringer, getting up to go, "I thought you ought to know what people were saying. . . . Are you going to play golf this afternoon?"

"No, I'm tied up. Much obliged to you, old son. There's just one request I'd like to make before you go, Al."

"Sure! What is it?"

"Go and get a round haircut," said Mac pleasantly, turning to his work again.

Stringer went out with a hurt-calf expression and Mac laughed. Then he grew grave. As he dug into the morning's mail he found himself unable to concentrate. He read and reread, but it meant nothing to him. Who ever heard of such nerve? It just went to show the sort of guy Stringer was. Yet why had he talked that way? Nobody would be fool enough to make a crack like that unless —— Shucks, just more of these buzzards' gossip! He snorted contemptuously, and found himself reading the same letter for the tenth time without having a notion of its contents.

Could it possibly be true that he had not been treating Bernice as he ought? He gave her everything she wanted—well, within reason. And surely she knew how he felt toward her. Since the first day he saw Bernice he had never looked sideways at another woman, and that was nine years ago. She must realize what she meant to him. Then what did she expect? Mac was the type of man who takes love and loyalty for granted, and not something to be nursed and coddled and rewon periodically.

But Stringer had babbled as though Mac showed her less consideration than other husbands. And evidently Bernice must have talked to those women, otherwise they could not have gained the impression that he was selfish toward her. Yes, that's what it amounted to. They considered him selfish and neglectful. And what had that bonehead meant by those hints about other men possibly showing more appreciation? He knew Bernice was pretty and attractive just as well as they did. If he was insinuating —— He wished he had walloped Stringer for that fool break!

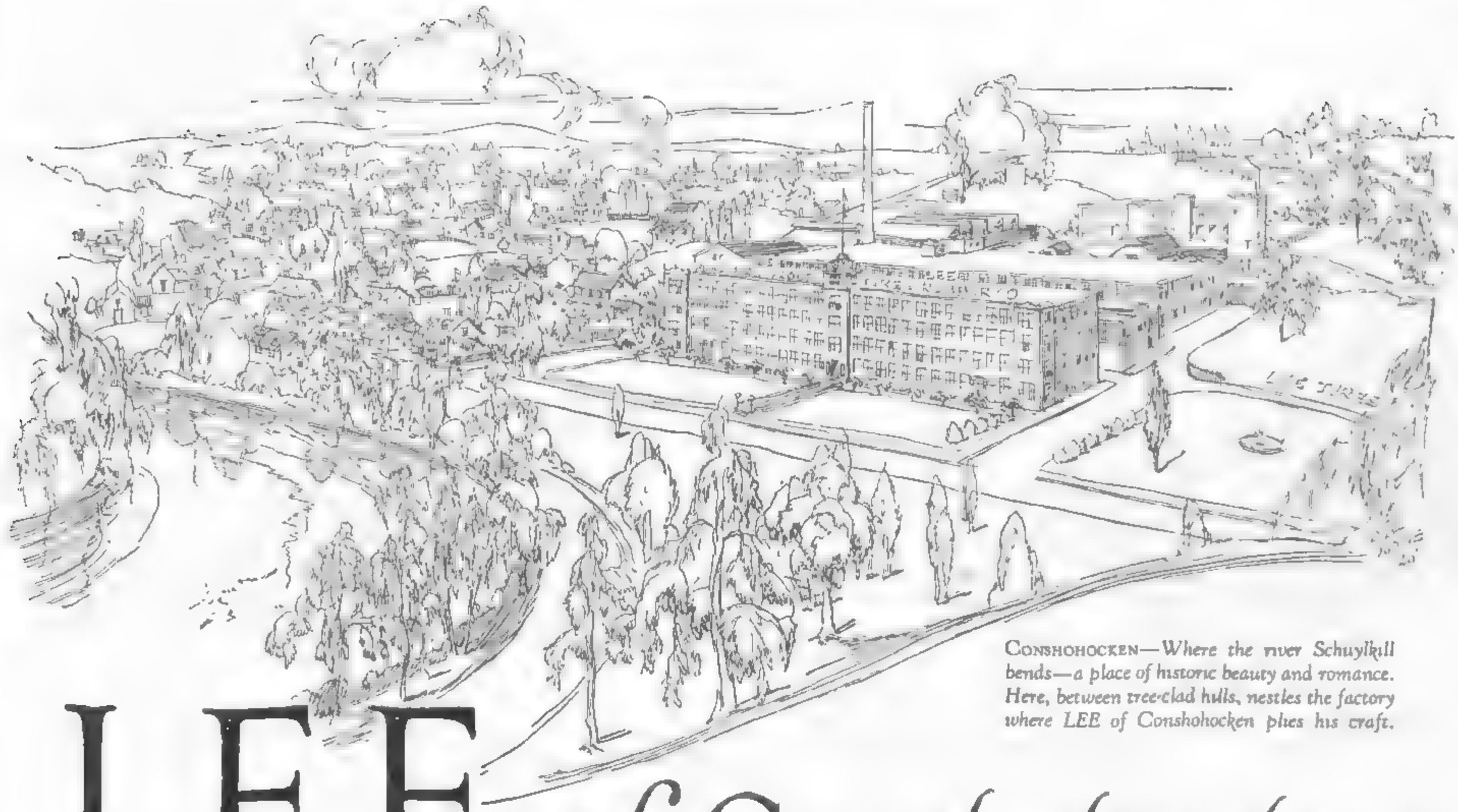
When he arrived home that night Mac took a surreptitious survey of the house and seemed disappointed. Then he sneaked to the phone and called up the florist.

"Yes, sir, they were delivered this evening."

He said nothing at dinner, but afterward "Didn't some flowers come for you today?"

Bernice glanced at him quickly, obviously flustered. "Why, yes. Did you send them?"

Continued on Page 157



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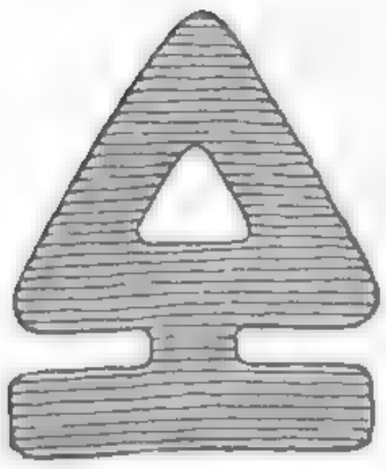
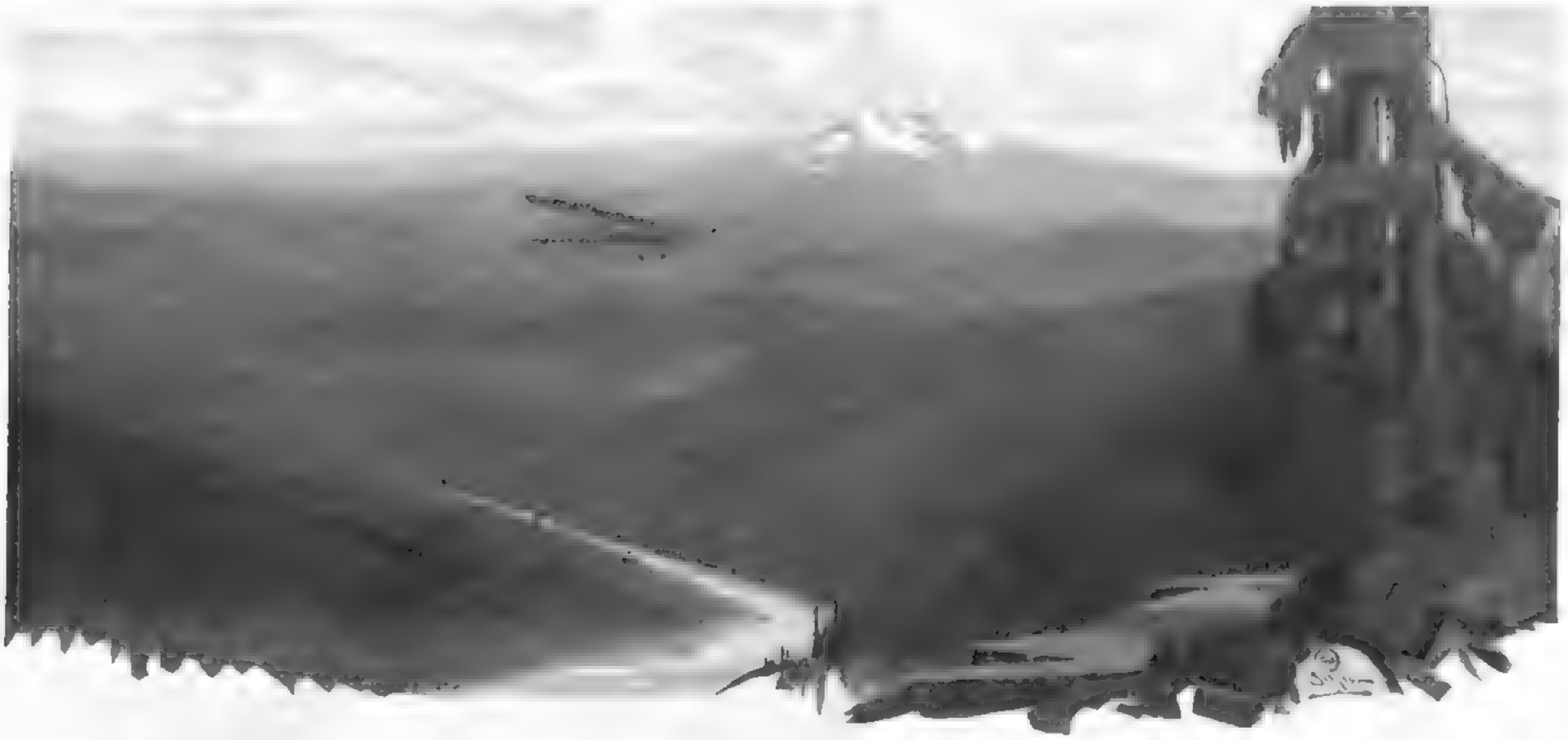


SMILE AT MILES



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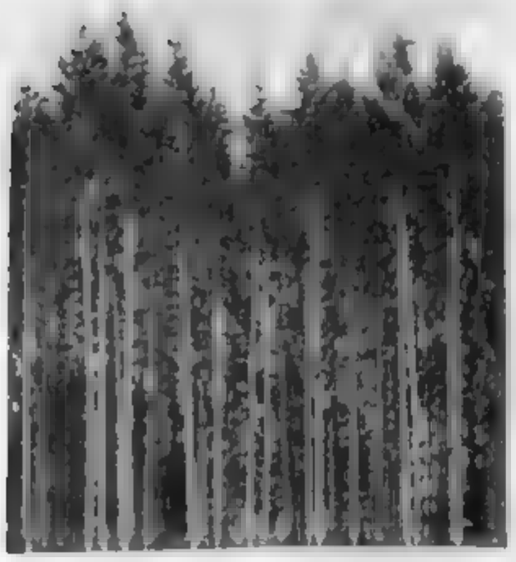

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W28F

(Continued from Page 154)

"Who else would?" Mac inquired.

She hurried to get them out of the ice box. "I put them there so they'd keep fresh," was her excuse. Oh, well, why not? She could not very well admit that she had thought Jarvis sent them.

"What on earth made you do it?" she asked presently.

"Why shouldn't I send you flowers?" he retorted. Mac intended it for a loving glance, but she interpreted it as a leer, not without sound grounds for the mistake.

"You never did it before, except on my birthday, or something like that."

She was eying him watchfully. Why didn't he get up and go to the wrestling match he had been talking about for a week or so? There he sat as though he had forgotten it completely.

"Aren't you going with Sam and Dave?" she demanded

"No; I called it off."

"Why?"

"Oh, I thought we'd just spend a quiet evening at home. Want to play dominoes?"

"Well, of all things!" breathed Bernice, wishful to think the best of these attentions but unable to make the grade.

She brought the dominoes and they sat down to the quiet evening at home. But an atmosphere of restraint hovered over the Darby-and-Joan scene. Mac wasn't himself—that was as plain as a flagpole. He was too polite; not once did he criticize her for her mistakes, and he even allowed her to take back a dangerous play without a murmur. Perhaps Bernice ought to have appreciated this chivalrous attitude, but she didn't—not by a jugful. It was unnatural. What had he been up to anyhow?

However, this skepticism lasted only a few days. Mac's behavior soon convinced her that something had occurred to change him; and although at first she wondered darkly what could have done it, she could discover nothing to justify suspicion, and presently she did not care. It may be that she concluded Mrs. Stringer's advice had accomplished the result, because that champion of equal rights had done some missionary work too.

"The trouble with most husbands, my dear," she had assured Bernice, "is that they're too sure of us."

"But, gracious, I wouldn't want Mac not to be! Lan's sake, Mrs. Stringer!"

"That's all very well," replied Mrs. Stringer. "But a little uncertainty doesn't do any harm at all. They appreciate you all the more."

Bernice took it as a joke at the moment, but the remark stuck in her mind. Supposing she should start running around with another man, as some of her acquaintances did, what would Mac do? The mere supposition left her breathless. What would he do? Kill her probably—she hoped so—yet she wasn't sure. Perhaps he would only laugh. There were sides of Mac she did not know. So she played with this idea.

Billy Jarvis gave her the opportunity to test the theory. His break with Mrs. Tilley remained unhealed and Bernice offered a weapon with which to bring her to time. Besides, she had never received any attention, and Billy's experience had been that such women are always grateful.

Mac didn't know what to make of it when Jarvis danced with his wife three or four times at the next party. His eyes fairly popped out of his head; he felt silly and looked it. Having always regarded him as the embodiment of cave-man instincts his friends looked for something lusty from Mac, but this very first challenge revealed him as a dud.

There was the notorious Billy Jarvis flirting openly with Mac's wife, and all Mac did was to gulp and stand glassy eyed on the sidelines. They were flabbergasted.

After all, there was some excuse for him. It was so utterly unexpected of Bernice, so wholly unlike her, that Mac could not credit his senses. But her conduct confirmed the fears stirred in him by Stringer's warning. Great heavens, supposing he had waited too long!

It made him doubly eager to make amends. Moralists tell us it's the first false step which is to blame for most downfalls, and Mac went and took a dozen. It was his habit to overdo everything—like the Chinese when it comes to taking medicine, on the theory that you can't have too much of what's good for you—and, having made up his mind he had been remiss in the past, he was resolved to atone by extra consideration.

He took dancing lessons. Mac despised dancing, being physically designed for rougher work; but now he attended three nights a week at Modom Rucker's class in the Odd Fellows Building and there went laboriously through his paces. As Bernice did not require any lessons, she went to the Rialto with some of the smart set, escorted by Billy Jarvis. Quite a number of the younger married women had steadies, without any attendant scandal; so nothing much would have been thought of this had anyone else been concerned than that peerless champion of male ascendancy, the redoubtable Mac. He being the goat, men wondered and exclaimed. "Gosh!" they muttered, and "Hell's bells!" And the women said, "Well, I declare! You never can tell, my dear! These quiet ones are often the worst."

It is painful to write this, for life holds no greater tragedy than a good man gone wrong. And Mac was assuredly a goner. He became a sort of tame bear led around by a ring in the nose. He waited on Bernice hand and foot, and her slightest wish was law unto him.

He never made an engagement now without first ascertaining if it was all right and if there was anything else she wanted him to do. And more than once he canceled a golf game at the last minute in order to call for Bernice at some afternoon party because she wanted him to drive her, instead of the chauffeur. Every night they went somewhere, no matter how hard pressed Mac had been during the day or what faced him on the morrow. And he never knew what he was going to do in the evening until he reached home.

Now a transformation such as this cannot take place without an accompanying disintegration of other characteristics. Mac soon lost his buoyancy and sureness of manner. He lost business, too, and it became difficult for him to make decisions. Every setback contributed to his uncertainty and before a year was out he wore a harassed look.

"What's the matter with the old boy, anyhow?" demanded one of his acquaintances of another. "He acts like he's up against it."

"Well, I hear he's had a bad year. Queer how things go, isn't it? Some men can't stand a setback. Mac's losing his grip."

It was true enough that he had had a bad year. And on top of that, his expenses had never been so great. They were now among the mainstays of the smart set and Bernice entertained a lot. She went, from morning to night; she grew slender and willowy. Her parties became famous. Everybody agreed she was one of the most popular hostesses in town.

However, there is no satisfying some people. Here was Bernice emancipated and come into her own, yet the very persons who had clamored for it most vociferously were the first to find fault.

"What's happened to Mrs. Mac, anyhow?" Stringer inquired of his wife. "She's losing her looks."

"Why, she's lovely!" declared Mrs. Stringer. "That dress she has on is perfect. It's Paris, too—you could tell it a mile. I swear I don't see where Mr. Mac gets the money to live like they do."

"Shucks, you call that lovely? Too loud for me. But I wasn't talking about her clothes. It's the expression on her face. Notice that spoiled manner she's getting? Regular village-belle stuff. And to see her go along the street—why, she looks like a Queen of the Bag Swingers!"

"That only goes to show your ignorance," snapped Mrs. Stringer. "Mrs. Mac

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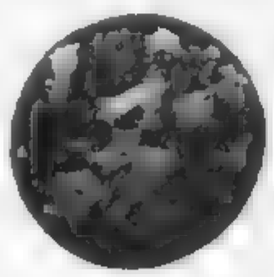

Steel on an ordinary pen (enlarged 400 times)

The black areas (ferrite) and the white spots (cementite) are large and irregular. This makes it easy for the ink to wash the ferrite away. In a few hours the ferrite is washed away and only the hard sharp cementite is left. The pen is scored, scratchy, blotty. Cheap steel is false economy

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has beautiful taste, even if she is so stuck on herself. When it comes to dresses you don't know anything, so shut up."

But Al was a daring scamp and muttered under his breath as soon as his wife's back was turned, "All the same, I'm right. Look at those discontented lines around her mouth! She's spoiled, I tell you—spoiled rotten. And I'd lay a bet she's not as happy now as she used to be."

In this view he would have found few to agree with him. The younger women all envied Bernice and continually lauded Mac's open devotion; the older ladies grudgingly admitted it was beautiful to see. But they had cooled off ever so slightly toward Bernice. It may be she lacked somewhat in her once sweet deference to age. At any rate, although they still liked and admired her, wasn't it too bad she should run around with the sort of people she did, and was it true that Billy Jarvis was very attentive?

"What the Sam Hill does Mac stand for that bird hanging round for?" a former crony wanted to know one day when the card room at the club was deserted.

Old Lee Hastings, who was playing a game of solitaire while waiting for some bridge players to show up, replied, "What would you do?"

"I'd bust him one, that's what I'd do. And I'd bring her to time mighty quick."

"Maybe you think you would," said Lee. "But I doubt it, my young buckaroo. When it comes to a wife, there isn't a man alive who can say positively what he'd do."

"Is that so? Well, I can. It makes my blood boil to see a man wait on a woman hand and foot the way he does."

"You must be at the boil all the time then if you move around much."

"But she runs it all over him. He can't call his soul his own."

"Any woman'll do that if she can. Women don't have any respect for a man without any iron in his system. She's going to see how much he'll stand for, every time."

"But Mac's got lots."

"Has he? I used to think so myself, but he doesn't act that way nowadays," said old Lee. "The only way out of a fix like Mac's in," he continued, with a certain bitterness of tone, "is to leave 'em. I always do."

The other paid the tribute of silence to superior experience, for Lee had already parted from three, and rumor had it that only an unreasonable demand about property settlement estopped him from shedding Number Four. He was one of those septuagenarians whose doctors are always telling them they've got the arteries of a man of forty—yes, sir.

"They say she's going to the seaside for the summer," remarked the other.

"Why not? It's too hot to stay here if you can avoid it."

"But I happen to know ol' Mac can't afford to put up for a summer trip. I happen to know —— Say, Mr. Hastings, if he don't watch out, Mac'll blow up, and that's a fact."

"As bad as that?" replied Lee gently. "I'm sorry. But I think she'll go."

She did, leaving Mac to bach it and wrestle with his troubles. They came fast, piling up, as troubles always do. He said nothing of these things in his letters to Bernice. She was with a party of local people at a fashionable hotel, and he did not want to spoil her time. While she was away he even asked Jarvis to dinner, but it was a sad affair.

One day shortly after his wife's return Mac dropped in at the club for luncheon. He was feeling blue. A real-estate speculation had gone wrong and the bank was pressing him. With some associates he had bought a hundred acres on the edge of the city, intending to improve and subdivide it; but they got in just before the bottom fell out of the residence-property boom and were left with a choice assortment of lots and cheaply paved streets. Three times they changed the name of that addition, and still the public failed even to nibble.

"That stuff is too slow moving," the bank president had just told him. To the first vice president he added later, "Mac acts scared. What's the matter with him? He seems to me to be losing his grip."

And Mac did look scared. He had a beaten air and shrank from his fellow men. Instead of sitting down at the round table where his former cronies usually ate, he picked a small table behind a pillar. He wanted to be alone, to think.

What he ordered he did not know. The meal was a blank to him until the waiter brought his coffee. And then he heard his name mentioned at the next table. Mac took a peep round the pillar and perceived Ken Lowry and Al Stringer and three other acquaintances.

"Why not get Mac?" Ken was saying. "That'll make a good foursome. Charlie can't come and Mac plays about the same game."

"Naw," Stringer replied; "that henpeck won't play. He's got to go home and mind the house."

There was a laugh, and somebody said, "Yes, and he'd better mind it, too—take it from me."

A deep flush mounted to Mac's face and he started to get up from the table. Then he sat down again. What he had heard was not the sort of thing he could afford to make a scene about. It could easily be disclaimed as harmless fun, and he would only lay himself open to ridicule if he took it up. Everybody would think there must be some basis for that innuendo if he showed any resentment. But an innuendo it was; the tone left him burning with rage.

He waited until they had finished and gone into the card room for their customary two rubbers of bridge, and then hurried out and to his office. There he sat most of the afternoon, doing no work but staring at the calendar on his desk, at the photos of Sunset Addition and Ridgecrest Addition and Elmwood Heights—all the same addition—on the wall. Twice he reached into a compartment of his safe and pulled out a bottle, pouring out a heartening swig each time.

After a while the world began to look better. He shook himself and got up from his chair, to stride up and down, jingling the keys and change in his pockets. He even chuckled, for a load had lifted from his shoulders—he had come to a decision.

"Every man to his temperament," he exclaimed. "If you pretend to be what you aren't you're bound to blow up sooner or later, and you're miserable all the while. If she can't get along with me like I used to be—like I am—well, it couldn't be any worse than this. So here goes."

It was nearly six o'clock and he left the office. The chill of late autumn was in the air, the trees were shedding, and near his home the pavement crackled under his wheels. He sniffed deep of the grateful odor of burning leaves and grinned confidently. Then his eye fell on a road sign which had been removed from an intersection and placed on somebody's lawn for the night. He stopped and put it in his car.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed cheerfully as he swept around the short curve of his driveway at thirty miles an hour and came to a stop with shriek of brakes. "Look who's here!"

A sporty coupé was parked in front of the door. Billy Jarvis was to call by for them to go to a roadhouse dinner, but Mac had understood seven o'clock as the hour.

"Hello, everybody," he called, beaming on Jarvis as he entered the living room. "Oh, all alone, you two? Glad to see you, Billy. How's heaven's gift to women tonight?"

Heaven's gift to women appeared taken aback. He smiled feebly and muttered, "I'm all right, thanks."

But Bernice spoke up sharply. "You've been drinking," she said. "Come here. Let me smell."

"Yeh, I had a little snort," was the amiable response. "Let's have another. What d'you say, ol'-timer? Shall we hoist one? It's good for whatever ails you."

(Continued on Page 161)

Through 8 Dangerous Months

Many fine cars wear Winterfront as standard equipment

To guard against the ravages of cold

AUTOMOTIVE research has definitely placed the blame for 50 to 75% of all premature motor wear on *cold*—ruthless destroyer of motor life and efficiency

Through eight dangerous months—cold continues its work of destruction. And one day of neglect during this danger period may cause costly damage.

Aware of this danger—many car makers have adopted *automatic* Winterfront protection as standard equipment. Because *cold* enters the motor through the unprotected radiator.

Your radiator—a heat waster

The radiator of your car was put there to waste heat—thus preventing overheating in warm weather. To do its job effectively—the radiator must throw away 35 to 40% of the heat of the fuel.

At 60° Fahrenheit—there is no heat to waste. That's when cold starts to damage your motor. Yet the radiator continues to waste heat—heat that is vitally essential to long motor life

Your motor is a heat machine

It's heat energy that drives your car. And this heat machine must be hot—150 to 175 degrees for greatest efficiency.

The coughing, spitting noises you hear when starting on cold mornings are danger signals. They mean heat is absent. And that means the enemy, cold, is at its work of destruction.

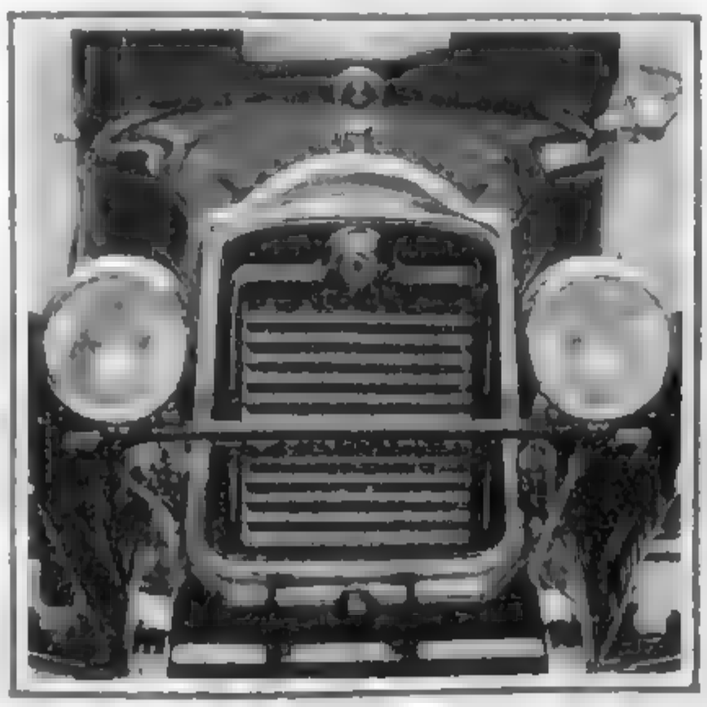
Your "choke" comes to the rescue—and with its use comes the basic damage caused by cold. You flood the motor with raw gasoline. Glass-like surfaces that depend for life on lubrication are washed clean of the oil film of protection. Vital motor parts are laid bare to grinding friction. Scoring and pitting follows, excessive dilution, fouled spark plugs, high gas consumption, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear.

Pines Winterfront stops heat waste —automatically!

Winterfront is not dependent on the car owner's memory for results. With a Winterfront on your car the heat stays in *automatically*. The "warming-up" period is cut to seconds. You form the habit of using the "choke" as it should be used, *for starting only*. Your motor is kept always at the right heat for smoothness and efficiency. You enjoy greater gasoline economy—snug warmth inside your car summertime smoothness and flexibility in your motor.

What Winterfront is and what it does

Pines Automatic Winterfront is a thermostat controlled shutter that fits snugly over the radiator. The thermostat control fits flush with the radiator. Temperature changes within the motor are transmitted through the thermostat to the *automatic* shutters. When more heat is needed, the shutters close themselves. When cool air is required, they *automatically* open to the exact angle desired. Pines Winterfront is the only automatic radiator shutter on the market. There is nothing to get out of order. You have nothing to remember. Winterfront action is *automatic* and *positive*. In laboratory tests Winterfronts have given the equivalent of 20 years of average service without a single failure to operate—*automatically*. It will improve the appearance of any car—outlast the car itself



Put on in ten minutes

Pines *Automatic* Winterfront is for sale by car and accessory dealers everywhere. *Your* dealer will equip your car in less than ten minutes—giving you this vital *automatic* protection that is saving car owners millions annually. *Models for all cars priced $22.50 to $30.00. Special models for Ford, $15.00; Chevrolet, $17.50, and Dodge, $20.00. Slightly higher prices in the Rocky Mountain area and west*

Pines Winterfront Company, 422 North Sacramento Boulevard, Chicago.

IMPORTANT

if you're buying a new car now

THERE are three dangerous months ahead. Don't expose a new, stiff motor to the destructive force of cold. Insist on getting a Pines Automatic Winterfront with the car you buy. For your own protection—leave it on until outside temperature is well above 60 degrees. Do this—and you follow the example set by these manufacturers—who equip their cars with *automatic radiator protection*—Packard "8", Pierce-Arrow, Peerless "8", Peerless De Luxe "6", Wills Ste. Claire, Willys-Knight Big "6" and Rickenbacker "8."

PINES WINTERFRONT — *It's Automatic*

For Every Man in Industry Today Thirteen *Unseen* Workers Come by Wire

How well you use them depends on how carefully you choose motor control

The morning whistle blows! More than eighteen million workers start another day in America's industrial history.

What an array of manpower! And yet, only 1-13th that of the huge *unseen* army of workers which comes by wire—the "manpower" of industry's electric motors.

Superhuman in ability, these *unseen* workers stand ready to rush to tasks with the speed of light. They fear neither heat nor cold. Untiring, they never sleep. In their full service, many plants have found the means to remarkable savings in production.

When you install motors in your plant you merely put these *unseen* workers at their posts of duty. How much they help you—how much they speed operations—how much they save in labor—how much they improve workmanship—depends on how well your men can command or control their efforts.

This is determined by the way you choose Motor Control. If it is selected with the manufacturing problem in mind, it puts the full strength and ability of your *unseen* workers behind your men. If it is not selected with care, costly inefficiency results.

Cutler-Hammer engineers are ready to make a survey of your plant to see that every unseen worker is at the command of your men. More than thirty years' experience in applying Motor Control to production problems supports their recommendations. This service entails no obligation or expense on your part. Write now, inviting them to come.

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Pioneer Manufacturers of Electric Control Apparatus

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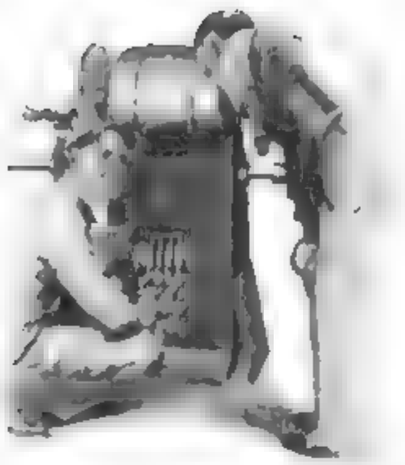

Many machinery manufacturers today capitalize the important part played by Motor Control in the performance of their products in service. Their engineering departments, through extensive studies of motorized machine operations, make use of Cutler-Hammer Motor Control in their designs to take full advantage of the production economies possible

Many of these companies, as well, call the Cutler-Hammer engineers into consultation and through their broad experience in applying motor control to countless production problems, time and labor-saving equipment is developed which rises above comparison with machinery less carefully conceived.

In the purchase of new machinery of any type, industrial plants, more and more, are coming to recognize the Cutler-Hammer trade mark on the Motor Control supplied as sound indication of careful design and trustworthy quality throughout

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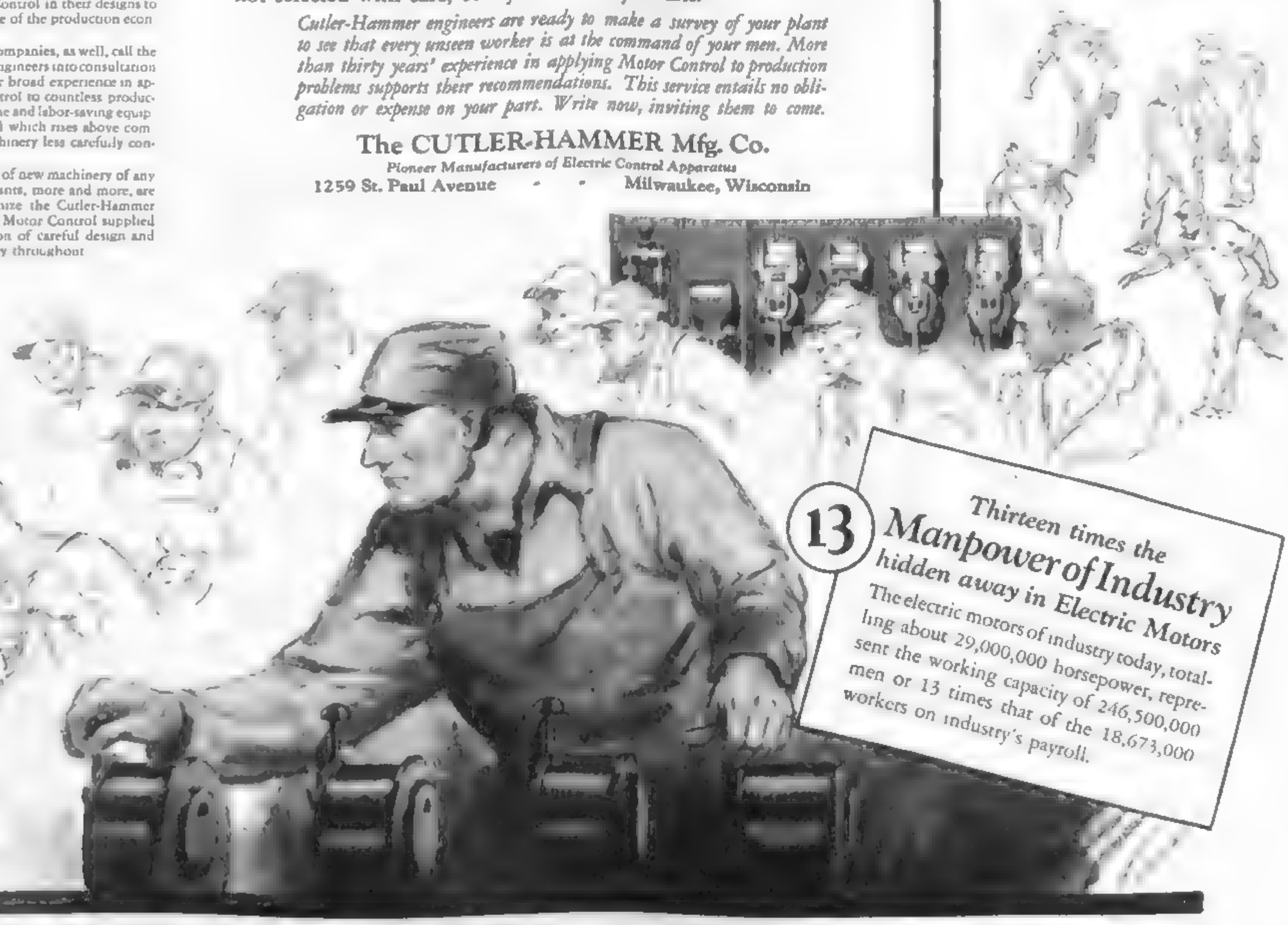
Report 311—In a large paper mill, twelve super-calenders were arranged with cone pulley drives from a common line shaft to operate at 50 feet per minute for threading and 450 feet per minute for production. Cutler-Hammer engineers were called into consultation. Separate motors for each calender were recommended, provided with C-H Push Button Automatic Control. This made available in addition to the slow threading speed, adjustable production speeds from 300 to 1000 feet per minute

The production speed is now suited exactly to the paper and production from these calenders is more than double that previously obtained.



13 *Thirteen times the Manpower of Industry hidden away in Electric Motors*

The electric motors of industry today, totalling about 29,000,000 horsepower, represent the working capacity of 246,500,000 men or 13 times that of the 18,673,000 workers on industry's payroll.

CUTLER-HAMMER

Industrial Efficiency Depends on Electrical Control

(Continued from Page 158)

He rang the bell and, before Bernice could collect herself for the onslaught with which she meant to annihilate him, the houseman entered and Mac was saying, "Shake us up some cocktails, Emmett, and never mind if you spill it over."

While the houseman was doing his daily dozen with the shaker in the pantry Mac relaxed into a deep chair, regarding their guest with a genial and even affectionate expression.

"Say, Bill," he said, "dog-gone if you don't get thinner every day. Your hair too. You want to watch out. One of these days——"

"You're a fine one to talk about hair!" retorted Jarvis.

"Yes, but look at the cute little wave in mine," Mac continued. "And besides, it doesn't matter so much about a settled-down married man. But for a bachelor who rushes the buds —— Say, it's a wonder to me you don't get married, Billy."

"I haven't found a girl who'd have me."

"They're sure getting mercenary nowadays, that's a fact," Mac assented, nodding gravely. "But what about that widow woman—that Mrs. What's-Her-Name—the old party with all the money?"

"Mac!" exclaimed Bernice.

"What's the matter? Ol' Billy here gave her the time of her life last winter when she was visitin' Mrs. Stringer. We all made sure it was a match, too, Billy. What happened?"

Jarvis rubbed the arms of his chair and strove to smile. "Looks to me," he said, "like you had more than one, didn't you, Mac?"

"No; but I'm serious. You'll never have another chance like that, Billy. At your age ——" And he wagged his head solemnly.

"You know as well as I do Mrs. Cushing married that actor from New York," Bernice put in.

"Well, well, so she did. I'd clean forgotten. But you ought to be thinking about it all the same, Billy. It's expensive, but love will find a way. Why, first thing you know you and Judge Preston'll be the only ones of the old boys left!"

"Judge Preston!" Jarvis protested. "Why, he's sixty if he's a day!"

"Get out! Say, isn't it amazing the way a bachelor holds his age though? They all look younger and act younger than us married men. How d'you explain it, anyhow?"

As Billy did not volunteer any solution of the mystery, Mac rambled cheerily on: "I'll never forget the good times we used to have at school. Say, Bill, do you remember that little Pierce girl you were sweet on? I reckon she must've been about the first, wasn't she? Well, she was certainly a cute little thing. I wonder what ever became of her."

"Probably married"—this from Bernice, like the crack of a .22.

"Of course. They all do sooner or later, don't they? Why, Bill himself wanted to get married once, didn't you, Bill? I mean Bess Ashford. Go on now, you ol' rascal, don't try to deny it! You were crazy about that girl. Look how red he is, Bernice."

But she would not look at Jarvis, nor he at her.

"And then Anniebelle Stimpson ——"

"Oh, snap out of it!" exclaimed Jarvis, "come up to modern times."

"Aw, shucks, Bill," said Mac in an aggrieved tone, "don't get sore. Surely we're good enough friends for a little fun. The trouble with lady-killers is they're so darned sensitive. Yes, sir, that's their trouble."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, it stands to reason they have to be. If they weren't they could never understand wives like they do. Bill, ol' boy, you're a wonder! I'll take off my hat to you."

"What for?"

"Why, they tell me there isn't a man in this town who's comforted as many misunderstood wives as you have. The way I look at it, you don't get the recognition you deserve."

Jarvis hesitated no longer. There was dirty work brewing, and he muttered something and half rose from his chair.

"What's your hurry?" Mac inquired, still placid. "Sit down and have another drink. Say, how's Mrs. Tilley?"

"I think," said Jarvis with a wabbling glance toward Bernice, "we ought to be starting, if ——"

"Starting where?" Mac asked.

"Weren't we going out to Pierre's for dinner?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. Well, sir, I intended all day to phone you, Billy, but things kept coming up. I'm mighty sorry. But we can't go."

"Can't go!" exclaimed Bernice. "Why not?"

"Some business came up this afternoon that'll keep me in tonight, and ——"

"Well, so far as I'm concerned ——" Bernice began, and stopped short. If she were to go without him it would be siding with Jarvis against her husband, and even her rage quailed before the prospect. "So far as I'm concerned, I'd just as soon call it off," she continued evenly. "We've been out every night for a month anyhow. Do you mind, Billy?"

Did he mind? His sigh of relief sounded like a cow settling down for the night, and he was able to command a semblance of his usual poise and amiability when bidding them good-by. That's one thing people had to admit about Billy—he was hard to ruffle.

Mac accompanied Jarvis to his car, still chatty and friendly and affable. "Well, old horse," he said as Billy settled into his seat, "see you again sometime, I hope. Bound to run into you at a party or something, hey? Meanwhile take care of yourself."

"I'll try to," replied Jarvis grimly.

Snapping on the ignition, he raced the motor to warm it up. He did it savagely, as though wishful to get away from there.

"So long," cried Mac.

"Good-by," answered Jarvis, and at that moment his glance fell on a large road sign stuck up in a flower bed directly in front of him. Mac was standing with one hand resting on it:

DETOUR

The eyes of the two men met. Mac was grinning. Jarvis let in his gears with a rending jerk and shot away around the drive, and Mac returned slowly to the living room.

Bernice was waiting for him like a queen of tragedy. "Well," she began, tight-lipped, "what've you got to say for yourself?"

"Say for myself?" he sparred. "Why, what's the matter?"

She glared at him in speechless fury. How could she explain without laying herself open? And Mac was leering at her with a tender expression.

"Where're we going to eat, honey?" he inquired. "I suppose Lina has gone."

"Of course. I told her we were dining out."

"Suppose we run down to the Planters then."

"You can suit yourself. I don't want any dinner. I—I'm going to bed."

"What's the trouble? Not feeling well?"

Bernice had to fight for self-control. "I suppose you're quite proud of yourself, aren't you?" she sneered.

"Not especially. Why should I be? I declare, honey, it beats me what you're mad about. What've I done now?"

She could hardly get out the words: "I'll never forgive you as long as I live! To humiliate me deliberately—you wait and see, that's all!" And with a squeak in her voice, she turned around and swept out of the room and upstairs.

Perhaps if she could have seen the involuntary movement Mac made toward her a reconciliation might have been effected on the spot. But she did not, and he left her alone the rest of the evening. Emmett fixed up a meal of cold beef and odds and ends for him, and then Mac went to work on some specifications he had brought home from the office.

Looking Back

"LIFE is but the accumulating of memories," once said a great philosopher. "And as those memories are worth while so is life worth the living."

What a wonderful thing it would be if all of our memories could be pleasant! What a comfort if we could look back and realize that we always had done things correctly, adequately!

How often we find cause only for regret in our memories of the manner in which we disposed of the remains of loved ones.

We were thoughtless, perhaps. It might have been that at the time we didn't know. It would have been so easy to provide adequate protection against the elements.

However, it is idle to dwell on things past. Let us look into the future calmly and follow the example of thousands of families who rely upon the Clark Grave Vault to defeat Nature's destructive forces.

For never yet has this vault failed to protect its precious contents from the hurtful elements of the earth.

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Restores and enhances the wood grain and markings on old furniture and woodwork as well as on floors. Transparent, and yet it [illegible] from Light Oak to Dark Mahogany [illegible]

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Imparts a durable, washable semi-gloss enamel finish to furniture, woodwork and walls. Twelve beautiful fast-color tints in addition [illegible] Celoid and a set of KYANIZE [illegible]

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"I hear," said Mrs. Stringer to Mrs. Thomas at a bridge party several days later, "that the Macs have separated."

"Get out!" cried Mrs. Thomas. "Never!"

"Yes, they have. She's gone home to her mother's, and Mr. Mac's keeping house for himself."

"Well, of all things! There was the last woman in the world I'd have thought —— It just goes to show you never can tell, doesn't it? Was it over—you know?"

Mrs. Stringer nodded, her eyes aglow. She was fond of Bernice, but she wouldn't have been human if she had failed to relish a tidbit like this.

"Lina told my cook all about it. She had the afternoon off, but the houseman was there, and it seems ——" Buzz, buzz, buzz.

This chunk of gossip was much more accurate than most, being wrong merely in the major episode. Bernice had not gone home to her mother's; she had only threatened to do so. For two days following Billy's call she did not speak to Mac—not one solitary word. The only time he saw her was at meals, and during these she maintained a cold silence. She wouldn't even condescend to ask him to pass anything, and if she could not reach it for herself, she either did without or rang for Emmett.

Now in thousands of cozy homes throughout our beloved land the head of the house would bear up under silence with a pious fortitude, but it worried Mac terribly.

His was a companionable nature and this frozen politeness hurt. In the first place he wasn't used to it. Against anger and a tirade he could hold his own, but the sight of Bernice's pale, tear-stained face and high, proud, wounded manner began to weaken his morale. Suddenly he seemed to realize that he was breaking under it, and if he slipped now he was doomed forever.

A dignified silence is at once the most impenetrable of defenses and the subtlest form of attack. There is no sure way of dealing with it, except one, and Mac took it. He resolved to run.

"I'm going down to the lake for a couple of days to shoot ducks," he announced at dinner. "The papers say we're going to have a norther, and if it comes they'll be thick down there. A lot've been going over this afternoon."

No answer. Apparently regarding the matter as settled, Mac went on eating. He was always a hearty feeder.

Bernice waited a decent interval to give his manhood a chance to assert itself, then gulped, and at last broke silence. "And what's to become of me?" she asked in a weepy voice.

On many another such occasion she had gone to her mother's as a matter of course, but something told Mac not to suggest it now. "How do you mean?" he parried

"That's a nice way to do, isn't it? to go off and leave me all by myself."

"But, great Scott, you've been alone before, honey—dozens of times! What did you do then?"

"That was different," sniffed Bernice.

"And when it comes to that, I was alone all summer. How do you suppose I got along?"

Bernice straightened in her chair and impaled him with a glance. Biting off each word: "I might have known it! Just like you to wait and throw my summer trip up to me like that. I'd be ashamed of myself if I were you."

"I'm not throwing anything up to you, but facts are facts. How do you reckon I got along?"

"That was different."

"Sure! Everything's different."

She saw that his back was up and therefore dropped the subject until Emmett brought in the coffee. Then she remarked, in a voice of tragic finality, "Well, since you're determined, there's only one thing for me to do, I suppose—go to mother's."

"Now you're talking," said Mac. "She'll be mighty glad to have you."

"I'm going home to mother's," she repeated significantly; but he pretended not to get her meaning. Nothing more was said.

The norther failed to materialize as soon as forecast and Mac delayed his duck hunt. Bernice also put off her return to the parental roof, but she had again withdrawn behind her wall of silence and he did not try to force another breach. Twice, however, he took occasion to remark that the weather appeared to be shaping up for a cold spell and he might light out any minute. She did not seem to hear.

The following Monday morning Mrs. Joe Spivy called Mac on the phone. "Listen, Mr. Mac," she said, "why don't you and Bernice come down to the lake with us tomorrow? Joe says he's sure you can get some ducks. The McIntyres and the Gliddens are coming along."

"Great!" exclaimed Mac. "I'd sure enough like to go along, Mrs. Spivy. But Bernice—have you asked her?"

"I couldn't get her on the phone," was the guarded reply. "But why not ask her yourself, Mr. Mac? I'm sure she'd like to go. All she needs is a little coaxing."

"I'm not much good at coaxing, Mrs. Spivy."

"No, but you could ask her, couldn't you? Now you go ahead and ask her. No, not over the telephone—wait until you go home. She'll come, I know. That'll make four of us. Will you?"

"Surest thing you know," chirped Bernice's husband.

He wore a broad grin as he hung up the receiver. Mrs. Joe and Bernice were close friends, and —— "Say, Miss Little," he bellowed joyously to his secretary, "do you think this office can keep open the balance of the week without me?"

"The balance of the year if you're willing to sign the checks I mail to you, Mr. Mac."

"Well, I sort of feel like I need a rest, and I'm going down to the lake and forget all this mess," said her employer, with a large wave toward his littered table.

A coaxing attitude was not particularly discernible in Mac's approach. He breezed into the house in a tremendous hurry, sent Emmett scurrying around for his shooting clothes and started to pack his bag.

"Everybody going to the lake tomorrow," he informed Bernice. "But I believe I'll go down tonight. There's bound to be a big flight with this norther coming."

She stood in the doorway, watching his preparations.

"Want to come along?" he inquired.

"I haven't been asked."

"Why," exclaimed Mac, laying down the gun he was inspecting, "it never occurred to me you would go, honey! You never have before."

"I know; but Mrs. Spivy and Mrs. Glidden and quite a few others are going, and we can have some bridge while you're shooting"

"Fine! Suppose you and I drive down tonight then. They won't get there until tomorrow afternoon."

"Well," said Bernice, "I do believe I will. They say it's lots of fun." And she began eagerly to pack her suitcase.

But he was not to get off that easily.

"Now," she announced when everything was ready, "I want to know all about it."

"About what? Gosh, let's forget all this ——"

"I'm not talking about that," she returned quickly. "But you've been worrying about something—something else. I can tell. What is it?"

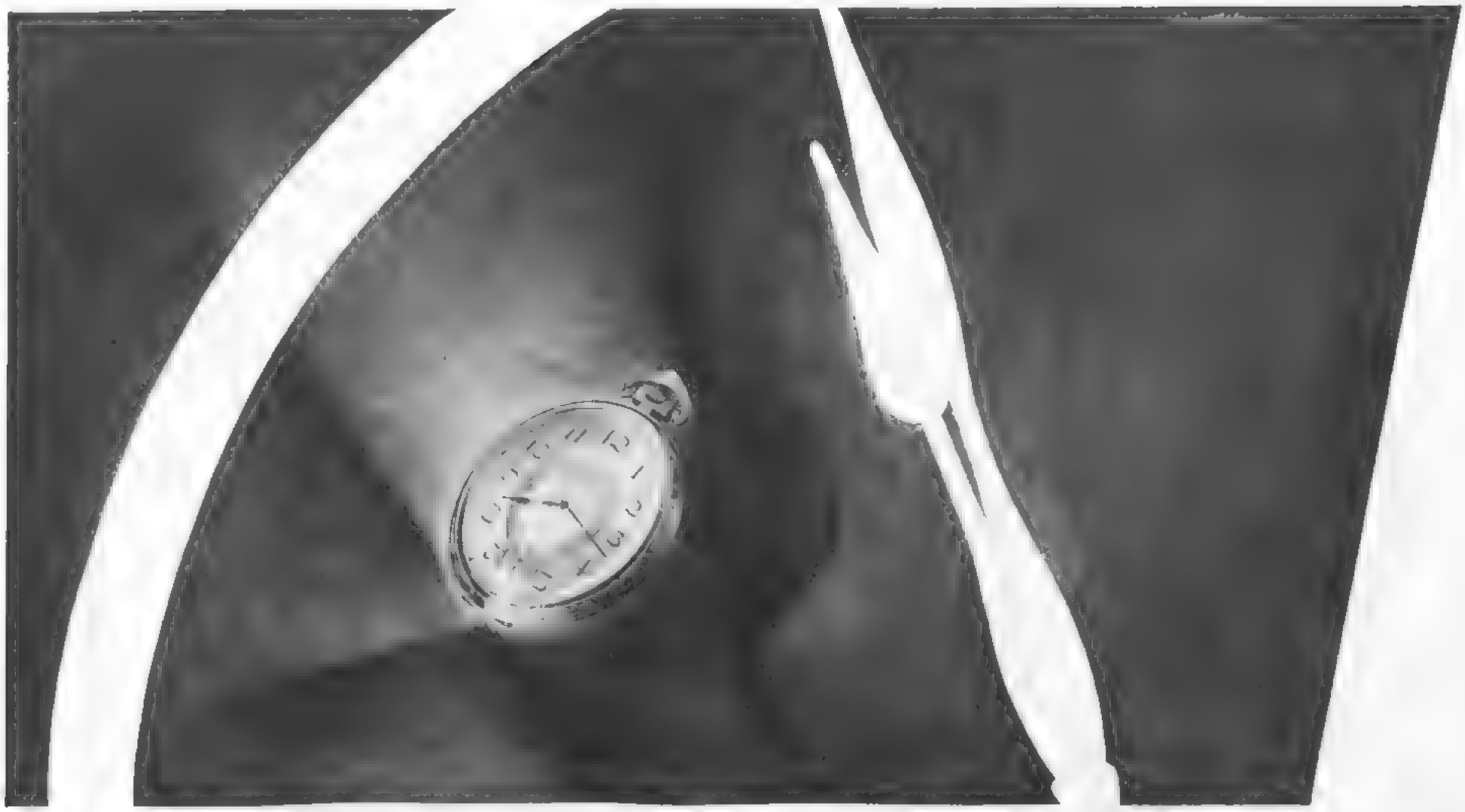
He hesitated a moment and his face grew serious. "Well, for one thing —— The fact is, honey, we're almost broke."

"And you never told me! You let me —— Oh, Mac!"

"I didn't want you to worry. And we —— Shucks, we'll pull out all right!"

Bernice looked him in the eye. Then she took a deep breath and straightened, running her hands down her hips like an athlete getting ready for a hard race. "You've

(Continued on Page 165)



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A Knife that was designed "For the Eatinge of Pease and Jelleys"—and Another that was not

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Columbia Dessert Knife in Sterling Silver actual size

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SOLID SILVERWARE — PLATED SILVERWARE

(Continued from Page 162)

done it before," she said confidently, "and I know you can do it again."

More time out.

With the strain of misunderstanding removed, Bernice became her natural self and babbled like a brook all the way down to the lake.

Gosh, thought Mac, how had she ever managed to keep silent for forty-eight hours? Women were wonderful creatures.

"Well," said Mrs. Ed Thomas to her husband a week later at dinner, "I hear the Macs have made it up. They aren't going to get a divorce after all."

Ed glanced up from his soup and replied, "Why, I could have told you that three days ago."

"Then why on earth didn't you do it? That's a fine way to do me! Here I'm always telling you things, and you never tell me a thing unless I drag it out of you. But you wait! The next time I tell you any news —— Yes, and I know a lot too."

"Now don't fly off the handle. It just didn't occur to me. I never thought a thing about it, Meb."

"Where did you hear about them?" she demanded.

"I didn't hear about them."

"Then how did you know?"

"Well, last Friday I saw the Macs at lunch together in the Palm Garden at the Planters, and dog-gone if she isn't just as crazy about that rascal as she ever was."

"How do you know she is?"

"Well, she took a taste of every single thing Mac ordered."

"Male conceit is simply insufferable," declared his wife through her teeth, and Ed didn't improve matters by sniggering complacently.

The final chapter of this domestic drama was enacted next day. Al Stringer was propping up one of the marble slabs at the entrance to the Southwestern Building with his back whilst he recounted to a couple of his intimates how he had shot 86 the previous day—he had played four holes and was just teeing off at the fifth, and they were becoming desperate, when Mac hove in sight.

"Wow, there's ol' Mac! Hey, there, Mac!" rose a glad cry from one of the victims.

Mac stopped and, when he recognized them, walked straight up to Al.

"Stringer," he said, "if you want my opinion of you, you're nothing but a gossiping, meddling old saphead."

"No man can talk to me that way," retorted Stringer, although surprised and a bit tremulous.

"This one can," cried Mac. "Get ready, because I'm going to prove it right now."

Without further ado, he swung a wild left from the hip and it landed on Stringer's eye.

Al exclaimed "Ouch!" and bored in with his head down, and they clinched and wrestled and fell to the sidewalk, where they punched harmlessly, and clawed at each other's hair and slapped each other until Mike Farrell separated them. Mike was the traffic cop at the corner.

"Aw, let 'em go, Mike," begged a spectator.

Mike stood hopefully to one side to see whether they would go at it again now they were on their feet, but each combatant seemed perfectly satisfied with his performance, so there was nothing for Mike to do but his duty.

"Move on now," he bellowed. "That'll be about all from you guys. You hear me? Any more monkey business and I'll run you both in, I don't care who y'are. Beat it now!" He turned sternly on the pressing crowd. "Well, what're you stickin' round for? A tall buildin' going up, or a hole in the ground, or a fight —— Say, ain't you birds got anything to do?" And with a strong heave he set the whole mass in motion.

Al hurried off one way and Mac another, each followed by a string of acquaintances like a prize fighter with his handlers. Stringer was escorted straight to a restaurant, where, on advice of a man who talked as though he had had unlimited experience, he ordered a steak for his eye. There was almost a race riot when they brought him the steak well done, served with French fried potatoes. They stayed there an hour or so fixing up the eye, by which time it was agreed that Al had won the fight by a mile. In view of the fact that the assault had been entirely unprovoked, some present urged him to go after Mac again and they could all drive out to a nice quiet place on the Elmwood Road and see it to a finish. But Al said no very firmly; the families were too good friends to have any more trouble between them—he had to think of Mac's wife—and since he had given as good as he got, the matter could rest.

As a fight it was a joke; but before nightfall it was the talk of the town because an evening newspaper got hold of the story and played it all over the front page, with pictures of Mac and Al, and an imaginative sketch by their cartoonist showing Kid Stringer in fighting pose, but sporting bows of ribbon at the knees, and Battling Mac stripped to ring togs, wearing corsets like armor.

It served as a fine jest for a while, but so curious are group reactions that both Mac and Al ever afterward enjoyed quite a reputation as fightin' men and sluggers, and fellows at the country club would point them out to visitors as tough eggs to take liberties with. So perhaps the affair was not a total loss.

A few hours after the battle Mac was working away with his customary energy and cheerfulness when Joe Spivy suddenly appeared in the doorway. "Well," inquired Joe, "how's the Battling Kid?"

"Come on in, ol' settler. Have a chair. What's the good word anyhow?"

"Everybody's talking about the scrap between you and Al Stringer. Say, Mac, what do you weigh stripped? We were just talking about that. Tud Morgan wants to match you up with this bird from Colorado next Monday night at the athletic club—you know—that mining-camp terror, One-Eared McClosky."

"How big a purse will they put up?" said Mac. "I believe that guy's a ham, Joe. I'll take him on."

His friend chuckled. Then he inquired seriously, "What did you hit Stringer for, anyhow, Mac? I always thought you two were good friends."

"So we were. I used to think a lot of Al. But what would you do, Joe, to a man who tried to destroy your faith?"

"What faith?" asked Joe cautiously. "He'd have a time doing it."

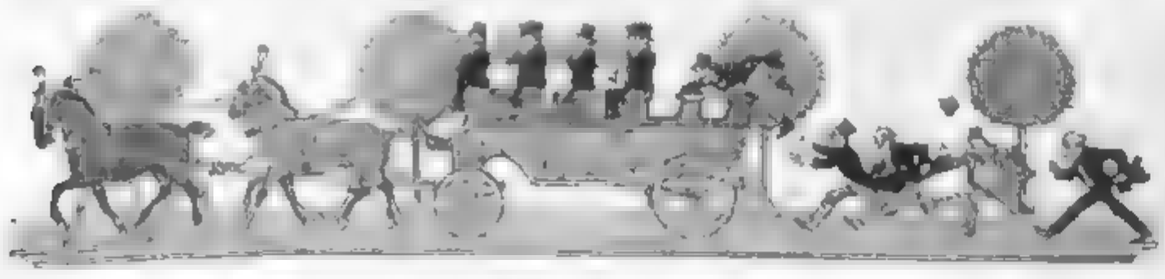
"Well, suppose a bird tore down the very strongest conviction you had—suppose he cut right from under you the thing on which you had practically built up your whole home life, you might say."

"Why," said Joe, much surprised, "I'd bust him wide open."

"And that's exactly what I did to Stringer."

"Yeh; but wait a minute—hold on—what I don't understand —— Say, what was this faith of yours he broke down?"

"That guy," cried Mac—"that guy tried to make me believe a wife preferred tender treatment to a grievance."



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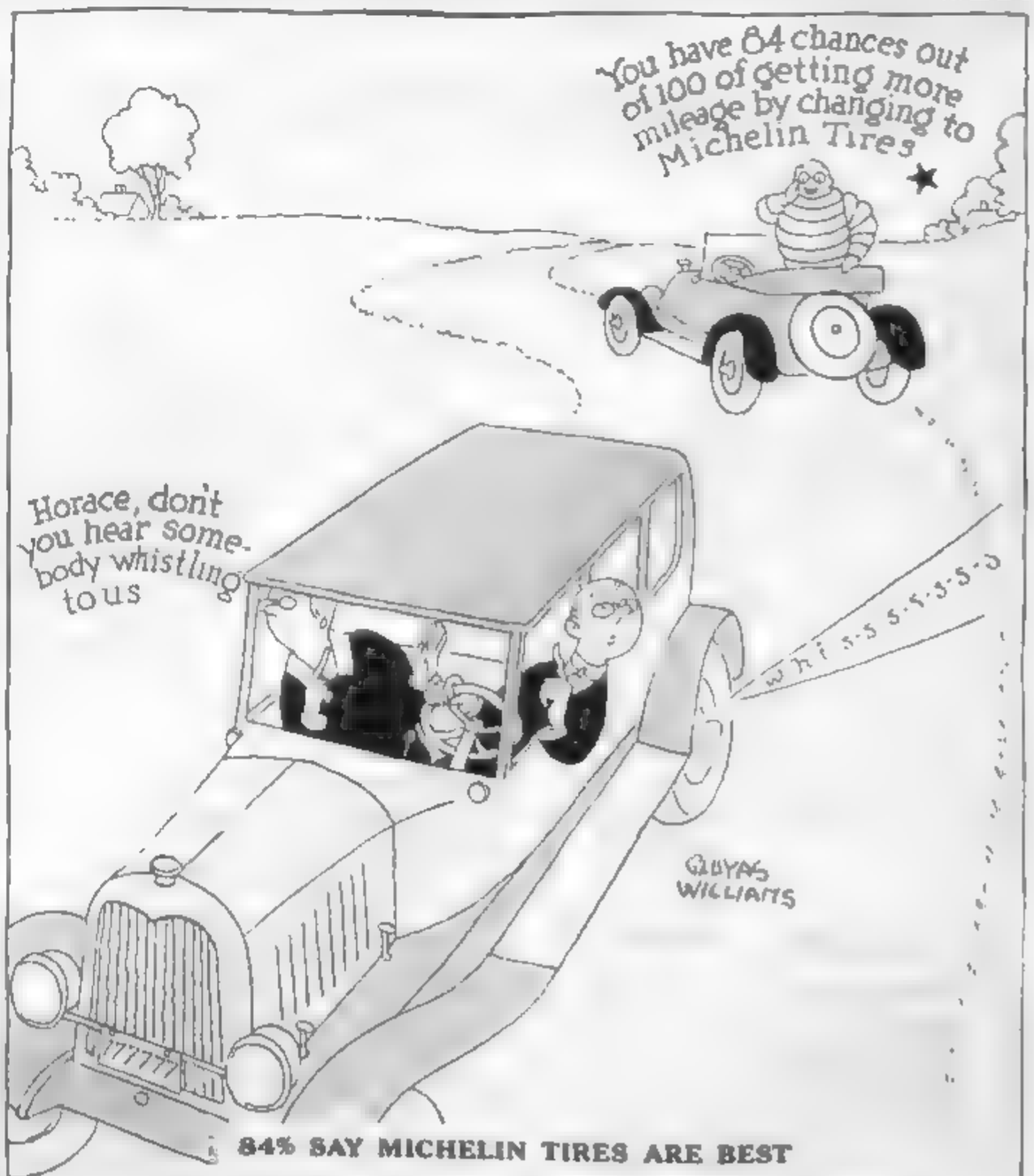
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WHISSSSSSS
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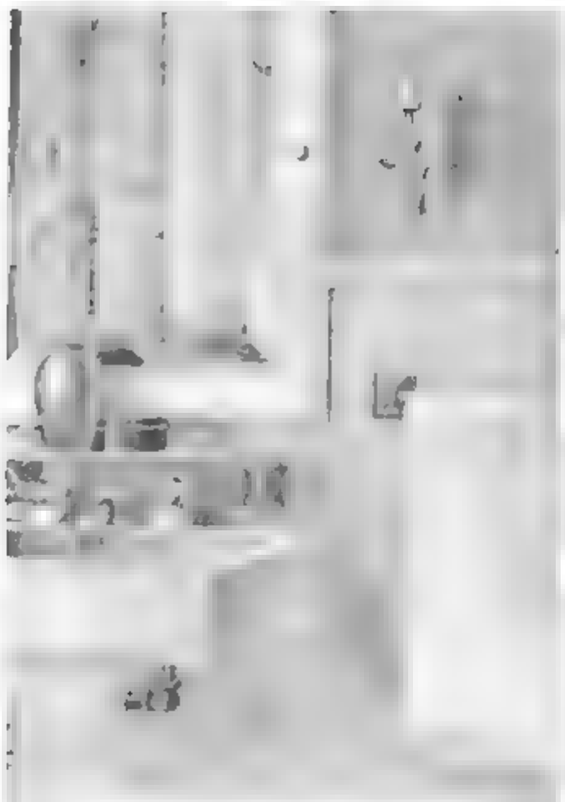

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	1924	1925	1926
E. Sorter	$3,710	$3,470	$5,206
*A. Anders	1,142	1,782	2,655
Chas. Wick	4,204	5,332	5,871
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THE LEAGUE OF DEBTORS

(Continued from Page 4)

You might suppose that if forty-two Columbia professors, teachers of economics, business, law, history and political science, were thinking to put their hands to a public statement calling for a reconsideration of the war-debt settlements by an international conference, on the ground that the American settlements were wrong, it would occur to them to examine the facts in a critical spirit, if only for the sake of being able to say afterward what it was they were doing—pronouncing adverse judgment upon the American debt policy from the record or expressing an idealistic conception of the country's duty to the world. Either they did not know the record or they held themselves above it. What they did was to take over the whole European argument for cancellation, including the Balfour note and one idiom direct from Lloyd George's cancellation letter to Mr. Wilson. Lloyd George said Great Britain could forgive nothing except as "part and parcel" of all-around forgiveness. The Columbia professors say the American debt settlements are "part and parcel" of a whole network of settlements. That is precisely what the American Government says they are not.

Since the paper of the forty-two Columbia professors, ceremoniously delivered to the public mind on December twentieth last, is a fair epitome of pro-European propaganda, and repeats all the principal misrepresentations of fact with no merit of originality, it may very well serve as the text for debt cancellation; over against it the facts: (a) as to the nature of the contract, (b) the transactions in character, (c) the settlements, their ground and meaning, and (d) our share in the war.

In the first thing, as to the nature of the contract, the Columbia professors say: "From the record of debates in Congress it is clear that these advances were not regarded by those who voted them as business transactions, but rather as joint contributions to a common cause."

This is to suggest that although the Allies borrowed the money, we did not lend it; the idea of repayment was dim or not present; the giving and taking of promissory notes which were to be replaced by the bonds of the foreign governments, the charging and paying of interest from the beginning, the keeping of books—that was all a kind of pleasantry for which there was somehow the leisure on both sides in the midst of war.

The Law Speaks for Itself

You may find almost anything in the debates of Congress. But among those Columbia professors are teachers of law who certainly know the fundamental rule that when an act of Congress is clear in its language, then the act itself and not what was said about it must be taken as conclusive evidence of what was intended by those who voted it. In this case the law is precise and clear.

It did not authorize the United States Treasury to make joint contributions to a common cause. Nor did it authorize the Treasury to advance money to our associates. That is not what it said. It authorized the Treasury to sell Liberty Bonds and invest the proceeds in the bonds of foreign governments engaged in war against enemies of the United States, up to $10,000,000,000, provided such bonds as were purchased from foreign governments bore the same rate of interest and the same terms of maturity as our Liberty Bonds. The idea was that the foreign-government bonds should be in all respects parallel to Liberty Bonds, so that as they matured and were paid, equal amounts of Liberty Bonds should be automatically redeemed; and so, too, that in the meantime the interest received from the foreign governments should pay interest on the Liberty Bonds issued for that purpose.

This was all definitely understood at the time. The borrowers particularly understood it. There was never any complaint on their part about the terms, never any suggestion that these were other in character than financial operations between governments. The only difficulty was that they were in great haste to have the money. It takes time to engrave and prepare bonds. For that reason the American Treasury accepted, in lieu of bonds, their notes of hand—that is to say, their I O U's; but in every case such note bore on its face a precise undertaking to furnish the bond as required by law when the Secretary of the Treasury should ask for it. The Secretary of the Treasury did not ask for the bonds while the war continued; he went on taking the borrowers' promissory notes, and that is why in the end the Treasury turned up with notes instead of a formal investment of $10,000,000,000 in the bonds of foreign governments such as they would have had either to pay or repudiate.

A Gift Not Wanted

It is important to remember that the borrowers regarded the loans as financial transactions, not as subsidies or joint contributions. They were happy to have a place where they could sell an unlimited amount of bonds.

On April 11, 1917, the American ambassador to France cabled this message to the Secretary of State:

"The French Premier personally expressed to me the hope that no resolution would be introduced or debated in Congress tending to make a gift to France from the United States, however much the sentiment of good will prompting it might be appreciated by the French people."

Loans they were thinking of, and thinking of them as high financial transactions.

Late in 1917 the French Minister of Finance, bringing in the budget, said: "The adherence of the United States to our cause permitted us to dispense in a very large measure with the exportation of gold and securities to which we had been obliged to have recourse, gave us the possibility of sparing those reserves resulting from the patriotic fervor of our people, enabled us through the issuance of treasury bills to realize almost one-half of those sums which we were obliged to borrow in foreign countries, and this entire amount, except a minute fraction, is repayable only at the conclusion of hostilities."

A lively exchange occurred between the French ambassador in Washington and his government as to the period of amortization, or the spread of years for the repayment of the principal. He had cabled to his government, saying:

"The rate of interest will be the same that the United States Government will be able to obtain. This interest, by the terms of the law, shall be paid by all the Allied countries concerned. As to the term for repayment, I mentioned—supposing this to be desirable—that of fifteen years. Mr. McAdoo said he had no objection to that."

The French Government evidently asked him to make it twenty-five years, for a few days later the French ambassador cabled again, saying he wished his government would make up its mind and be precise; however, he would do his best to make the period twenty-five years. In reply to this he received a cable saying the French Minister of Finance insisted that the term of amortization be thirty years. The longer the easier, of course. Note that in the settlement now pending with France the period is stretched to sixty-two years.

Here a curious fragment inserts itself. France was the heaviest borrower at the American Treasury after the Armistice. On March 8, 1919, the Treasury addressed to the Deputy French High Commissioner at Washington a note indicating its surprise to read that at a meeting of the financial drafting committee appointed by the Council of Ten at the Peace Conference, representatives of the French Government had favored the idea of discussing a plan to pool all war debts; and to make itself very clear, the Treasury added that it could not go on making loans to any government "which is lending its support to any plan which would create uncertainty as to due repayment."

The Deputy French High Commissioner communicated this information to Paris and was instructed by the French Government to say to the United States Treasury please not to mind what it read in the papers or anything an excited Frenchman might say in his own parliament. Positively the French Government had never given the slightest support to any such idea. On this the United States Treasury continued to make post-Armistice loans to France; after this the French Government borrowed $690,000,000 more.

When we entered the war in April, 1917, Allied finance was about to collapse under the strain of making payments in neutral countries. The great pound sterling was in trouble. Like the French, though on a much larger scale, the English had been exporting gold and pawning and selling their foreign investments.

The errand of the British Commission that immediately arrived here was not to solicit subsidies or joint contributions; it was to sell British bonds to the American Government for dollars. The benefits of being able to do so seemed then miraculous. A padlock on the Bank of England's gold bin. No more selling and pawning of the British people's foreign investments. Dollars for every purpose and without stint, even, as it developed, to reduce the British Government's borrowing from its own people. Dollars at cost—at what it cost the American Government to raise them.

Interest was charged and paid from the beginning. As the interest came due on the foreign governments' notes in the Treasury safe, it was paid with more dollars borrowed from the Treasury till. This was done to keep the account in punctilious financial order. When, after the Armistice, the till was closed to them they ceased to pay interest; but that is another matter.

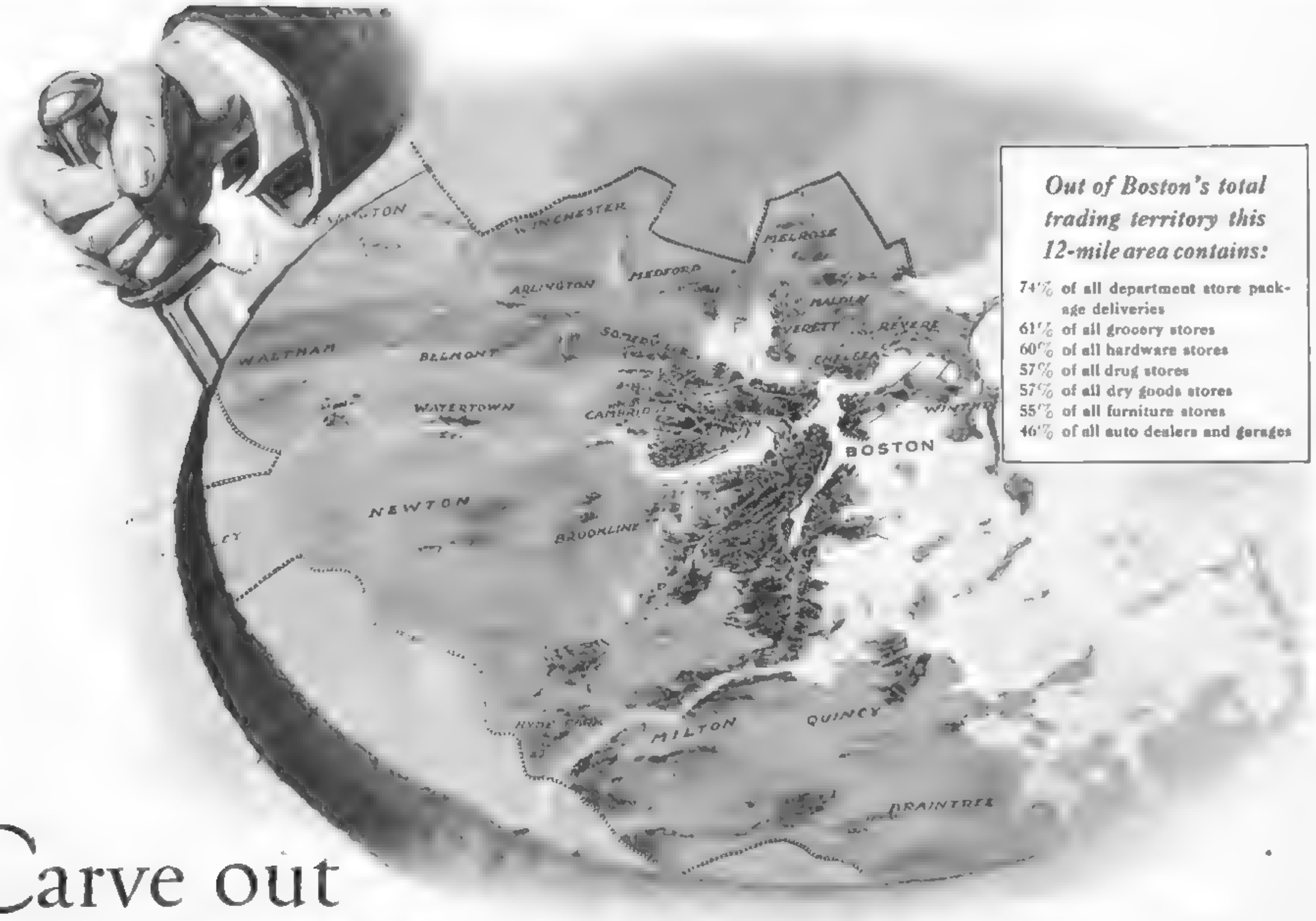
A One-Way Argument

Finally, evidence that the borrowers regarded the loans in a financial light is to be deduced from the use they made of them. Much of the money they spent in ways that could be justified only on the assumption that it was theirs to do with freely what they liked because they meant to repay it in full. They spent it for such purposes, among others, as to pay off old debts, to pay one another back, to finance the private purchases of their nationals, heavily to feed and clothe their civilians, and particularly to give their own money a fictitious buying power at the expense of the United States. Certainly no one wishes to think they would have spent in such ways money representing a joint, unrepayable contribution to the common cause of war.

So much for the nature of the contract as both sides understood it originally.

Say the Columbia professors: "The credits were freely given because they were to secure for us effective support for our own effort either directly on the field of battle or indirectly by strengthening the nations associated with us. They would have been justified for no other purpose." In another paragraph, referring to the fact that half the debt has already been canceled, they say this "is, nevertheless, regarded by the debtor nations as not touching the heart of the issue. They hold in mind chiefly those credits which were used to wage war. They contend that they should not in fairness be required to repay advances that

(Continued on Page 169



Out of Boston's total trading territory this 12-mile area contains:

74% of all department store package deliveries
61% of all grocery stores
60% of all hardware stores
57% of all drug stores
57% of all dry goods stores
55% of all furniture stores
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ARE YOU getting your share of the business in this rich territory? Does your New England sales volume show a normal growth from year to year?

Every sales manager owes it to himself and to his firm to examine the facts about the Boston Market. Such facts may point the way to outstanding success.

Boston's real trading area lies entirely within a circle having only a 12-mile radius from the center of the city.

In this area live 1,567,000 people with a per capita wealth of $2000, the greatest concentration of people in New England. Here also is found the greatest concentration of grocery stores, hardware stores, drug stores, dry goods stores, furniture stores, auto dealers and garages.

In this area the Boston department stores make 74 per cent of all their package deliveries. The Package Delivery Clearing House, operating for all stores, confines its deliveries *entirely* to this area. And here one of the outstanding department stores obtains 64 per cent of all its charge accounts.

Here, then, is Boston's key market, within 12 miles of City Hall.

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The Boston department stores recognize the Globe's dominating position in this market. They place as much advertising in the Sunday Globe as in the other three Boston Sunday newspapers combined. And in the daily Globe the department stores use more space than in any other daily paper.

The Globe has gained this leadership because it appeals to *all classes* of Boston people, without regard to race, creed or political affiliation.

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The Boston Globe

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Honeywell controls are also made for electric and gas refrigeration and various industrial applications.

HONEYWELL HEATING SPECIALTIES COMPANY, WABASH, INDIANA

HONEYWELL

Temperature Regulators

(Continued from Page 166)

were expended for our benefit as well as their own at a time when money was our only contribution."

There was never a time when money was our only contribution. The thought is absurd and stultifying. In the moment of declaring war we began to mobilize our fighting power. Eighteen months later we had on the Front against Germany more men than any other nation, excepting only France, and in a few months more we should have had more men in the line than Great Britain and France combined. And all the time we had been making also these colossal advances to the Allies. Take it they were spending the money for our benefit as well as their own. Concede it freely. But were not our expenditures for their benefit as well as for our own? Why does this argument run always one way? Are we to be charged for time because, first, our normal life was not on a war basis, and, secondly, because we had to cross the ocean to get to where the war was?

However, this would run to argument without end. We are still dealing with facts.

The Columbia professors appear to be supporting the moralistic view that allies and associates ought not strictly to charge one another for things contributed to a common cause. Really, they are not. Under the pretense or delusion of supporting it, they are holding the preposterous European view that one country, because it is rich, should both give and pay—the view that the United States should give of its own things and pay besides for the things it required from the others.

Nowhere in their paper do they touch the disagreeable truth that during the war the United States was excluded from the benefit of commons. What the Allies needed from their American associate they got on credit; what we needed from the Allies we got for cash. We could not get it in any other way.

The goods and services they required from us, and got on credit, they now propose to treat as things used for our benefit as well as theirs, in a common cause, and therefore not in right feeling repayable. The goods and services we required from them—from England, from France, from all parts of the British Empire—they have already treated as things used for American benefit only. As they supplied them, they demanded the cash.

The significance of this fact is both moral and financial. No pulpiteer for debt cancellation touches it. It is too awkward. Therefore it gets no publicity. Let us follow it through.

The Rule of Commons

From the beginning of the war Allied finance was governed by a definite principle. Great Britain imposed it, and it was sound. In technical phrase, the principle was that each of the Allies should provide in its own country the means to finance whatever it was needful for the others to buy there. This meant that when France bought supplies in Great Britain, the British Government undertook to lend her the pounds to pay with; and that when Great Britain bought supplies or services in France, the French Government undertook to lend her the francs to pay with; and so all around.

One merit of this principle was that it avoided the wild confusion in exchange that would have resulted from buying and selling one another's money, the British buying francs to spend in France, the French buying pounds to spend in Great Britain, and so forth. It was really more than that.

It was, in effect for the duration of the war, a rule of commons, whereby each country was obligated to supply out of its own resources and on its own territory such goods and services as its Allies required. Lending one another the money to pay with was a way of keeping count. In the end, after the war, they might all come together, balance credits against debts and settle only the differences by some rule of equity.

So far as Allied finance was concerned, this principle acted to the end. We found it acting when we entered the war. We accepted it. But it acted for us only in one dimension. It obligated us; at the same time we were excluded from its benefits.

We undertook to lend our associates the dollars for all the goods and services they wished to buy in this country, and we did it; but Great Britain and France refused to deliver us the goods and services we required in those countries—except for cash. They borrowed dollars to meet their expenditures here; we bought pounds and francs to meet our expenditures there.

Thus it was that when the war was over the Allies owed us for everything they had got in the United States for the common cause. We owed them nothing for what we had got in their countries for the same common cause. We owed them nothing because we had already paid.

A Good Cash Customer

Great Britain owed us for the meat and grain we had supplied to feed both her civilians and her soldiers. We did not owe Great Britain for anything our sailors and soldiers had eaten in her country.

We had already paid their board.

Great Britain owed us a large bill for railroad transportation. We did not owe Great Britain the $90,000,000 she had charged us for transporting American troops to France.

We had already paid their passage.

Great Britain owed us for cotton, oil, copper, steel and munitions. We owed the British Empire nothing for the wool, tin, jute and minerals that we had bought for our exertion in the common cause.

We had already paid.

Great Britain owed us for all the dollars she had spent in the United States. We owed her nothing for the pounds sterling we had spent in England or anywhere in the British Empire.

We had bought those pounds for cash.

The British financial experts in New York were using dollars borrowed from the American Treasury to support the international value of the pound sterling at the artificial figure of $4.76⅞. When we bought pounds to meet the expenditures of our Army and Navy in Great Britain, we were obliged to buy them at that artificial price of $4.76⅞. We bought nearly $500,000,000 worth at that price in England alone, and the profit to the English in these transactions was more than $50,000,000. All this is merely to say that while the British were borrowing dollars at the American Treasury for their expenditures in the United States, they required us not only to buy pounds sterling to meet our expenditures in Great Britain; they required us to buy them at a loss in exchange.

When it was over, France, like all the others, owed us for everything she had got in the United States during our association in the war. Like England, she owed us for the grain, sugar, meat and tobacco she had imported from the United States both for the French army and for resale in France to the people. We owed France nothing for what American soldiers had eaten and smoked in France.

We had already paid.

France owed us a large bill for railroad transportation. We owed her nothing for hauling our troops to the front on the French railroads.

We had already paid their fares.

We did not owe her the item of $489,000 port dues charged against us for the privilege of taking our troop and supply ships into French harbors. We had already paid.

We did not owe her for the damage our troops had done to French houses and fences and trees and gardens. We had already paid these torts and indemnities.

We did not owe her $150,000,000 customs duties on the surplus war supplies surviving in France at the end of the war, such

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as trucks, motors, industrial material, machinery, permanent works, telephone lines and what not. We had already paid.

We owed her nothing for the paper francs she had printed and delivered to us for the use of our Army in France. We had already paid $1,000,000,000 cash for those paper francs. The French, like the English, made an exchange profit on the money they sold to us. Like the English, they were using borrowed dollars in New York to support the international value of the franc at an artificial price. We paid that artificial price for the francs we needed in France, and the profit to the French—the difference between the true value of the franc and what we paid for it was a little more than $250,000,000.

Does it begin to appear why it was that the United States turned up at last as the universal creditor, owing nobody? Not because we were rich; not because we had bargained shrewdly or treated the war as a financial opportunity, as the Europeans say, but only because we had already paid.

For our own exertion in the war we had required from the British Empire goods and services amounting to $2,500,000,000. For these we had paid in cash.

Great Britain for her exertions had required of us goods and services to the amount of nearly $3,750,000,000; this she had borrowed, and $500,000,000 more after the Armistice.

Our War Department, first and last, had required goods and services in France to the value of $1,750,000,000. For all of this we had paid in cash.

France had required of us goods and services to the amount of $2,000,000,000; all this she had borrowed, and $1,000,000,000 more after the Armistice.

Every day of our participation in the war we were in the position of paying cash to the allies. We were lending them dollars with one hand and paying them dollars with the other. When we needed pounds sterling in England or francs in France it never occurred to them to say, "We will lend them to you against the dollars we are borrowing in Washington." Instead, they sold them to us for cash.

When it ceased, the situation as between the United States on one side and the Allies on the other was this: They had borrowed from us $9,500,000,000 and we had paid out in their countries $4,250,000,000—total $13,750,000,000. We had their I O U's for $9,500,000,000 and were out, besides, the $4,250,000,000 we had spent with them—total again, $13,750,000,000.

The Origin of the Debts

Remember that a very large proportion of this $13,750,000,000 represented things of permanent economic value, not consumed in war, such as plant, equipment, stocks, ships and raw materials. Remember also that more than $2,000,000,000 of these loans was made after the Armistice. The measure in which Europe's astonishing recovery from the war is owing to American prodigality cannot, of course, be calculated statistically. Is it for that reason our debtors never mention it at all?

The Columbia professors do remark that "not all of our loans were used directly for military purposes. Some of them helped to clothe and feed the civilian populations. Some provided permanent improvements useful after the war. Some of the loans were made after the Armistice." But they add: "In the debt settlements we have made, insufficient account has been taken of those differences. The origin of the various items in the debts was ignored. In justice and in reason, they should have been considered."

What they mean to convey here is the European argument that we ought not to charge for goods and services used by the Allies in a war that was our war, too, and that as the debt settlements stand we have done it. Actually, we have not done it. To say, moreover, that the origin of the various items of the debt was ignored is an aspersion. There is no member of the American Debt Funding Commission who could not recite the figures out of his head from having considered them so long. In a public statement last July the Secretary of the Treasury, as chairman of the Debt Funding Commission, said: "It must be remembered that England borrowed a large portion of its debt to us for purely commercial as distinguished from war purposes—to meet its commercial obligations maturing in America, to furnish India with silver, to buy food to be resold to its civilian population and to maintain exchange."

They speak of reason, the Columbia professors. It is not necessary really to regard the ways in which the money was spent to draw a line of reason. Suppose we should say to our associates, this: "Not to higgle over the nature of our war expenditures, let us apply the liberal rule that all goods and services by whomsoever provided shall be deemed to have moved one cause for the common benefit, and therefore uncharge one another all around."

America Paid Cash

Would they accept? They would not. Why not? Because they owe us for the goods and services we supplied; but for the goods and services they supplied to us they have already been paid in cash. Now if you propose to uncharge all around, under the ideal rule that goods and services devoted to a common cause shall not be paid for, it means that we should have only to pass a sponge over their debts, whereas they would have to refund what we have paid to them; the British Empire more than $2,500,000,000. France at least $1,750,000,000. Add to these sums the money they borrowed from the American Treasury to pay off debts contracted before we entered the war and the money they borrowed after the Armistice, and you have an indisputable aggregate greater than the sum of the debt settlements as they stand.

Who talks of injustice here talks nonsense.

In such light the distinction between uses of money that were commercial and uses that were military loses much of its interest. And yet it is important to see how they did spend the money.

Great Britain's total demands upon the American Treasury for dollars amounted to $7,250,000,000. From this great sum there is first to be deducted nearly $2,000,000,000 to represent purchases made by Great Britain for her Allies. These purchases were taken off her account and charged directly to the other countries. That leaves Great Britain's own account standing at $5,250,000,000. Out of this she kept $1,000,000,000 for goods and services supplied to Americans in England. The balance owing to the American Treasury was $4,250,000,000.

How did she spend the money?

In her reports to the American Treasury the largest item of expenditure was $2,500,000,000 for grain and meat. This was both for herself and for others; for that part of it which was for others she was reimbursed by the Treasury. It is important to remember that the foodstuffs bought in this country with borrowed dollars were resold by the British Government to the people of England, and resold at a profit—all but the portion that went directly to feed the army. Thus dollars borrowed in the United States to buy food were converted at home into government revenue—war revenue—and in exactly the same amount the British Government was able to avoid taxing its people or increasing the internal debt for war purposes.

Great Britain's principal other expenditures, as reported to the American Treasury, were these:

For silver	$261,643,000
To pay Canada back	325,000,000
For maturities	353,000,000
For munitions	981,000,000
For cotton and exchange purchases	1,681,000,000

Item, for silver $261,643,000, represents silver loaned to her out of the vaults of the

(Continued on Page 173)

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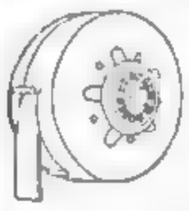

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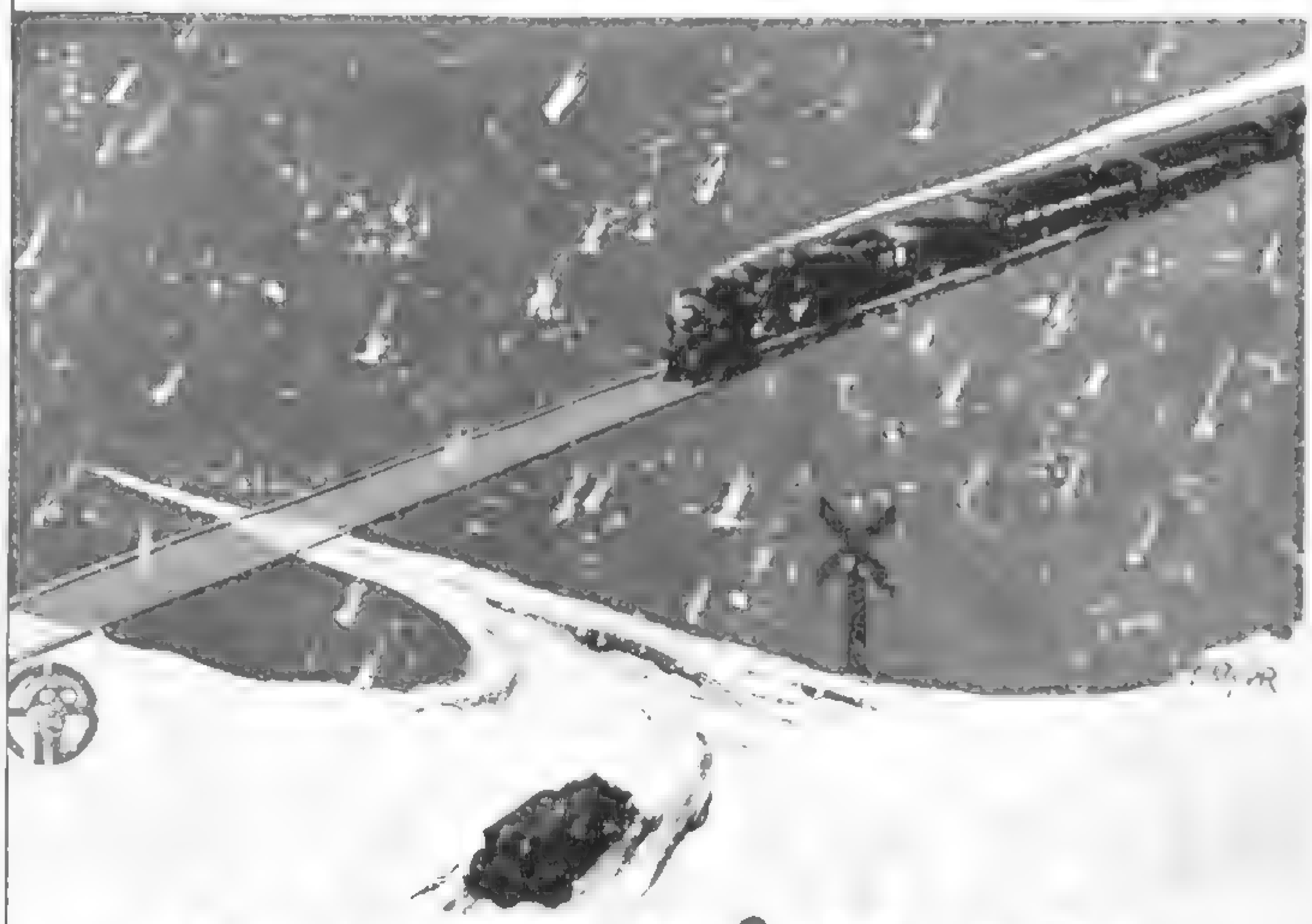

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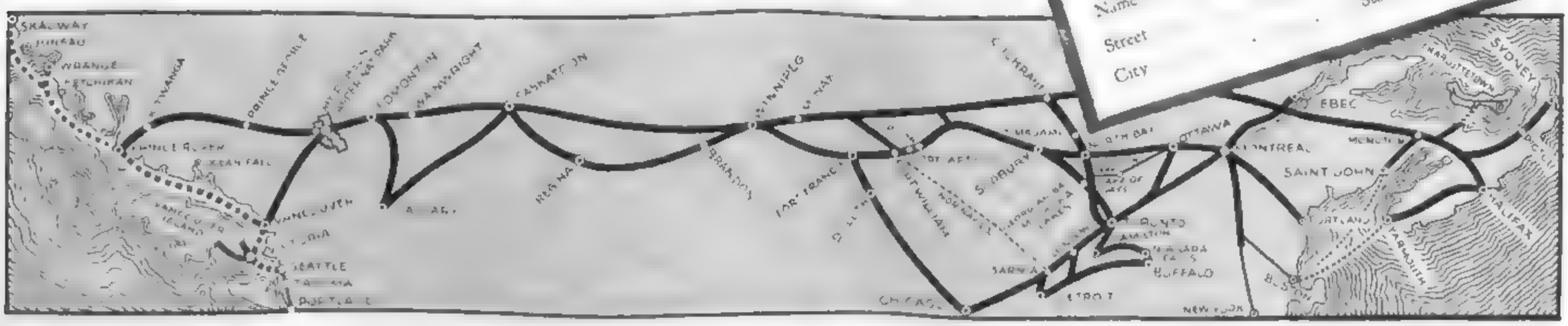

(Continued from Page 170)

American Treasury to support the currency of India.

Item, to pay Canada back $325,000,000, represents dollars borrowed to pay a British grain debt in Canada.

Item, for maturities $353,000,000, represents dollars borrowed to pay off a Wall Street war loan contracted before we entered the war—a private loan under which British securities were pawned as collateral. The American Treasury paid it off and released the collateral.

Item, for munitions $981,000,000, is self-explained. This figure represents munitions for the use of Great Britain only; she bought also munitions for her Allies, but for these expenditures she was reimbursed. That is, she got the money back.

Item, for cotton and exchange purchases $1,681,000,000, is where the mystery begins. The British so reported it in one grand sum—no analysis. All the American Treasury knows is that this is the money used by the British Government's financial experts to support the international value of the pound sterling at 4.76\frac{7}{16}$, where it stood, pegged, through the remainder of the war.

What they did was this: Instead of spending their borrowed dollars for cotton and other things, they used the dollars in the exchange market to buy the pound sterling and then paid for their purchases with pounds, both here and in neutral countries. One effect of this was to increase by one-eighth the purchasing power of the pound sterling all over the world. That was not the only effect. The French, taking it from the British, were doing the same thing on a smaller scale -that is, they were using borrowed dollars in the foreign exchange market to buy and uphold French francs. These British and French operations naturally put a great strain on the exchange value of the dollar. That was not all. The American Government, having been excluded from the rule of commons, could not borrow pounds in England and francs in France to pay for the goods and services we required in those countries, although at the same time it was lending them dollars to pay for the goods and services they required here.

No. The American Government was obliged itself to go into the foreign exchange market and buy pounds to spend in England and francs to spend in France; it was obliged also to buy the money of various neutral countries where it was meeting war expenditures for both itself and the Allies. The result of all this was that the dollar, the only sound money at that time among the belligerents, went to a discount all over the world. This discount was artificial, roughly in the same proportion as the superiority in the value of the pound sterling and the franc was artificial; nevertheless, it was a fact. In the Netherlands, the dollar was worth only 76 cents; in Denmark, 75 cents; in Sweden, 63 cents; in Switzerland, 76 cents; in China, 55 cents.

Profit and Loss

The loss to the United States from having to pay for its imports with a dollar that had been artificially depreciated in order that the pound sterling might stand mightily at its pegged valuation of 4.76\frac{7}{16}$ was, on statistical evidence, $400,000,000. The gain to Great Britain from being able to buy in all countries with a pound sterling supported at the expense of the dollar was not less than $350,000,000. These two items make $750,000,000, our loss and their gain, and it is never mentioned.

When these dazzling British financial operations ceased—that is to say, when, after the war, dollars with which to buy pounds sterling were no longer available—the international value of the pound sterling fell from 4.76\frac{7}{16}$ to $3.19.

Now France. The total demands of the French Government upon the American Treasury for dollars amounted to $4,196,000,000. Of this sum she kept $1,198,000,000 to represent the value of the goods and services provided for the American Expeditionary Forces in France. That left her owing the Treasury almost exactly $3,000,000,000. These figures do not include certain large and very elaborate settlements made on the spot in France by our military people and by the United States Liquidating Commission. Those settlements involved, among other things, surplus war stocks valued by our experts at $562,000,000; they were turned over to the French for $400,000,000. The difference represented the $150,000,000 customs duties demanded by the French.

The principal expenditures reported to the American Treasury by the representatives of the French Government were these:

For munitions	$925,893,000
For foodstuffs	850,716,000
For exchange operations	431,787,000
For maturities	289,745,000
For other supplies	276,572,000
Advances to the Bank of France	200,000,000
Cotton	174,843,000
Shipping	122,359,000
Tobacco	41,000,000

Item, for munitions $925,893,000, includes engineering, cavalry, clothing and equipment, aviation, sanitation, artillery, explosives.

Item, for foodstuffs $850,716,000, represents grain, meat and sugar.

Our Contribution to the Cause

Item, for exchange operations $431,787,000 is the third largest. Those are the dollars that were used in the foreign exchange market to sustain the international value of the franc. Like the English, the French experts, instead of spending the dollars for goods and services in this country, used them to buy franc exchange, and then with the franc exchange they did anything they pleased, even to finance the private purchases of their own nationals.

Item, for maturities $289,745,000, represents dollars used to pay off private war loans contracted in Wall Street before we entered the war.

Item, for other supplies $276,572,000, includes $108,350,000 spent for public works in France, $12,000,000 spent in aid of French agriculture, $40,000,000 spent on state and private railways in France, and $7,000,000 for commerce and private industry.

Item, for the Bank of France $200,000,000, represents money advanced to improve the credit of that institution and to buy foodstuffs in the United States after the declaration of peace.

Item, shipping $122,359,000, represents principally ships added to the French merchant marine.

Putting aside munitions, which were, of course, directly used to wage war, even though embracing machinery of permanent peace value, then once you begin to discuss which expenditures did and which did not contribute to the end in view, you become interminably involved. Anything tending to improve the well-being and morale of the people, even relief from the anxiety of debts contracted in Wall Street before we entered the war or the sight of the franc holding its international value, might be held to have increased the odds for victory.

In the debt settlement with France, however, all doubt is resolved in her favor. There could be no doubt about the post-Armistice loans. They were not used to wage war. And, roughly, the settlement now pending represents only the value of our post-Armistice loans to France at 5 per cent interest. The whole debt as to things supplied to her in the United States during the war is canceled.

The Columbia professors object to the rule that governed the debt settlements. The rule was that as no country could very well afford to pay in full, each should be treated according to its capacity to pay. That formula, say the professors, has a cruel sound; it seems to imply that the exaction is according to the full capacity to pay, and the injustice of it, they add, is "evident when one compares the various

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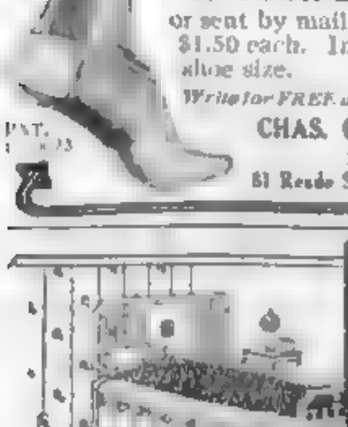

The Graham Electric Health Blanket

[illegible] and therapeutic value of heat for the relief of pain is recognized by leading medical authorities everywhere. And now the invalid's bed may be heated electrically from any light socket.

Even Heat Distribution

The heating element is a flexible woven fabric. Controlled by thermostats and heat switch. Blanket is of fine quality and fully guaranteed.

Let Us Send Interesting Booklet

about Graham Electric Health Blankets—[illegible] Sore Pads, Warming Belts and Aviator [illegible]

Jobbers, Dealers and Salesmen desired

WALTER D. GRAHAM
Electric Body-Warming Appliances
6119 West Carroll Avenue Chicago, U. S. A.

For Permanent Carbon Copies..

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Carbon Papers

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For general work use No. 25

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F. S. WEBSTER CO., Inc.
Established 1889
335 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.
Branch Warehouses:
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settlements and notes the wide discrepancies in liberality. On a 4.25 per cent basis France is to pay only 50 per cent, Belgium 54 per cent, of the whole debt, interest included; Great Britain is to pay 82 per cent and Italy pays only 26 per cent "

If there is injustice in the fact that France suffered physically more from the war than Great Britain, and is for that reason alone less able to pay, it is the injustice of fate.

If there is injustice in the fact that England is a much richer country than Italy, that is the injustice of God in not having made all people of one capacity alike, with equal measures of coal and iron. The American Debt Funding Commission had nothing to do with it

Taking the facts as they were, should it have asked Italy to pay four-fifths of her whole debt or Great Britain to pay only one-quarter of hers?

Not one of the debtors says it cannot pay. They all say it is hard to pay and that the United States is hateful for expecting them to pay.

Lord Balfour's Explanation

The Columbia professors evidently think England pays too much. They return to that thought in another place, saying: "We have said nothing of the special reason for moderation in our claims for repayment from Great Britain growing out of the loans she was making to our Continental associates, also mainly to permit of more vigorous prosecution of the war, nor of her declared willingness to forgo repayment from them in exact proportion to the extent that we relax our demand for repayment from herself "

This is again the thesis of the celebrated Balfour note. It is the foundation of Great Britain's propaganda for debt cancellation. In the Balfour note, the British Government, arguing for cancellation all around at the sole expense of the United States, said its liabilities to the American Treasury were incurred for others, not for itself, and this was because the American Government had insisted, in substance if not in form, that although Great Britain's Allies were to spend the money, it was only upon British security that we were prepared to lend it. When the American ambassador called upon the British Government to repudiate this injurious invention, Lord Balfour replied, saying what he meant was that if the Americans on entering the war had done as Great Britain asked them to do, and that was to do all the lending, then Great Britain herself would not have had to lend anything more and would not have had to borrow in the United States. Well, this is only to say that if the American Treasury, besides lending the Allies everything they required in the United States, had at the same time loaned to Great Britain's Allies the money to buy from Great Britain the goods and services they required of her, then England would have had dollars from them roundabout to spend for herself in the United States. Quite so. If the United States had paid the whole cost of the war from the time she entered, it would have been much easier for everyone else.

British propaganda for debt cancellation has been more effective in this country than any other. It informs and permeates all argument on that side of the question. The insincerity of it is to be explained by the fact that Great Britain's attitude toward the United States is complicated in a deep psychic sense.

It is true that of all the countries to whom we loaned money during the war England undertakes to make the largest repayment—say, 80 per cent. The Columbia professors, not to err on the wrong side, say 82 per cent. Lord Curzon said it was only 74 per cent, and that the amount canceled was $1,250,000,000.

But it is also true that the British themselves came to us proposing this settlement, saying it was what they could afford to pay. There can be no doubt as to this. When we entered the war Great Britain had already sold or pawned one-third of her ancient investments in American railways and industries.

Our loans enabled her to get back what she had pawned and to save the rest. As a measure of her ability to pay, one may notice that the annual income derived from the American investments that were saved to her by our loans would pay her account at the American Treasury. That account calls for less than $180,000,000 a year.

There are other measures. Last year the British Chancellor of the Exchequer said: "We have still, it is calculated, £3,000,000,000 sterling of foreign investments, the interest on which is calculated at £220,000,000 a year."

That is more than five times her annual obligation to the American Treasury under the debt settlement.

The British Board of Trade Journal official says Great Britain's income from foreign investments has been as follows: In 1923, £200,000,000; in 1924, £220,000,000; in 1925, £250,000,000. The annual amount owing to the American Treasury is less than £40,000,000.

The Midland Bank, Ltd., of London, estimates Great Britain's annual exportations of capital as follows: In 1924, £134,000,000; in 1925, £88,000,000; in 1926 for ten months—£97,000,000. This capital was exported by Great Britain in two years and ten months while at the same time she was paying her installments to the American Treasury.

Moreover, Great Britain, as a creditor country, understands the meaning of debts and has a high stake in the integrity of the debt principle in international finance. When she settled with France it was on a basis of a little less than 45 per cent of the principal, against our basis of 50 per cent; but she demanded larger first payments. She charged France compound interest at 5 per cent, whereas we charged simple interest at 3 to 4.5 per cent. She excluded from this settlement all commercial loans, particularly her wartime advances to the Bank of France, reserving these to be settled later on a strictly business basis; whereas we included advances to the Bank of France, war stocks, post-Armistice loans and prewar loans, and then halved the whole Finally, England charged France an annual renewal tax of 10 shillings in each £1000 for the years in which nothing had been paid to her.

The Cost of New Cruisers

In settling her relief loans to various small countries, Great Britain was much stricter than we were about interest. If we had settled our relief loans to the same countries on the British basis, we should have got back $300,000,000 more.

Certainly it somehow pertains to the measure of capacity that notwithstanding all the burdens she complains of, especially that of her obligation to the American Treasury, Great Britain can still afford a cruiser program that has upset the 5-5-3 ratio of naval strength supposed to have been pledged at the Washington Arms Conference. She has thereby renewed a competition in armament which before it ends may cost Europe more than the war-debt settlements.

In view of all these facts, it cannot be supposed either that the payment of less than £40,000,000 a year to the American Treasury is a heartbreaking matter or that Great Britain, as a creditor nation herself, really misunderstands the creditor's point of view.

Then why is she so bitter? For she is bitter. Here is the psychic complication: It is not the debt that makes her bitter. That is impossible. She has made of this debt a symbol; and upon that symbol she projects all those sentiments with which immemorially she has regarded any power whose competition seriously threatened the supremacy of British trade.

Each nation according to its capacity to pay—that was the rule. The richest country

(Continued on Page 178)

The Coming of the "Cajuns"

When the Acadians were banished from Nova Scotia by the English in 1755, and marooned along the Atlantic coast, they naturally sought refuge in the nearest French province—then Louisiana.

They wandered inland through the wilderness, and suffered years of hardship in reaching the lower Mississippi. There, as described by Longfellow in the poem *Evangeline*, the survivors entered the bayou of Plaquemine where, in the words of the great poet,

"Over their heads the towering and tenebrous
boughs of the cypress met in a dusky arch."

Near the Father of Waters, they formed a settlement called the Acadian Coast, and built homes "of timber hewn from the cypress tree"—the same fine durable material which is now known as

LOUISIANA RED CYPRESS

"The Wood Eternal"

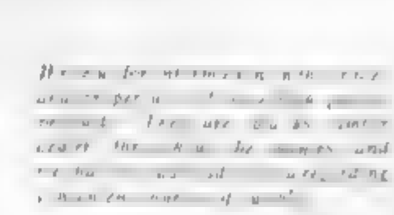
It is not certain whether any of the original shelters erected by the "Cajuns" (the name later used, derived from Acadians) are still standing. But many old French colonial houses, built of "The Wood Eternal" about that time, remain in sound and habitable condition today.

It is this supreme durability of Heart Grade genuine Louisiana Red Cypress that makes it so valuable and economical for siding, porch flooring, door and window frames, stepping, cornices, greenhouses and all woodwork exposed to weather; also many industrial uses where conditions are conducive to rapid decay.

Entirely different from Cypress, but native to the Louisiana Cypress swamps

Louisiana Swamp Tupelo

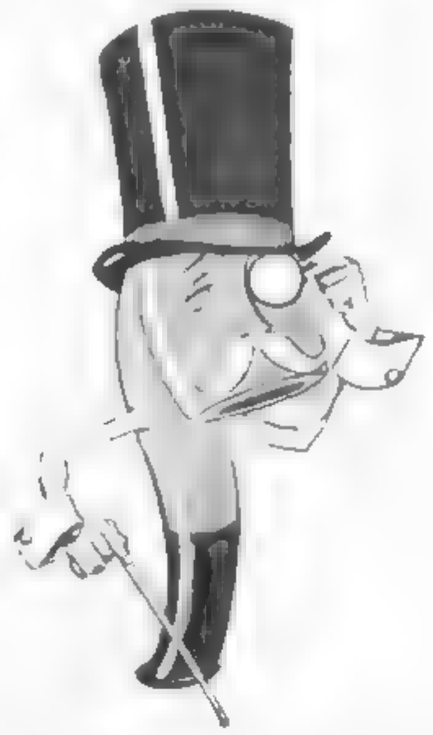
gives exceptionally fine service when used for Interior Trim and Flooring. It is an exceedingly clear smooth wood and therefore takes finishes beautifully. Especially desirable for White Enamel finish. Its toughness and immunity to splitting make it ideal for Flooring. It is economical.



LOUISIANA RED CYPRESS BUREAU

505 Carondelet St. - - - - - New Orleans, La.

No matter how high-hat a pipe may be . . .



MAYBE you know some old fogey who owns one of these *ultra* high-hat pipes. . . a blotto bimbo who broadcasts a line of "broad-A" lingo: "cawn't enjoy tobacco that costs less than two bucks the ounce." . . Well, paste this bit of news in the old boy's stove-pipe:

When you're picking pipe-tobacco forget price ENTIRELY. . . *draw your own conclusions* through the stem of your trusty pipe. . . Draw deep from a bowlful of grand and glorious old Granger Rough Cut and learn that there's at least ONE truly fine pipe tobacco that DOESN'T cost a fortune.

Here's tobacco as fine as any man ever packed in his pipe. . . Granger is *made* for pipes and *cut* for pipes — it SMOKES like a million dollars! But keep this under your high head-gear: the pocket-package is a foil-pouch (instead of costly tin) and, so, it SELLS at just ten cents.

It's tobacco worthy of the "dawgiest" meerschaum or calabash. . . tobacco worthy of any pipe in the world!

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

The half-pound vacuum tin is forty-five cents, the foil-pouch, sealed in glassine, is ten cents. . . .

Made for pipes only!

Granger Rough Cut is made by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

Why do postmen wear uniforms?

NO woman ever parts the window-curtains and coldly motions to the letter-carrier to go away.

His ring is never answered by a housewife who opens the front door just a crack and calls through: "We don't need any mail, thank you."

Canvassers and salesmen often have to struggle to get one foot across the threshold. But whoever sees the postman's uniform throws open the door and hurries out to get what he has brought.

Are you profiting by the hearty welcome the postman receives? Are you using him to take printed messages about your business to the homes where he is known and welcomed?

The printing that the mail-man brings is sure to be seen and noticed. And the question of how carefully it will be read is largely answered if it is interestingly written, attractively illustrated, and printed on good paper.

Further, these folders, booklets, and pamphlets largely determine what husband and wife will buy and where it will be bought.

Actual purchases usually take place in some merchant's store. But the decision to buy a thing is really made before the shopper has left his home.

All along their routes people are watching to see them, wanting to recognize them, anxious to admit them. Are you taking advantage of people's interest in their mail to promote your business?

There is a point in the development of every sale where well-printed literature on the subject is eagerly scanned. People do not think of such printing as advertising. It is simply the convenient vehicle through which needed information can be obtained at the time it is most needed.

If you want more people to buy what you have to sell, use your printer to tell more people about your business.

Just as satisfied customers make a business great, so contact by good printing keeps old customers buying and starts new ones thinking about the things you sell.

To merchants, manufacturers, printers, and buyers of printing

For many years S. D. Warren Company has devoted study to ways and methods for making printed pieces more effective. The results of this work are contained in a series of books on various phases of direct advertising. Some of these books are ready for distribution; some are to be issued at intervals throughout the year. Copies may be obtained without charge from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers. Or, if you prefer, write direct to S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS
Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

[better paper ~ better printing]

(Continued from Page 174)

to pay the most, the poorest country to pay the least. The Columbia professors say this principle is unjust and inappropriate. We must substitute for it, they say, "a full and frank recognition of the debt and reparation problems in an international conference."

That is precisely the British formula, the great Lloyd George-Balfour plan, to get German reparations out of the United States for the good and peace of the world.

Imagine an international conference between the United States on one side and a body of united European debtors on the other, to debate and decide the question: Shall America forgive us our debts?

Whether the United States voted yes or no would make not the slightest difference. The conference would decide it for the good of the world, meaning the world of Europe. Then the Allies would cancel out their war loans to one another, forgive Germany that part of the reparations bill they despair to collect, issue German bonds for the remainder, sell the bonds in America, divide the proceeds and send the Dawes Plan home.

Sooner or later, say the Columbia professors, we shall be compelled to give consideration to "what equivalent, moral or material, has been rendered for the sums advanced."

That is what Europe says. The war did not cost America enough. No figures, no facts. It did not cost us enough, because we are rich.

Americans under the hypnosis of the European view forget that in proportion to our wealth we spent more on the war than all the Allies combined, though it was not our war to begin with. This is a result obtained by Harvey E. Fisk, the statistician, who reduces the money units of all Allied war expenditures to their prewar value in order to eliminate the disparities of wartime inflation. Our national wealth was four-tenths of the aggregate national wealth of all the countries arrayed against Germany; our expenditures were one-half the total. If the cost of war were distributed on that basis, we should be entitled to a flat refund of $2,000,000,000. That is to say nothing of the spoils of victory. We did not touch them.

What material equivalent was rendered for our loans? We paid the way of our fighting forces in the lands of the Allies; we paid the passage of our troops on British ships; we paid their fares on the railways of France, all in cash. We paid for the privilege of fighting Germany on French soil, not because we preferred that soil; that was where the Germans were. And as to moral equivalents, why always are the moral values confined to the other side? In order that we may be charged for them, for imponderables, as we were charged for everything else? Had our loans to the Allies no moral value? Is it of no moral account that but for our loans and exertions the Allies would now be paying Germany the cost of the war?

In morals and in fact, this whole controversy is fictitious. Its significance lies entirely outside the debts. If the philosophy it represents should prevail it would mean that we had been romantically wrong and England realistically right. It would mean that when you undertake to lend capital in foreign countries, your security lies in the power of your navy, not in the bond of the debtor.

Even in Winter Weather

All day After-Shaving Comfort

After shaving—especially in winter—your face needs something to protect it from wind and weather. Williams shaving specialists have perfected a scientific after-shaving liquid which keeps the smooth comfortable feeling of your Williams shave throughout the whole day.

5 After-Shaving Comforts

1. Aqua Velva gives the skin an invigorating, tonic tingle.
2. It renders immediate first aid to each little cut or nick.
3. It has a keen, fresh, manly fragrance that you'll like.
4. It safeguards your face from all weather exposures—wind and cold.
5. Aqua Velva conserves the natural moisture of the skin. It keeps the skin all day as flexible and soft as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.

Give your face a treat by putting Aqua Velva to the test this cold weather. We'll send a generous test bottle FREE in exchange for the coupon below, or a postcard.

Aqua Velva sells for 50c in large 5-ounce bottles (60c in Canada). By mail postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.

Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

Free Offer—clip and mail coupon!

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 42-A, Glastonbury, Conn.
Canadian Address, 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal

Name

Address

City

S.E.P. 2-12-27

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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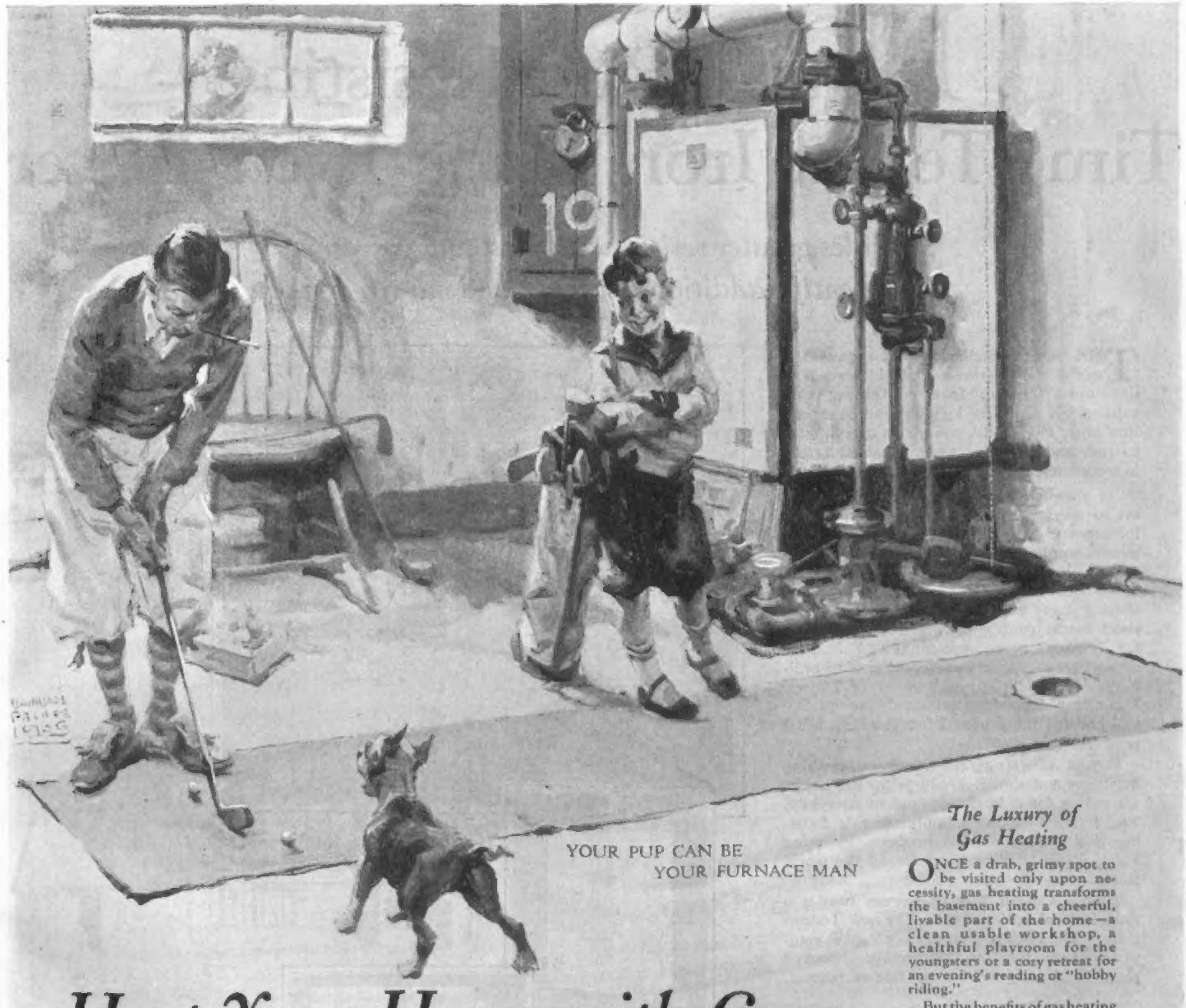


YOUR PUP CAN BE
YOUR FURNACE MAN

Heat Your Home with Gas

ENJOY the carefree heating service which your gas company can provide.

With a good automatic gas heating plant in your basement, you can let your pup be furnace man! That's all the furnace tending you'll need.

And the wonderful convenience and comfort of this heating service is well within reach of most families.

Gas prices in most communities are very moderate. Many gas companies even grant special low rates for house-heating.

Let us tell you of the wonderful heating service which gas can bring to your home. Write for a copy of our new gas house-heating booklet.

THE BRYANT HEATER & MFG. COMPANY
17853 St. Clair Avenue CLEVELAND, OHIO

The Luxury of Gas Heating

ONCE a drab, grimy spot to be visited only upon necessity, gas heating transforms the basement into a cheerful, livable part of the home—a clean usable workshop, a healthful playroom for the youngsters or a cozy retreat for an evening's reading or "hobby riding."

But the benefits of gas heating are not confined to the basement. Throughout the entire house we find the cozy comfort of inviting warmth—temperatures automatically maintained within a single degree all winter long—and cleanliness that permeates the gas-heated home from basement to attic.

BRYANT
GAS
HEATING

© B. H. & Mfg. Co.

Now—a Rust-Resisting Time-Tested Iron Made Even Better

Provides greater resistance to rust and corrosion by the scientific addition of copper and mo-lyb-den-um

THE same metallurgists who gave the world mo-lyb-den-um steel have now developed Toncan Iron containing this super-alloy. Combined with copper in a pure iron base, mo-lyb-den-um yields a resistance to rust and corrosion never attained before in a commercial iron.

Its unequalled durability is of vital interest to every architect who specifies material for exposed sheet metal work. Industrial engineers appreciate the true economy of permanence. They are using Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron for roofing, siding, ventilating ducts and countless other uses. The sheet metal contractor who recommends it for furnace pipes, spouting and flashing raises himself above the competition of ordinary materials. The uniformity of Toncan Enameling Iron has improved the quality and lowered the production cost of enameled products.

Buyers of refrigerators, stoves, washing machines and similar products for the home, are asking for it in the equipment they buy. The forward-looking manufacturer is focusing this demand on his products by using Toncan and labeling them for all the world to see.

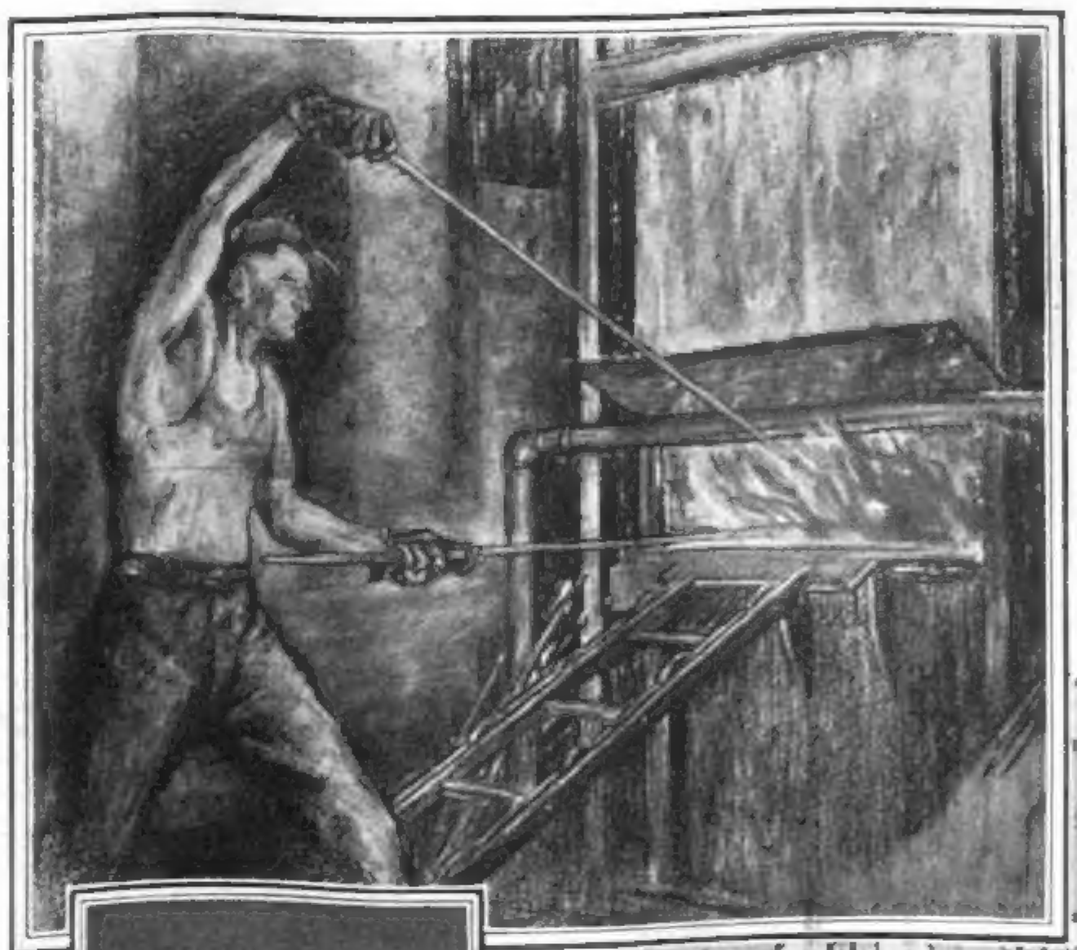
Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron is a metallurgical achievement. The new Toncan book, "The Path to Permanence," gives complete information on this greatly improved product. A copy will be sent free on request.

Central Alloy Steel Corporation

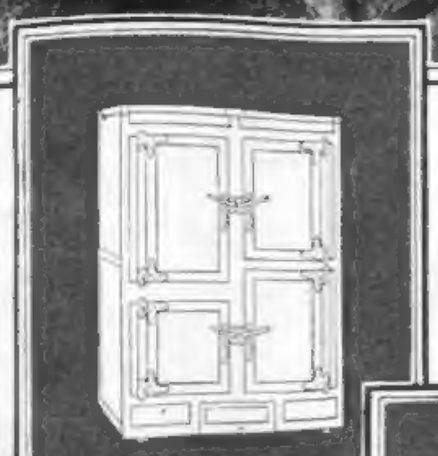
Makers of Agathon Alloy Steels

Massillon, Ohio

Cleveland Detroit Chicago New York St. Louis
Syracuse Philadelphia Los Angeles Tulsa Cincinnati
San Francisco Seattle

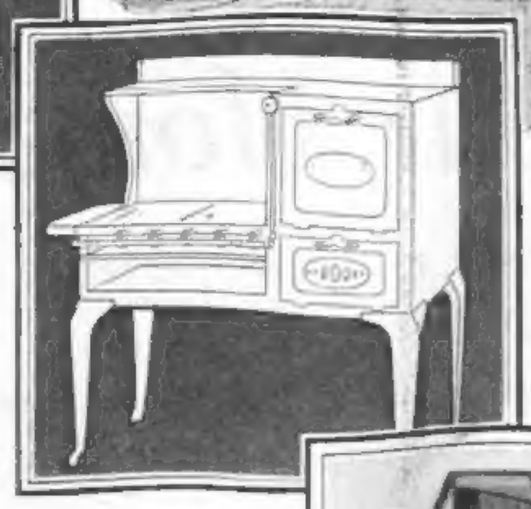


The pair-heater removes the glowing pack of Toncan sheets for rolling. The skill of Central craftsmen assures Toncan quality.



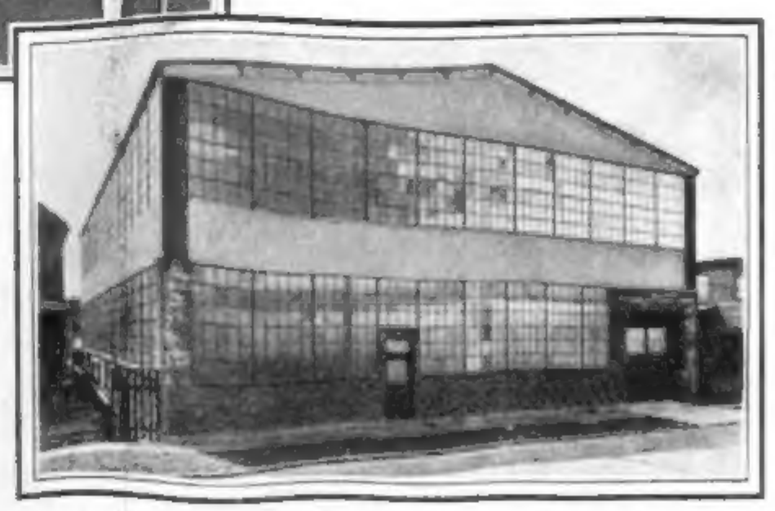
Refrigerator manufacturers have found Toncan Iron extremely desirable for linings. Such representative companies as McCray use Toncan exclusively.

Many homes throughout the country have Toncan Iron for flashing, gutters and downspouts and other exposed places.



A long list of stove manufacturers use Toncan Iron for the enameled parts and oven linings.

The National Chamber of Commerce Building at Washington, D. C., Cass Gilbert, Architect, has ventilation ducts, skylight frames and other sheet metal work of Toncan Iron.



Toncan Iron is used in this plant of the Cleveland Structural Steel Co., of Cleveland, for siding and roofing. Rex Sheet Metal Co., contractors.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TONCAN COPPER

Mo-lyb-den-um IRON

AGATHON STEELS

The famous family of steel products under the Agathon trade-mark includes Alloy Steels, Special Finish Sheets and all standard finishes, Electrical Sheets, Hot Rolled Strip, Toncan Oven-Lining, Galvannealed Sheets and Endure Stainless Iron. Write for information on any product.

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If you are going to use wallboard anywhere in your house, be sure you get *the* wallboard. Don't be content with any board that offers you *one* quality, possibly at the expense of many others. Get the wallboard that combines *all* the qualities you want in your walls and ceilings. Get Sheetrock, the *fireproof* wallboard. It won't cost you any more.

FIREPROOF: Sheetrock is a rock product—not wood, fibre or other vegetable matter. It will not burn, ignite or transmit fire.

INSULATION: Winter-warm and summer-cool are the rooms you line with Sheetrock. Broad, thick sheets of gypsum keep out the summer sun and keep in costly fuel warmth in winter.

TIME-TESTED: The first wallboard made of gypsum was Sheetrock. It is the first today. Perfected through 20 years' development. No experiment can ever give you what you can always get in Sheetrock.

SEALED JOINTS: The USG special reinforced joint system seals and conceals all joints, so that you get flat, unbroken wall and ceiling surfaces with Sheetrock.

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You can tell Sheetrock by the USG Sheetrock label—branded on every board—made only by the United States Gypsum Company. Your dealer in lumber or building supplies sells it.

Sheetrock is inspected and approved as an effective barrier to fire by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

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